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Reynolds. Rembrandt.

Villa Falconieri
Oct. 6. 29. Frascati.

Gateway by Borromini
Villa Falconieri, Frascati

BYWAYS

LEAVES FROM
AN ARCHITECT'S
NOTE-BOOK

BY

SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD

*R.A., M.A., F.S.A., Litt.D., Hon. Fellow of Exeter College,
Oxford; Hon. Corresponding Member of the
American Academy of Arts and Letters,
and of the Société des Architectes
Diplômés de France,
etc.*

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TO
A. F. M. AND I. F. B.

PREFACE

THESE studies, ranging through old towns in different countries, lay no claim to being exhaustive or to having any authority beyond that which may attach to critical observations made on the spot by an architect, and to the choice of subjects, somewhat off the beaten track, in which he may have found a personal interest.

The difficulty of travel studies dealing with architecture is to steer a course between the Scylla of excessive technical detail and the Charybdis of sentimentalism and rhetoric. An architect can hardly avoid some technicalities, but as Stendhal says, "le métier avant tout."

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MAP

CARTE DES CEVENES VIVARAIS ET BAS LANGUEDOC.

*From Court's "Histoire des Troubles des Cevennes"**At end*

CHAPTER I

AVIGNON

STENDHAL, on visiting Vaucluse, remarked that such beautiful things had been written about the place that he would only say it was a ten hours' drive from Avignon. One is tempted to somewhat similar reflections at Avignon. It is, of course, a city with a most romantic history; but one's sense of values is apt to be overwhelmed by the eloquence of writers on the fortunes of the Popes, and the relations of Laura and Petrarch. It is now obviously a place for show; moreover, its architecture is disappointing. The walls have been restored, the famous Bridge of S. Benezet, with its chapel, is broken, and the Papal Palace itself is huge, uncouth, sinister. It has a fine chapel, a very interesting room in the Tour de la Garde-robe, decorated with frescoes of scenes from country life, and the outside suggests a certain stark purpose, with its ashlar walls running sheer up from the rock with scarcely a single break in the hundred-odd feet of its height. But the building is depressing; the whole place somehow suggests unknown iniquities of Papal days, murders, and obscure deaths. Dark, mysterious little staircases disappear in the thickness of the walls, and it has never shaken off the horrible memory of the massacre of the Tour de la Glacière in the days of the French Revolution.

Except when the sun is setting, the walls of the palace have not that golden yellow colour with which artists usually invest it ; on the contrary, they are unmistakably grey, and symbolise, with painful accuracy, an unhappy chapter of history.

There is something wrong about it all. Much more of a fortress than a palace, with its enormous walls and its secret passages and stairways for escape from within as well as for access from without, it was built by Frenchmen, but its inspiration is surely Italian Gothic of the thirteenth century. The Palace of the Popes might have taken its place, let us say, in Siena, but at Avignon it seems alien to the spirit of Provence, that spirit of Roman Gaul which still makes its irresistible appeal in this strange sunburnt land. Even the atrocious sixteenth-century building on the opposite side of the square is less incongruous.

The Président de Brosses had the poorest possible opinion of the Palace of the Popes, and he was a shrewd, observant man with a keen sense of humour and a very critical intelligence. He describes it as "*vieux fort, mal logeable, et les appartements ne valent pas la peine d'être vus.*" He was much less interested in the Papal Palace than in the Papal Legate, Buon-del-Monte, who, he said, resembled the lamented Scaramouche, and had a bodyguard of forty horse and one hundred foot, all in uniforms of scarlet laced with silver. When de Brosses visited Avignon in the year 1739, Avignon had a life of its own, and a very picturesque one it must have been ; now, except for occasional outbursts

of violence, it appears to concentrate its existence on trippers and tourists.

Just above the Palace of the Popes is the cathedral, a melancholy building of little interest, except for its west entrance, said to date from the twelfth century, but extraordinarily suggestive of Roman work of the later Empire. One finds this tenacious Roman tradition elsewhere in Provence, as at the Cathedral of Vaison, the Abbey Church of S. Gilles, and S. Trophimus at Arles. There is a famous tomb here, that of John XXII, but it was knocked about during the Revolution, and restored out of all knowledge in 1840. Throughout the nineteenth century the French did much more harm to their churches than even the most zealous of our English Gothic "restorers." Their aggressive logicity and disregard of any time but their own have deprived many of these monuments of any interest, artistic or historical. Moreover, they were constantly misled by rather acute megalomania. On the top of the tower of the cathedral at Avignon they put up a huge gilt figure of Notre Dame des Doms, quite out of scale with the tower.

Then there are the city walls, with their towers and crenellations and machicolations, most of which appear to be restorations in the lamentable manner of Viollet le Duc, restorations which lead one to suspect work that may, in fact, be genuine. The wall runs all round the town, and though it may impress the romantically minded, its actual result is to crowd the place to an intolerable extent, and prevent those

wholesome draughts which might reduce the very powerful smells of this celebrated city.

The redeeming feature of Avignon is the Jardin du Rocher des Doms. This admirable garden stands on the summit of the rock, the lower slope of which is occupied by the cathedral and the Papal Palace. The rocks in this part of Provence rise out of the ground at an obtuse angle and end abruptly. Here there is an easy ascent past the cathedral to the gardens through an avenue of stone pines, and the gardens themselves, though laid out in the landscape gardener's manner, are attractive in their way, and are enclosed by a stone retaining wall, very well designed and probably erected by some opulent legate early in the eighteenth century. At the north end, the walls form a semicircular bay, with steps down to a lower terrace, and here the rock falls sheer to the road which runs alongside the Rhône, about one hundred and twenty feet below. The view from the bay is magnificent; at one's feet is the Rhône, a turbid river the colour of mud, which runs swiftly with many twirls and eddies, and attacks the last remaining pier of the brave old bridge of S. Benezet with considerable viciousness. Mme de Sévigné had a horror of the Rhône, "*ce diantre de Rhône qui fait peur à tout le monde.*" Her daughter, Mme de Grignan, appears to have crossed the river in stormy weather, and Mme de Sévigné, remonstrating with her for her rashness, suggested that there was some devilish spirit in the river. "*Trouvez-vous que le Rhône ne soit que de l'eau ?*"



The Terrace, Rocher des Doms, Avignon

Still, the Rhône is a great river, and its effect is enhanced by the masses of trees on the farther side and the vineyards on the island. Then comes the other branch of the river, and beyond the tower of Philippe le Bel, Villeneuve lès Avignon, and the great fort of S. André, on the hill opposite the Rocher des Doms, with its mediæval gateway between two round towers, from which one expects to see a mediæval herald riding out to blow his counter-blast to the Palace of the Popes. Some thirty-five miles away, to the north-east, is the mighty mass of Mont Ventoux,¹ and at the foot of the hills the broad and fertile lands of the valley of the Rhône. On a clear day it is a glorious view, something to set against the intolerable sun and the staring, dusty roads of the Bouches du Rhône.

The people of Avignon are friendly enough. The poorer among them get burnt to a cinder, those that are better off tend to become extremely stout at an early age, the result of a climate which almost compels a sedentary life, and also seems to have an alarming effect upon the temper. While we were at Avignon, there were two cases of something like attempted murder in the open street. The savage passion that brought about the massacre of La Glacière in 1791 by the revolutionaries, and the brutal murder of Maréchal Brune by the Royalists in 1815, is still latent in this apparently peaceful populace.

¹ One thousand nine hundred and seven metres high. The southern side of this mountain was completely disforested in the sixteenth century. Owing to the rapacity of the great owners in the plains, the peasants had to do the best they could with clearings on the mountain side.

Stendhal, who was here in June, 1837, greatly admired the women of Avignon, but he also suspected "*les hommes du peuple, au regard ardent, au teint basané.*" He says they divided their time between working in the shade and sleeping in the street, with a total disregard of their neighbours, and remarks that it was incredible folly on the part of Maréchal Brune to go to Avignon, instead of to Gap or Grenoble, "*où jamais l'on n'assassine personne.*" De Brosses, on the other hand, noted that the "*femmes de condition*" used much rouge and were very ill-made. Mme de Sévigné compared it rather favourably with Aix en Provence.

The crowded houses and narrow streets, with open drains running alongside the strip of foot-path, must be as bad for the tempers of the inhabitants as it is for their morals, and, in addition to this, there is the constant coming and going of tourists. The motor-car, and the position of Avignon on the road to the Riviera, are responsible for the change from the sleepy old place it must have been sixty or seventy years ago.

John Stuart Mill, that anxious, careworn thinker, retired to Avignon to end his days in peace, and even forty years ago the city was much as it had been from time immemorial. I recollect in my student days at Avignon expending thirty francs, in a grubby little shop in a side street, on a parcel of prints and etchings which were said to have belonged to some old collector recently deceased. The parcel included some etchings by Rembrandt, Bazin's version of the

hundred-guilder print, a large and beautiful engraving of the "Adoration of the Magi" by Lucas van Leyden, and others. Now the antique shops of Avignon are full of traps for the unwary. It used to be a quiet old place in which one could meditate undisturbed and enjoy the peace and sunshine of this historic city.

My most recent impression of Avignon is one of never-ceasing noise and bustle, and of the incessant shrieks and blares of motor-horns. My bedroom at the Hôtel de l'Europe overlooked a side street, but the night's programme never varied. One o'clock to two, strayed revellers returning, full of wine and protests; two to three o'clock, approximately quiet; three to four, two old men talking in husky voices in a shop below; four to five, earthshaking lorries; five to six, all the dogs of the town barking, with any odd donkeys in the neighbourhood joining in, and after that the usual miscellaneous clatter of a French provincial town. And then there are the American tourists. Those strenuous persons flit through Avignon in never-ending crowds, and I hope enjoy themselves in their own way; but their ways are not our ways, more particularly in continental hotels.

Except for its general untidiness, Villeneuve lès Avignon, across the river, is almost as interesting as Avignon itself. The road crosses the two branches of the Rhône, turns to the right past the great tower that Philippe le Bel built at the end of the thirteenth century to guard the western approach to the Bridge of S. Benezet, and then winds inward to the unspeakably squalid

and untidy little town. The guide-books speak of palaces built by cardinals and bishops, but they are not what one might expect from bishops and cardinals, being, in fact, very ordinary Renaissance buildings. Villeneuve, however, possesses two things that are unique in their way : the Virgin carved in ivory, preserved in the sacristy of the Church of S. Pons, and the "Coronation of the Virgin," by Enguerrand Charonton, now in the museum in the Hospice. The figure of the Virgin seated and holding the Child is quite small. It was carved, I take it, at the end of the thirteenth or early in the fourteenth century, and represents the absolute high-water mark of mediæval art, so admirable is it in its quiet dignity. There existed in France at this time carvers of ivory of unsurpassed ability. This figure of the Virgin has freed itself from the conventions and angularities of Byzantine sculpture, and the man who carved it was a humanist before his time. He realised the beauty of nature as he saw it with his own eyes, in the clear light of day, not half blinded by the mists of a gloomy dogmatism. Those savage animals devouring men, and those grim figures of twelfth-century doorways, with their conventional draperies, and an expression of apparently intense agony, such as the larger statues in the west front of S. Trophimus at Arles, are, of course, noble works of art in their way, and they have their lesson for those who care for the past ; but their message is a sad one, the symbolism is pushed too far, the message is one of terror, the whole inspiration is not that of



Avignon from Villeneuve Lès Avignon

Christianity, kindly and benign, but of the dark ages, a throw-back to the hidden places of a cruel and primitive superstition.

So it is that a beautiful figure, such as this Virgin of S. Pons, cheers one along; it suggests a different conception of life, now and hereafter, and of the relation of man to his Maker. It anticipates the idea of God's immanence in the universe; the conviction that the beautiful things we see, beauty of form, of colour, of movement, are not to be cast aside as things of no account. The mistake of the Puritans was that they saw spiritual danger where a healthy mind should find an endless source of spiritual strength, and it seems that there must always have been men who had some glimmering of this. Even in the famous west front of S. Gilles, the austere sculptor could recollect the cheerful side of nature as in the panel of two monkeys, tied together, and making faces at a camel; and the centaur with a bow, in one roundel, shooting at a stag in the next. Two centuries later, in the south doorway of the Cathedral of Auxerre, there is a little Samson and a lion, as free and limber as any Greek athlete of the finest period.

The "Coronation of the Virgin," by Enguerrand Charonton, is said to have been painted in 1453. I recollect the profound impression the picture made when exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of Primitives in 1904. It justified the claim of France to possess a Primitive school of her own, for this was no Flemish or Burgundian transcript, no northern reflection of the Pre-Raphaelites, but autochthonous, instinct with a

dignity and a mystical imagination of its own. The composition is curious, with the minute figures of the lower part of the picture divided from the main subject by a streak of light sky carried right across. There is no attempt whatever to maintain unity of scale. Everything is subordinated to the central figures of the Father and the Son, and the Virgin still almost a child. In its sincerity, its individuality, and the high level of thought behind it, this seems to me to be one of the remarkable pictures of the world. The technique is perfectly efficient, and when one recalls the meaningless diagrams that do duty for painting in many galleries of modern work, it sometimes seems that painting is a lost art.

Yet Enguerrand was working to a specification which prescribed in detail what he was to do. He was not to use German blue, but "azur d'âcre," and the gold was to be fine burnished gold, and he was to receive for his work forty florins down and eighty florins in three instalments. "Expressionismus," as now understood, had no place at all in the art of the fifteenth century; but understood in the only sense in which it can have any meaning—that is, art inspired by strong emotion, expressed with full command of technique, and handled by a painter such as Enguerrand Charonton, it was a very vital matter indeed.

This picture was painted for the Chartreuse du Val de Bénédiction, which lies in ruins on the north slope of the hill of Fort S. André. When de Brosse visited the Chartreuse, he

found the buildings "gaies et propres," and was eloquent in his enthusiasm over a wonderful piece of realism by a Venetian painter named Forbera. He mentions a "Visitation" by Champagne and an "Annunciation" by Guido, and fell in love with a "Sainte Roseline," who, he says, must have seduced more of the good fathers than ever were saved by the rules of S. Bruno; but, strangely enough, he says nothing of Charonton's work at the Chartreuse. He mentions a "Coronation of the Virgin" as in the Cathedral of Avignon, "que de mon estoc, j'attribue au Titien," but makes no further comment. The eighteenth century had little use for Primitives, either in painting or in architecture.

The entrance to the monastery of the Chartreuse passes through a lofty archway flanked by composite pilasters with screen walls very well treated on either side. The date is 1649, and the design is attributed to Royer de la Valfenière, a little-known architect of Lyons, who probably also designed the charming fountain with circular arcade and Ionic pilasters carrying a shallow dome which stands in the cloister square. Many years ago, when collecting material for a history of French Classic architecture, I was attracted by the sonorous name of François Royer de la Valfenière, one of a family of architects who lived at Avignon in the seventeenth century. I pursued his work to Lyons, where he had designed a vast Abbaye Royale des Dames de S. Pierre, but the conclusion I came to was that the design of the Abbaye was "bald and provincial, almost that of an amateur with some

rudimentary knowledge of architectural detail." The entrance, and the fountain, of the Chartreuse at Villeneuve incline me to think that this architect was a better man than I supposed ; both of these buildings could only have been designed by an architect who knew what he was about, and had a real sense of scale and proportion.

De la Valfenière was born at Avignon in 1575, and is first heard of there in 1622, when he designed the decorations of the city for the entry of Louis XIII, and again in 1635 when Cardinal Barberini, the Papal Legate, entered Avignon. In 1624 he presided over a Commission for dealing with the floods of the Durance, one of the three " fléaux " of Provence ; in 1642 he was at work at Vaucluse ; in 1644 he designed the fountain in the upper cloister court of the Chartreuse, and the entrance in 1645, built in 1649.¹ In 1646 he also designed the imposing évêché for Cardinal Bichi at Carpentras, now the Palais de Justice. Bichi, who was Bishop of Carpentras, had vast ideas, and wished to bring the évêché, the Church of S. Suffren, and the various buildings of the chapter, into one consecutive scheme, enclosing in his kitchen the much-mutilated Roman Triumphal Arch. The palace has a fine hall with a remarkable ceiling and a good deal of interesting decoration, some of it attributed to Nicholas Mignard of Avignon. Bichi, it appears, had liberal notions of decoration, but the allegorical figures, " ayant paru trop nues et trop indécentes à quelques évêques postérieurs à Bichi," they were covered up with draperies by

¹ See *Les de Royers de la Valfenière*, par Léon Charvet, p. 147.

Trucluse



a local artist of the eighteenth century, much to the disappointment of posterity. The same thing was done to the stucco figures by Primaticcio at Fontainebleau to please Maria Leczinsky, wife of Louis XV. The évêché was converted into a Palais de Justice in 1801, with a brutal disregard of the decorations.

About the middle of the seventeenth century de la Valfenière was summoned to Lyons by the Abbess of the Dames de S. Pierre, and entrusted with the design of the vast Abbaye in that city; but the works were not begun till 1660, and were carried out either by his son or by his nephew, Paul. De la Valfenière died at Avignon, full of years and honours, and was buried near the stairs of the chapel of S. Pierre de Luxembourg, long since in ruins, in the monastery of the Celestines. His epitaph, on a stone near by, recorded that all the virtues contributed their share. “Dnō Francisco Roveredo de la Valphœmiere, viro nobilissimo, gloriæ doctissimo musæ optimo.” He was not a great architect, but by no means a bad one, and he is interesting as typical of the provincial architects of France in the seventeenth century, who did excellent work away from Paris and were entirely unaffected by the great men of their time, such as Lemercier, or François Mansart.

There is a constant tendency in guide-books and manuals to refer all the architecture of a given period to the best-known name of the time, Inigo Jones for example, or Wren, or Robert Adam, and many excellent artists remain unknown because nobody has taken the trouble to dis-

entangle their work. Indeed, that hard saying, "To them that have, to them shall be given, and from them that have not shall be taken away even that which they have," applies with peculiar force to architects, whose names are seldom recorded in histories, though their buildings are there, and we are given minute particulars of the family of the owner. It is usually by accident that a new name emerges from some forgotten muniment chest. Forty years ago Enguerrand Charonton was practically unknown, his great picture used to be attributed to Van Eyck (almost as bad an attribution as that to Titian), and it was only the discovery of the specification and contract for the picture that rescued him from oblivion.

Avignon possessed another family of artists in the seventeenth century, the Mignards. Nicholas Mignard the painter (a well-known second-rate painter) is supposed to have taken part in the decoration of the évêché at Carpentras. Pierre Mignard, his son, was born at Avignon in 1640, and was trained both as a painter and architect. In 1668-9 Mignard was paid 900 francs "*pour la dépense du voyage qu'il doit faire en Provence, Languedoc et autres provinces du royaume, et lever le plan des bâtimens antiques qui s'y trouvent remarquables pour leur belle architecture.*" The commission was due to Colbert, the earliest modern instance that I know of a care for the buildings of antiquity. He received further payment of 2,000 francs and expenses in 1670, and an advance of 1,200 francs in 1671 for a tour in Italy. Colbert, who sent

his son to Italy in the same year to qualify himself for his post as "Surintendant des Bâtimens," placed him under the care of Mignard and François Blondel, and nominated Mignard as one of the original members of the Academy of Architecture.

It was as an academician that Mignard was invited to translate Scamozzi, and arbitrated between the brothers Antoine and Jean le Pautre. In 1679 he retired to Avignon. Jules Hardouin Mansart was steadily clearing out of his way any architects of consideration, and Mignard realised that he had a better chance at Avignon than in Paris. He was employed in the choir of the cathedral, and the Hôtel de Ville, and his most important work was a large addition to the great Benedictine Monastery of Montmajour, some three miles north-west of Arles on the road to Les Baux.

The Abbey of Montmajour was founded in 977, and in the Middle Ages was one of the most famous in Europe. On the 3rd of May of each year 150,000 pilgrims are said to have made their way to the abbey, across the marshes from Arles. The abbey was suppressed in 1786, and the last abbot was the Cardinal de Rohan, who played such a doubtful part in the affairs of the "Collier de la Reine." At the Revolution the abbey was sold to a certain Elizabeth Rouse for 62,000 francs in paper money. She at once proceeded to sell all doors, chimneys, staircases, and the like. The Chapel of Sainte Croix was only saved by the piety of a Rhône fisherman, who bought it "dans la vue de la soustraire à la destruction,

et après de la remettre si notre religion est rétablie.” The name of Elizabeth Rouse remains, but not that of this faithful man.

The entrance to Mignard's part of the abbey is under a noble stone archway, some thirty-three feet wide, springing from a plain impost about ten feet from the ground. A fine staircase leads up to the piano nobile. The main building, which was finely designed, and on a noble scale, is now ruinous, and only used as farm stables on the ground floor, and as granaries above. Mignard's design was much admired, and as the walls were six feet thick, everyone supposed that it would last for ever ; but in 1730 the building caught fire from a beam in the bakehouse chimney, the stone walls burst into flame, and the building collapsed. It appeared that the contractor had faced his walls both sides with stone, and filled up the inside with faggots. The buildings were rebuilt in 1730 by J. B. Franque, another excellent but little-known architect, born at Villeneuve lès Avignon. What is left of the building dates from Franque's restoration, but the archway is probably Mignard's, and Franque may have restored the original façade. The splendid twelfth-century buildings, the church and the lower church, the cloisters, and the great keep built by Abbot Pons de l'Orme in the fourteenth century, are among the most impressive buildings of their kind in Provence, and in consequence these remains of the Abbot's Palace have not received the attention they deserve.

Pierre Mignard died in 1725, and was buried

in the Church of S. Agricola at Avignon. His epitaph says : " Nicolai patris et Petri Patruī Æmulus, inter pictores et architectos preclarus, integritate morum ac eruditione ingenii flebilis." His merits and erudition did not save him from being badly swindled by his contractor, but he lived to a good old age, and died before the catastrophe happened at Montmajour. Architecture, as practised in Provence by these leisurely old gentlemen in the seventeenth century, must have been a much less exciting affair than it is to-day.

CHAPTER II

ORANGE, SAINT-RÉMY, LES BAUX

AVIGNON is an excellent centre for expeditions. Orange is only twenty miles or so to the north, and Carpentras to the north-east; Vaucluse to the east and the Pont du Gard to the west are much the same distance. Saint-Rémy, Les Baux, Tarascon, and Beaucaire are all within an easy drive from Avignon, and motors and chauffeurs are to be had at the hotels, though it is well to come to a definite understanding beforehand as to price, especially at Avignon, where the proprietors have clear ideas of what is due to themselves, but are a little careless of what is due to others.

Orange is, of course, on the main line, but in spite of its historical interest it is not an attractive place—a long straight road leads from the station to the centre of the town and winds through the town to the Triumphal Arch. Alongside of the road is a dirty little river called the Meyne which appears to act as general sewer and refuse deposit. The town itself is unattractive, but Orange is well worth a visit for the sake of its arch, and the ruins of its magnificent theatre. The arch is probably the most important monument of its kind outside Rome, and is actually the third largest of all the Roman triumphal arches. The actual dimen-



Levy & Neurdein, Paris

L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE, ORANGE.

sions appear to be about 62 feet wide by 27 feet deep by 61 feet high.¹

Stendhal, who inspected the arch at Orange in 1837, says : “ L’arc de triomphe est admirablement placé, il s’élève dans la plaine poudreuse à cinq cents pas des dernières maisons du côté de Lyon, son aspect jaune-orange se détache de la plus harmonieuse sur l’azur foncé du ciel de Provence ”—an excellent description, except that it is not in a plain at all, but in a roadway bordered by trees. Literary men are nearly always impressionists, but perhaps the trees have grown since Stendhal was there.

The monument is divided into three archways, that in the centre being the largest. In the attic story is a bas-relief of “ un combat très animé de fantassins et Cavaliers ” of uncertain nationality. Below are trophies composed almost entirely of ships’ prows, anchors, oars, tridents, and the like. On the sides are figures of captives with their hands bound behind their backs.

¹ Desgodetz, in his *Édifices antiques de Rome*, gives the dimensions of the arch of Titus as : width of arch 21 feet, piers 14 feet 7 inches by 8 feet 6 inches, height 41 feet 7 inches ; but his elevations only show the centre arch and panel over, the rest being built up with brickwork. The arch was restored in 1823. The arch of Septimus Severus is 71 feet 6 inches wide by 21 feet 8 inches, exclusive of the detached columns, and about 74 feet 6 inches high ; the width of centre arch is 20 feet 10 inches by 25 feet 5 inches to the springing. The arch of Constantine is 76 feet wide by 20 feet 5 inches (exclusive of detached columns) by 65 feet 10 inches high—width of centre arch 20 feet 5 inches ; height to springing 26 feet. In the Menin Gate the width of the centre arch is 28 feet, and the height to the springing 30 feet.

The arch of Titus was erected in A.D. 81, the arch of Septimus Severus in A.D. 203, and the arch of Constantine in A.D. 312.

Stendhal gives further details. He evidently enjoyed them and thought them "fort élégants," but from an architect's point of view this monument is overloaded with ornament of all sorts and descriptions and scales. There are big trophies over the side arch, tiny little figures in the frieze, and figures three times their size in the panel over the centre arch. These, again, are out of scale with the trophies of arms and marine details over the side arches.

The designer, moreover, seems to have found it impossible to stop designing. He starts with a rather slender engaged Corinthian order on pedestals, with complete entablature and an engaged pediment over the central arch, and above this is the ordinary attic story with trophies in the panels to right and left. Then comes a second cornice almost as elaborate as the one below, and then the designer starts off again with another story, consisting of a centre pedestal above the arch, and two small detached pedestals on either side of it. The result is a most unfortunate proportion between the arches and the immense superincumbent mass which they have to carry. The small side arches seem unequal to their work. Moreover, in order to get in his huge trophies the designer has dropped their springing below that of the centre arch. A large centre arch with smaller ones on either side always seems to me to make an unfortunate composition. It seems restless and insecure.

There is the same disproportion in the arch of Constantine at Rome, and it seems to me that

if the statues and quadrigas still occupied their original positions on the pedestals, the effect of top-heaviness would be intensified. The most satisfactory treatment of a triumphal arch is either to have lintels over the side entrances with soffits level with the springing of the central arch, which gives the necessary weight of abutment and a rectangular space for trophies, or else, as in the noble arch of Titus at Rome, the arch at Beneventum, that fine arch on the causeway at Ancona beloved by Piranesi, and the remains of the archway at Saint-Rémy en Provence, to omit the side arches altogether. The gain in balance and dignity is immense; indeed, it is all the difference between architecture and ornamentalism.

The trophies over the side entrance of the arch at Orange are finely designed in themselves; they have one quality of a good trophy, a sufficiency of plain flat spaces in the ornament, and the relief is right. On the other hand, there is no particular pattern in the design as a whole, and their scale is too big for the monument. There is a lack of that essential element of design which the French call "ordonnance." The arch at Orange suggests a designer with all sorts of patterns and details in front of him who was determined to get them all in somehow; and this is exactly what a good architect would avoid, relying, as he does, for his effect on deliberate reticence.

Stendhal, I think, says somewhere that great emotions have their own modesty. It is the same with great architecture. Every inch of the arch

at Orange, from the pedestal upwards, was once covered with elaborate sculpture, and the effect, to a Western mind at any rate, is like that of Indian art, simply barbaric. There is no sort of modesty here. If one must do this sort of thing, there should be at least some orderly marshalling of all the ornament.

In the arch at Beneventum,¹ though every part above the lofty pedestal has sculpture, the sculpture is arranged in rectangular compartments—four tiers below the engaged Corinthian columns, a frieze, and two more on either side of the huge inscription panel over the arch. The archway of Saint-Rémy seems to have followed the precedent of the archway of Titus at Rome. There are no side entrances. The pedestals are well set up on a bold continuous plinth. There are remains of flying Fames in the spandrels, and of two fine panels of a man and a woman with arms tied behind their backs to a post apparently forming part of a trophy, in the space between the engaged Corinthian columns.

The archway is relatively quite small, the piers measure only 18 feet by 13 feet, and the actual archway is 15 feet wide by 18 feet long. Its date is unknown; in my opinion certainly later than the arch of Titus, as there is some uncertainty of purpose in the design. There is a serious discrepancy between the base and the top mouldings of the pedestals, and between the extremely elaborate archivolt with its pattern of oak leaves, fruit, and flowers on the front, and an entirely different pattern of arabesque

¹ A.D. 114.

on the soffit, which suggests to me the hand of a provincial designer who was conscious of good models, but did not know which to follow. Apart from this, what remains suggests that it might have been an unusually fine design.

The details of the archivolt are interesting in another way as showing how closely the artists of the Renaissance followed what was left of Roman work. This is one instance. There are many others in the museum at Arles, including a fragment of a relief of a female figure with flowing drapery that it is almost impossible to imagine carved by anybody else than Jean Goujon.

Nobody seems certain of the date of the arch at Orange. The first idea was to date it from the time of Marius because the word "Mario" appears on one of the shields. But there is also "acrovir" and the strange names of "Udilles," "Dacurdo," and "Avit," which remind me of the inscriptions I once saw in a cubist picture by M. Kandinsky at Dresden. An ingenious archæologist endeavoured to reconstruct a dedicatory inscription from the holes left by the cramps of bronze letters, and by this means was able to date it A.D. 25 as a memorial to Tiberius. Some more ingenious archæologist might be able to date it from the weapons and accoutrements. My own irresponsible idea is that the monument is later and dates from the decadence of the Empire when the great tradition of design had been lost.

The arch at Orange has been badly injured

through having been used as a small fortress in mediæval times, and old prints show the walls carried up above the top pedestal with heavy battlements. Maurice of Nassau used it for military purposes in 1622. In Caristie's restoration a quadriga is shown over the centre pedestal and trophies of arms over the side ones, which make the top-heavy effect worse than ever.

At Saint-Chamas, at the head of the Étang de Berre on the road from Arles to Marseilles, there are two little arches which at first sight one might almost mistake for Jacobean work, except that they stand at either end of le Pont Flavien, a bridge formed in the true Roman manner by a single semicircular arch some 70 feet wide. Then there is the fragment of the small arch at Carpentras crowded in between the Palais de Justice and the cathedral, chiefly remarkable for the bas-reliefs of captives with hands tied behind their backs. The motive is the same as that of the figures between the engaged columns at Saint-Rémy, but the execution is inferior. The figures on the right-hand side of the arch, south side, at Saint-Rémy, are admirably poised and well modelled; the woman seems to be shrinking away, but the man, a finely made, athletic Gaul, with muscular arms and shoulders, is planted firmly on his legs, too tall and too spare and active for a Roman.

At Carpentras there are two figures, one a very broad-shouldered, bearded man clad in the "rheno," a skin with the fur turned outwards, the other a younger man with arms tied behind his

back. Between them is a trophy consisting of a post on which is carved a sword and dagger and a double-headed axe ; with quivers of arrows above forming a sort of Y with the post. The interesting thing about these figures is not only their intrinsic merit as good sculpture in rather low relief, but the point of view from which the sculptor approached his subject. The figures are clearly prisoners from conquered races, physically of a northern type, but instead of representing them in some degraded or contemptible form, or trampled underfoot in the manner of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and some modern war memorials, the sculptor has shown them as standing upright without any attempt to diminish the beauty and fineness of their forms, lithe, spare, sinewy figures that remind one of the finest type of English athlete. “ *Parcere subjectis sed debellare superbos* ” was the fine idea that Virgil held up to his countrymen, and the Roman did make some attempt, however imperfect, to realise that ideal.¹

Within a few paces of the archway at Saint-Rémy, but not on any axis line that relates to it, is

¹ In an interesting paper read at the annual meeting of the British School at Rome in January 1928, Mr. Roger Hinks attributed this sympathetic treatment of the barbarians in art to “ the admiration of the noble savage which informed the *Germania* of Tacitus,” and identified it with the sentimentalism of a decaying society. This seems to me rather harsh, and I do not see why one should not accept the facts as they stand. There is nothing sentimental about these figures, and when they were executed the Roman Empire was still far from its fall. Why not attribute this decent reticence to the wisdom and humanity of Antoninus Pius, on the whole the most attractive of all the Roman Emperors.

the mausoleum, well set up on a square base with a lofty pedestal carved in bold relief on all four sides. Above is a Corinthian order with clumsy arches between the angle columns, and above the entablature is a circular base with a peristyle of stumpy little Corinthian columns, supporting an entablature with a conical stone roof. Within this upper story are two draped figures, but the ten Corinthian columns effectually prevent anyone seeing them.

As a design it seems to me excessively awkward. It goes well up to the top of the pedestal, but either the next story is too short or the upper one too long, so that the effect is long-waisted. Had the designer increased the height of his lower order, say, by one-third, the top story would have been in scale and proportion. The columns are only about six diameters high instead of the normal ten.

The sculpture here is better than the architecture. There is an excellent frieze of sea-horses and Tritons, better than most of the Renaissance versions of the same motive, and vigorous panels of people fighting. In one corner a horse has fallen on his head; elsewhere a two-headed axe has broken out of the panel on to the face of the pilaster. The mausoleum was erected by three brothers to the memory of their parents. As to its date, nobody seems to know whether it dates from the time of Augustus or that of Constantine, and what makes it the more difficult is that at this distance from Rome allowance must always be made for the vagaries or ignorance of the provincial artist. There



THE ARCH AND MAUSOLEUM, S. RÉMY.

is another of these curious monuments near Treves known as the Igel monument. It is square on plan. Above the pedestal, on the angles there are fairly proportioned Corinthian pilasters, supporting an entablature with a very deep frieze and enclosing a panel of life-size figures. Above is an attic story, with a strange rudimentary pediment. The memorial terminates in a sort of steeple with concave sides, supporting a florid terminal. There are figures all over this memorial, and the sculptor made no attempt to preserve a uniform scale. The figures in the central panel are a fair size, the children in low relief on the pilasters are about a quarter their size, the figures in the frieze are about one-eighth and in the attic story above the cornice they are about half.

There are, of course, precedents for these variations in scale, but this complete disregard of uniformity seems to me to destroy all unity in the composition, and any appeal it may make is confused and bewildering. The same criticism applies to architecture in which a large order is used on a façade, and orders of half its size or less with little entablatures and pediments are used as surrounds to windows—a not uncommon fault in English eighteenth-century architecture. There is a familiar example of this confusion of orders in the Strand entrance of Somerset House, and there is another in the Propylæa at Munich. It seems to me that the designer should go for one thing or the other, but virtuosity, the desire to show off one's technical skill, has been

the besetting sin of architects since the earliest days of the Renaissance.

The archway and mausoleum of Saint-Rémy stand free on a broad plateau at the foot of the Alpilles, with a splendid view of the country of the Rhône and the Durance away to Avignon in the north and Mont Ventoux in the north-west. The Romans had a fine eye for a site, for these monuments stand on what was once the site of the city of Glanum, higher up the hill than the modern town of Saint-Rémy. The road winds upwards to the hills to the south, drops down to the plains, and then climbs up a steep and rocky track to the crags and bastions of Les Baux.

The silhouette here, as elsewhere on the Alpilles, suggests a gigantic, ruined fort, and at Les Baux this is, in fact, pretty well what it is. Many of the buildings were not built but hewn out of the rock, which is soft and easily cut, and the curious thing is that the masons should have endeavoured to give the right Gothic verisimilitude by cutting groining ribs and vaulting out of the rock itself.

One hears a good deal about the wealth of architecture at Les Baux, but except for the little Church of S. Vincent with the great semicircular arch between nave and south arch, there is nothing here of much architectural importance. The attraction of the place is its extraordinary site, with its wonderful view as far as the eye can reach over Basse Provence, with Arles in the foreground and beyond it the Camargue and the stony wilderness of La Crau,

Its history is as remarkable as its site. The Lords of Baux at one time or other styled themselves Princes of Orange, Counts of Provence, Kings of Arles and Nîmes, and even Emperors of Constantinople. Les Baux is said to have had a population of 4,000 people in the thirteenth century, and its lords had ships and armies and held a famous "cour d'amour." It is now a squalid hamlet of two or three hundred inhabitants, with strange unaccountable ruins, the sort of place in which one expects to meet Agipans dancing round the corners, and satyrs and evil creatures leering from holes and crevices in the rocks. The architect who visits Les Baux will be disappointed, but the painter will find extraordinary subjects and the student of history much on which to meditate. Incidentally, there is an excellent inn on the rocks overlooking the Val d'Enfer.

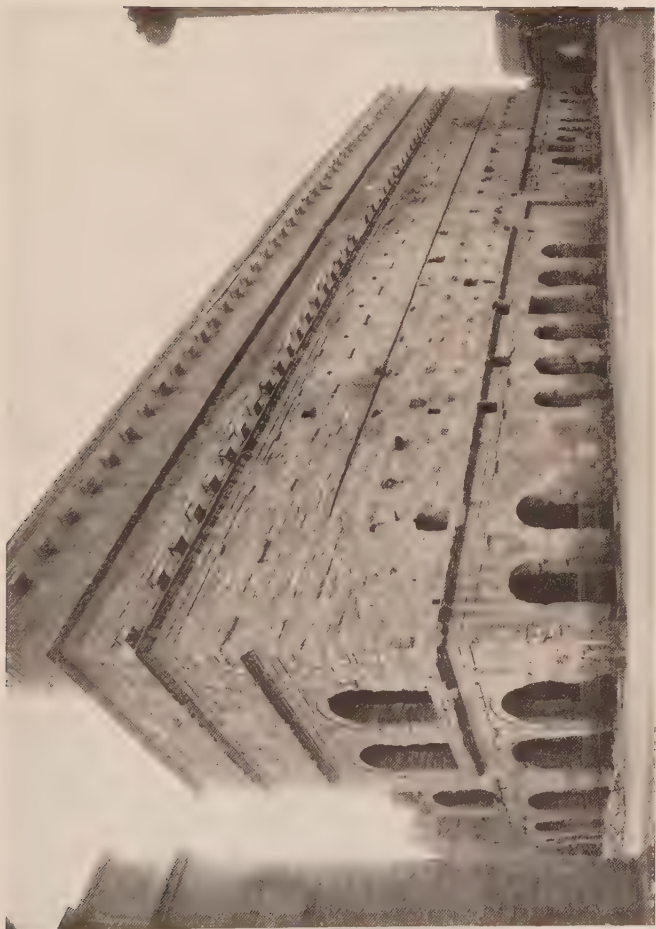
The design of the triumphal arch at Orange has led us away to the ruined arch at Saint-Rémy and its mausoleum. All three were deliberately intended as monuments to express emotion of some sort, and are characteristic examples of Roman methods of doing this with all the limitations, both of imagination and technique, which prevented the results from being entirely successful. We must now return to Orange to that splendid ruin of the theatre which shows the Roman of the Empire at his best. It is useless to expect of him subtlety and finesse, such as distinguished the best Greek and even Hellenistic work. He did not understand it, and I doubt if he made much effort to do so ; it is when

he comes to great construction, such as the theatre at Orange, the Pont du Gard, the amphitheatres of Arles and Nîmes that the Roman architect of the first two centuries of the Empire shows himself a master among men.

The theatre at Orange was built on the side of a hill, as at Vaison, and the seats,¹ nearly semicircular in plan and struck with a radius of 55 m. 60, were cut out of the solid rock, but the enormous frontispiece and other parts of the theatre were built of great blocks of stone without any cement. Many of these were removed by Maurice of Nassau in the early part of the seventeenth century when he built his castle on the hill above the theatre and made Orange one of the strongest places in the south of France.

The façade presents an uninterrupted vertical surface some 115 feet high by about 335 feet long, a little larger than the theatre at Arles. The ground story has a simple arcade giving access to a portico running the whole length of the building and returning along one side. Flat pilasters divide the bays of the arcade, with a simple entablature. Above this the wall rises sheer to the top without any openings, and no attempt at decoration, except a blind (i.e. engaged) arcade about half-way up and two tiers of corbels one above the other, the upper ones pierced to take the masts used for securing the velarium above the theatre. There are some curious chases in the masonry below the blind arcading,

¹ Only the five bottom rows are original. They are 2 feet wide, with a rise of 16 feet,



Levy & Nourdin, Paris.

THE FAÇADE OF THE THEATRE, ORANGE.

which suggests that there may have been a penthouse roof here cantilevered out over the entrances to the portico, something in the manner of the shelters over the entrances to our shops and theatres, but on a very much larger scale.

It is suggested, on the evidences of a drawing by Giuliano da San Gallo, that there were once projecting buildings at each end, with pilasters in three bays, entablatures, and pediments; but if the drawing is really meant for the theatre at Orange, it is quite inaccurate, the corbels are wrongly shown, and instead of the twenty-one arches of the blind arcading, only eleven are shown in San Gallo's drawing; in fact, nobody would imagine from San Gallo's drawing that the façade of the theatre at Orange is what Louis XIV called it, the finest wall in France.

The Proscenium has been so much injured by fire, the ravages of barbarians, and the depredations of Maurice of Nassau that it is difficult to disentangle its design, but it seems to have followed the normal Roman type, as seen in the theatre of Aspendus in Asia Minor. The Proscenium was probably faced with marble. There are fragments of brèche and grey and red granite scattered about on the floor. Now the only points of colour are the fig, the pomegranate, and the oleander, which grow out of the crevices of the ashlar.

Above the central doorway from which the principal actor entered the stage is a wide and rather squat niche said to have once held a

colossal statue of the Emperor of the time, but it is difficult to see how any possible statue could have filled this niche. Above this there appears to have been a wooden penthouse roof protecting the stage, and traces of the fire that destroyed it are visible in the stones.

The theatre has been used on several occasions since 1869. Sarah Bernhardt appeared here in *Phèdre*, Coquelin in *Amphitryon*, and Chaliapin in Boïto's *Méfistofèle*, and though the whole place is open to the sky, the acoustic properties are said to be admirable. Possibly the enormous wall acts as a sounding board to throw the voices upwards and outwards to the tiers of seats. There are considerable remains of a gymnasium built with fine ashlar masonry to the west of the theatre from which I collected a somewhat unusual plinth moulding.

What impresses one at Orange is the fact that a theatre should have been built on so great a scale at this distance from Rome, since, like the amphitheatres of Nîmes and Arles, it was built solely for the entertainment of the people, and not for utilitarian purposes, like that even more magnificent work, the Pont du Gard. Orange (Arausio), it is true, was an important Roman town founded about 46 B.C. as a colony of the 2nd Legion. Within two hundred years of its foundation it possessed its circus, its triumphal arch, its theatre on a scale larger than any modern theatre, and according to a local historian it had its amphitheatre, its baths, and its aqueduct, in fact the complete equipment of an important Roman town.

This lavish public building suggests not only material prosperity but an advanced civilisation which one would take for granted at Rome, but would hardly expect in a distant colony. Yet here we have two great theatres, Orange and Arles, and two great amphitheatres, Arles and Nîmes, and probably at Orange as well—all three places within some twenty-five miles of each other.

The first blow came in the third century A.D. when the Alemanni sacked the place, followed by an invasion of the Visigoths in the beginning of the fifth century A.D., and what little the barbarians left standing was pulled down by Maurice of Nassau when he fortified the town in 1622. Maurice's castle was duly demolished by Louis XIV, and Orange was formally recognised as French territory by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713. How are the mighty fallen, "the places thou madest so strong for thyself, they are burnt with fire, they are cut down. . . . Owls shall dwell there and satyrs shall dance there."

Since 1713 Orange has steadily sunk into decrepitude, and its only claim to a place in history is the sinister fact that in 1794 the Revolutionary commission sitting at Orange sentenced three hundred and fifty people to death in forty-seven days. A callous, hysterical cruelty is never far below the surface in the Provençal. If one could recall Orange as it was in the great days of the Empire, Orange as it now is would seem to be nothing but an untidy, insignificant country town. The civilisation of Imperial Rome, science

apart, seems to me to have been in some ways not only abreast of our civilisation but actually ahead of it, and the evidence for this is the past magnificence of Orange, a provincial town, hundreds of miles distant from the capital of the Empire.

CHAPTER III

THE PONT DU GARD, VAISON, ARLES, PONT S. ESPRIT

THE Pont du Gard is perhaps the most impressive of all the vast undertakings of the Romans, partly because it stands free in the open, spanning the beautiful valley of the Gardon, partly because the eye can take it all in at once, whereas, owing to their elliptical plan, the eye can only see parts at a time of the enormous amphitheatres such as the Colosseum, and there is also that element which I have noted before, the distance from Rome and the highly organised civilisation which rendered such an undertaking possible at all at this distance from the centre of Empire.

The Pont du Gard is part of an aqueduct, built probably in the reign of Augustus, to bring water from springs near Uzès to Nîmes. The line of this aqueduct, most of which has perished, has been traced, and it is rather remarkable that about the middle of the last century, the municipality of Nîmes actually had a scheme prepared for restoring the aqueduct from the Pont du Gard to Nîmes, and drawing the water supply from the Gardon at the point where the aqueduct crosses the river. The aqueduct followed an extraordinarily winding line in order to avoid difficulties of levels, and, in addition to bridges, included several tunnels, and long lengths of

solid or arcaded walling to carry the conduit, formed of fine concrete.

The Pont du Gard itself is thus only a magnificent fragment of a great engineering scheme. It is in three stages, built to suit the slope outwards and upwards from the river. The lowest stage has six arches and is 142 m. 35 long. The second stage is 242 m. 55 long with eleven arches; the top stage is 275 metres long and has thirty-six arches, three small arches to each arch of the stage below. The stages recede in width; the bottom stage is 6 m. 36 from back to front, the second is 4 m. 56, and the top story 3 m. 06.¹ The total height is a little over 160 feet. The two lower stages of the Pont du Gard are built with big stones, some of them more than two metres cube. The stones are laid dry, and in the soffits of the arches projecting courses were left to take the centering of the arches. This would have been straightforward enough, but it was another thing to raise blocks of stone, some of them weighing more than six tons, over a hundred feet above the ground. A method is shown on the relief of the monument of the Haterii at Rome. A lofty post was fixed at the bottom, and on either side of it was an enormous revolving wheel, the axle of which passed through the post. Ropes were secured to the wheel and passed through pulleys fixed to the upper part of the post and the motive power was given by men standing in rungs within the wheel, exactly like turnspit dogs. Presumably the apparatus was shifted from stage to stage as the work proceeded.

¹ Dimensions given by M. Esperandieu in *Le Pont du Gard*.



Reginald. Blomfield, 1927

Pont du Gard

Pont du Gard

M. Esperandieu says that on one of the voussours of the third arch from the right bank, in the middle stage, there is a much-mutilated carving in low relief, known as the "lièvre du Pont du Gard," intended to keep off the evil eye "comme il en existe en beaucoup de monuments romains," including the amphitheatre at Nîmes. I have not seen these myself. It seems that the aqueduct failed about the middle of the ninth century A.D., through the gradual deposit of sediment in the conduit. These sediments are in regular layers, and M. Esperandieu has made an ingenious calculation, showing that the breaks in the deposits and their renewal correspond with the various sieges of Nîmes, when the water was cut off by the besieging armies. There still remain at Nîmes traces of the "Château d'Eau," a reservoir for the water brought by the aqueduct. In the lower part of this Château d'Eau there are ten circular openings for the pipes distributing the water in the town.

In the sixteenth century parts of the piers of the middle stage were cut away in order to make room for people crossing the river. This is clearly shown in a sixteenth-century drawing, which also shows a considerable tree growing out of the top arcade. Daviler, the well-known French architect, and Laurens proposed schemes for improving this in 1700. Some repairs were carried out by Questel 1843-5, and further restorations and the roadway above the lowest stage were completed under Laisné a few years later. The Pont du Gard, in its splendid sim-

plicity and directness, is one of the finest monuments that remain of Imperial Rome. Stendhal says well: "Les Romains faisaient de ces choses étonnantes, non pour inspirer l'admiration, mais simplement et quand elles étaient utiles. L'idée, éminemment moderne de l'arrangement pour faire de l'effet, est rejetée bien loin de l'âme du spectateur." On the right of the road from Remoulins to Uzès, and not very far from the turning off to the Pont du Gard, there is a remarkable instance of a building designed solely "pour faire de l'effet." It is known as the "Château Castille." One enters a sort of *palæstra* surrounded by columns, and after passing through more arches, one reaches a curious square house with circular towers engaged at the four angles, and columns all round. It is all in plaster. Apparently this absurd building was the country house of the Baron de Castille, who had a town house at Uzès. The Baron evidently aimed at "the grand manner" in classical design, and got about as near to it as Beckford did in his attempted Gothic at Fonthill Abbey.

From Orange it is a short twenty miles to Vaison up in the hills to the north-west. In spite of the fact that it lies well to the east of the main roadway of Roman civilisation up the valley of the Rhône, Vaison was an important place under the Empire, the capital of the Voconces, and judging from the number of excellent statues found among the ruins of its houses, the remains of its theatre and baths, its inhabitants must have been people of intelligence and considerable wealth. The fine Roman

bridge which spans the Ouveze on a single arch fifty-seven feet wide still carries the main road that runs south-west to Malaucene and Carpentras.¹

The remains of a street and fragments of houses present the usual deplorable aspect which results from archæological salvage, and the theatre is a poor thing after that of Orange. It is much smaller, but the statues of the Emperors, now in the Municipal Museum, which were excavated in the theatre 1912-13, show that it must have been rather a sumptuous affair. There is a fine draped figure of the Empress Sabina, a typical Roman matron, a splendid figure, possibly Augustus, in a cuirass, and, on the other hand, a rather truculent Hadrian with nothing on at all. There is also here a headless figure draped in a toga and stepping forward, and its headlessness was intentional—where the throat should begin there is a socket so that the head should be interchangeable and the rest of the figure used again. I commend the idea to our sculptors; it would save them a lot of trouble with the bodies of their memorial statues.

Stendhal, who says he spent a profitable day at Vaison “voilà le plaisir d’être savant,” could not have seen these statues; on the other hand, he noted with much interest the remarkable little Romanesque cathedral, noting in particular the

¹ A span of 57 feet was nothing to the Roman builder. At Kiakhta in the Taurus Mountains, at the opposite end of the Empire, there is a Roman bridge all in stone of a single arch of 112 feet span and 56 feet high from the river to the soffit. Hogarth, who saw it in 1894, says scarcely a single stone was out of place.

unusual width of the nave, which he admired in this and other Romanesque churches,¹ proving, he remarked, “que je n’ai pas le vrai goût du Gothique.” In point of fact, he had a profound contempt for Gothic architecture, its multiplicity of detail annoyed him, and he did not grasp the technical ingenuity and extremely skilful masonry of mediæval architecture. Of the Church of S. Apollinaris at Valence he remarks: “L’ogive est triste, tandis que, je ne sais pourquoi, le plain cintre donne l’idée de la force employée à vous défendre. . . . J’avouerai que l’architecture gothique est pour moi comme le son de l’harmonica.” There is more in Gothic architecture than Stendhal allowed, but there is a feeling of massive and enduring strength in some of these Romanesque churches, with their simple plans, rectangular piers, and straightforward construction that is infinitely restful. They seem to me to be the last word of the architecture of Rome and Byzantium, and scarcely at all related to the Gothic architecture that followed.

Stendhal did much less than justice to Gothic architecture, but he was exasperated by the sentimentalism and theatricality of the attempts made in his time to revive Gothic architecture as a counter-blast to the Napoleonic idea. At the risk of architectural ostracism I confess myself to finding the incessant repetition of

¹ If Stendhal had visited the Church of S. Suffren at Carpentras he would have found a nave 50 feet wide in a church built in the fifteenth century. Though a fine critic in his own way, Stendhal was rather apt to jump to conclusions,

hollows and mouldings in the arches and the assemblage of shafts like pipes in the piers of some Gothic churches just a little tedious. They did better in Belgian Gothic with plain cylindrical columns and rich capitals to mark the springing of the arch, and even in German Gothic, as in the Frauen-Kirche at Munich, where the arch moulds develop out of the massive piers. In both these cases there is no wasted effort, a simple thing is done in a simple way. The fault of Gothic architecture to me is its restlessness. It gives the impression of being constantly on the move when its real business is to stand still. We were taught in our youth to admire the skilful poise and counterpoise of Gothic (not always successful by the way), its loving care in detail, and so on, but it is essentially the art of men who by force of circumstance were usually compelled to think in small terms. And now, having freed my mind, I must go back on what I have just said, and profess my whole-hearted admiration for such interiors as that of Amiens, and such amazing piles of buildings as Mont S. Michel.

The cathedral at Vaison is quite small but of very considerable interest inside and out. Outside it has a Roman cornice under the eaves of the nave with ornament of leaf, egg and tongue, and a regular architrave below, and the aisles have a band of running foliage under the eaves. In point of fact, though the cathedral was built five or six hundred years after the break-up of Roman civilisation in Southern Gaul, the Roman tradition of design was never wholly lost, and there is a curious instance of this in the soffit

of the outer arch of the nave, where blocks of stone were left as in the well-known example of the Pont du Gard. The cathedral is well worth a visit if only for its unusual design, its dim but very impressive lighting, and its beautiful little Romanesque cloister, in the manner of the cloisters of Aix-en-Provence, S. Trophimus at Arles, and Montmajour.

Arles and Nîmes are usually bracketed together, probably because they both have amphitheatres. Both date from the early days of the Empire, if not before, and they are barely fifteen miles apart, but in point of fact they are very different, and produce on one quite different impressions. Arles was a Gaulish city, when Julius Cæsar established here a colony of the 6th Legion. It is finely placed on both sides of the Rhône. Industrious archæologists have discovered the site of its circus, and also of its forum, larger than that of Pompeii. Two of the Corinthian columns of the colonnade that once went round the forum are still to be seen, behind the statue of Mistral. Arles still possesses its amphitheatre, in a dilapidated state, and the ruins of a vast theatre, apparently of considerable magnificence. It possessed an arch of Constantine, baths, which were long supposed to be the remains of a palace of Constantine; it had also its temples to strange gods, Isis, Cybele, and Mithras, and for hundreds of years the Alyscamps (Elysian Fields), that most impressive avenue of poplars with its rows of stone sarcophagi ranged along the sides, was the most famous cemetery of Western Europe.

In Roman days Arles was a famous port, the Rhône seems to have formed a big lagoon round it, and one hears of pilgrims in mediæval times going by boat to the Abbey of Montmajour. It appears from the memorial inscriptions in which Arles abounds that not only were there naval architects, shipbuilders, guilds of sailors, and river boatmen at Arles, but also a guild of "utricularii,"¹ men who dealt in bladders for rafts on which the inhabitants poled across the lagoon. Arles possessed a circus 100 metres wide by some 400 to 500 metres long; the exact length is not known because it is covered up by buildings, but the obelisk which now stands in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville was once the "spina" round which the chariots had to turn.

Arles was once a great and busy place, but it is now depressing and tourist-ridden, with little life of its own. The amphitheatre has lost all its topmost stage; the theatre, which was finally wrecked by the populace in a fervour of religious excitement, led by a certain fanatical priest called Cyril, has only the remains of its seats, a ruined building called Roland's Tower, and two fine Corinthian columns of brèche marbre, standing lonely and forlorn. M. Peyre enthusiastically finds a Greek touch in the design of the amphitheatre as compared with that of Nîmes, and fondly attributes this to some survival of the Greeks who settled at Arles long before the colony of legionaries. I looked in vain for anything of the sort; these theatres and amphi-

¹ Facciolati translates "utricularius" as bargeman—men who used boats shaped like the bag of a bagpipe (? coracles).

theatres conformed to a well-recognised standard type,¹ and any variations were probably due to differences of local circumstances and conditions of building. On the other hand, the Musée Lapidaire (the Church of S. Anne) does undoubtedly contain work showing the influence of Greek art, the beautiful drapery of the dancing girls for example, or the head of Livia or Venus, and the Venus of Arles.

The later history of this statue is curious. It was discovered in 1651. In 1683 the town of Arles, in a sudden access of loyalty, presented it to Louis XIV, but took the precaution of having a cast of it made before sending it to Paris. Both arms were missing and these were duly restored by Girardon before the statue was sent to Versailles. The curious thing is that the statue and the cast do not agree, the forms of the cast being, in M. Peyre's words, "plus pleines et plus plantureuses" than those of the statue. It is difficult to believe that Girardon took the trouble or was barbarous enough to work down the actual marble.

Apart from the Musée Lapidaire, the most interesting things in Arles are S. Trophimus with its west entrance, and its cloisters, and the Town Hall. The west front of S. Trophimus seems to me to be, with that of S. Gilles, the finest example of Romanesque sculpture in existence. I wish, by the way, that some learned archæologist would

¹ The dimensions do not vary greatly. The width of the façade at the back of the Proscenium is the same at Arles and at Orange, about 103 metres; that of Vienne is rather larger, 112 metres, that of Vaison rather less, 96 metres.

explain the origin and purpose of those monsters devouring men and fragments of men, which occur here and at S. Gilles, in the Lombardic churches of Italy, and in far distant Corbridge in the north.¹ They are sometimes supposed to represent men's evil passions, but my own idea is that they are a survival of, or a throw-back to, instincts and ideas older than Christianity and alien to it, though there is undoubtedly much intentional symbolism in the façades both of S. Gilles and S. Trophimus. Both are the work of designers who knew perfectly what they were about; there is no hesitation in their work, no feeling about for effect, the artists saw their work as a whole, and maintained throughout a rhythm, a restraint, and a sense of scale which seem to me to place it in the front rank of great monumental work. Its inspiration is essentially classical, and it shows how ingrained that spirit was in Provence that this work was actually executed quite at the end of the twelfth or early in the thirteenth century, when Gothic was already on its way to complete dominance in the north of France. The cloisters of S. Trophimus are famous, but they are rather a jumble of incongruous motives both in architecture and sculpture.

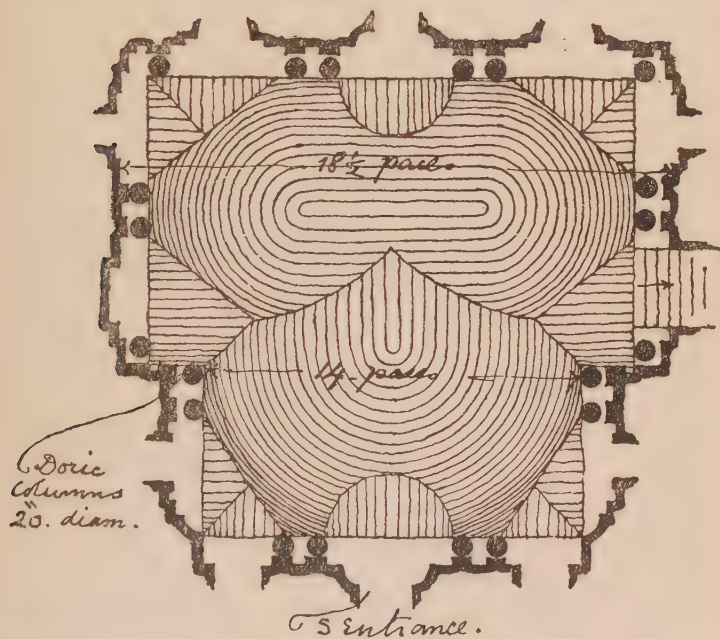
The other building, the Hôtel de Ville of Arles, is, as one might expect, at the opposite end of the scale. It was built in 1673 as a memorial of the building committee and of the victories of Louis XIV up to date, "innumerarum prin-

¹ I have discussed the subject of "atavism in art" in *The Touchstone of Architecture*, Clarendon Press, 1925.

cipis fortissimi victoriarum, suæ ipsorum erga rempublicam curæ ac vigilantiae monumentum.” There is, as usual, no mention of the architect. The committee called in a local architect, Peytret, who made the design. They then called in Louis François Royer de la Valfenière, a son of the man whom we met at Villeneuve lès Avignon, and Pierre Puget the sculptor-architect of Aix. Finally they called in Jules Hardouin Mansart, who was down in Provence restoring the Château of Grignan for the Comte Jean Baptiste Adhemar de Monteil de Grignan, the husband of Mme de Sévigné’s daughter. Mansart, who was then twenty-seven, never hesitated to poach on another man’s ground, and probably worked his introduction through his client, de Grignan, who was nephew of the reigning Archbishop of Arles. Mansart may have suggested the façade to the forum, with its rusticated ground floor, Corinthian pilasters on the first floor, and attic story with entablature and balustrade over, the regular Versailles motive.

The really interesting thing about the Town Hall is the flat stone vaulting over the entrance hall, a remarkable instance of that “ vaulting à la Roussillon ” which Blondel described at length in his *Cours d’Architecture*. The hall is irregular in plan, consisting of an oblong $18\frac{1}{2}$ paces long by $10\frac{1}{4}$ paces wide, with an extension on the side next the Place de Forum 14 paces long by 5 paces wide. Recesses are formed along the sides by pairs of Doric columns, and the inside of the side next the Place du Forum is segmental on plan. In 1684 Mansart described the vaulting of this hall

to the Academy of Architecture in Paris. His description was quite inaccurate, as he talked of a vault with a diameter of 40 feet and a rise of 5 feet, but there is no diameter about it, as the hall is rectangular, its general dimensions are about 55 feet by 45 feet and the rise so far as I could see was about 7 feet. Mansart, however,



PLAN OF COURSES IN VAULTING, HÔTEL DE VILLE, ARLES. RISE FROM SPRINGING OF VAULT TO CROWN ABOUT 7 FEET 6 INCHES.

did not claim the work as his own, and had the candour to say that it was carried out by "un compagnon passant, venant d'Italie."

This flat vaulting was in common use in the south of France. De Brosse noted in the Novitiate of the Jesuits at Avignon "une voûte hardie, tout à fait plate, construite de pierres de

taille, dont aucune n'est semblable à l'autre pour la coupe."¹ The lines in my sketch-plan show the courses of the masonry of the hall of the Hôtel de Ville at Arles. In places the soffit of the vault must be very nearly flat, yet when I examined it in 1927 I saw no sign of failure. It is constructed entirely of various applications of the arch, and the plan of the courses is most ingeniously arranged to bring the principle of the arch into play. Whether the voussoirs are further strengthened by dowels I do not know, but in any case it is a most skilful and audacious piece of masonry, one that ranks with those splendid flying stone staircases for which T. B. Franque of Avignon was famous. The secret of their construction seems to have died with the French masons of the eighteenth century.

We left Arles without regret; there are too many tourists and motor-cars rushing through it, and, like Avignon, the town gives one the impression of existing for the capture of tourists; one misses that suggestion of quiet, independent life which makes Aix en Provence and Nîmes the most restful of all the larger cities in the south of France.

Some fifteen or twenty miles north of Orange the Rhône is crossed by the Pont S. Esprit. With the Bridge of S. Benezet, this is, I think, the most remarkable mediæval bridge ever built, if one takes into account the very considerable

¹ A full account of this flat vaulting of the Roussillon is given in an appendix, vol. i, pp. 221-4, of my *History of French Architecture*, 1661-1774.

engineering difficulties of building a stone bridge across that turbulent river. The bridge includes a long causeway over the flood-land and a bridge over the river carried on twenty-five arches of widths varying from some 25 to 115 feet, and of a total length of about 1,000 yards. The two arches nearest the town were removed in the middle of the last century and replaced by a cast-iron arch, and in 1860 the bridge, which was only 14 feet 6 inches wide, was widened on the side above the town. It was originally protected by a fort at each end, and in the middle of the bridge there were two towers, one of which contained a chapel of S. Nicholas, probably similar to the chapel on the bridge at Avignon. The date given for its building is 1265-1307. Some of the piers are on rock, but towards the middle of the bridge they are said to be built on piles. All the piers have those openings in the piers between the arches, to let the flood-water away, which were borrowed from the Roman bridge-builders, and which remained a tradition with French bridge-builders down to the end of the eighteenth century.¹

Considering the appliances available in the thirteenth century and the violence of the Rhône, the Pont S. Esprit seems to me one of the most amazing things ever done by mediæval builders. The Rhône is a violent river at the best of times, full of eddies and strange currents; as de

¹ There is an example in the Roman bridge over the Calavon between Apt and Bonnieux, and a magnificent seventeenth-century example in the Pont Neuf at Toulouse. In the most recent bridge built over the Tiber at Rome there is a clumsy version of the same motive.

Brosses puts it, "Le Rhône se promène au milieu au grand galop." I watched a big bough of a tree coming down stream. It came along gallantly half out of water, but it suddenly disappeared and emerged again some 200 yards lower down in a very depressed condition.

De Brosses passed under the bridge on his way to Avignon, and says that he measured it carefully, that it was 15 feet wide and 1,118 feet long, but he must have left out some of the arches, though he says there were nineteen arches, without counting the small ones, and that some of the arches had a span of 33 paces.¹ The bridge was being restored when he wrote in 1739, and de Brosses relates in his excellent manner how he was nearly drowned below the bridge. "My rascal of a pilot was amusing himself in a corner eating asparagus. I have no use for gluttons. All of a sudden I heard a loud noise. I was in my corner translating Italian, and if you will believe me, thought to find myself translated to another world. We were going to strike the rocks cric-crac. I heard people crying we should be lost. I stood up, and saw that it was all a false alarm; and that the danger we had run on account of the asparagus was already passed." Stendhal also passed under the Pont S. Esprit nearly one hundred years after de Brosses, and in his *Mémoires d'un Touriste* says: "Nous avons eu l'honneur de passer sous le Pont Saint Esprit qui a une fort mauvaise réputation; on dit que

¹ Stendhal was nearer the mark. He says he counted twenty-six arches, nineteen big and seven small, and gives the total length at 2,520 feet and width as 30 feet.

trente personnes s'y sont noyées l'an passé, trente, en style provençal, veut dire dix tout au plus," but he adds that one pier ought to be removed to widen the passage-way, and this was done twenty years later.

The danger was not so much rocks as constantly shifting sand-banks. Stendhal says that after passing the bridge his boat was steered to the right at an acute angle of 50 degrees with the line it had been following. According to my observations, this would have brought it right into the shore, but the ways of sand-banks are no doubt unaccountable. "Et l'on voit très clairement la mort inévitable, si le bateau vient à heurter le moins du monde la pile ou le banc de sable."

Stendhal says the bridge was begun in 1265 and finished in 1309 by the inhabitants of the town, which was then called Saint-Saturnin du Port. The prior of the monastery at first opposed its building, but finally gave way and laid the first stone. Quarries were bought at Saint-Andéol, and a religious order was established to collect money to look after the workmen, and to help the masons in their work. "On voit qu'en 1265, on avait en ce pays une vraie passion pour le bien public," but this matter-of-fact procedure would not do at all for the hierarchy, and in 1448 a bull of Pope Nicolas V informed the faithful that the bridge had been built by a shepherd on the direct orders of an angel. A legend of much the same sort was circulated about the building of the bridge of S. Benezet at Avignon. "Pourtant Nicolas V fut un homme de mérite, mais le métier avant

tout." Stendhal remarked that the arches are not pointed but semicircular, following the precedent of the Pont du Gard, and adds characteristically, "*l'architecture romaine ou solide était encore de mode dans le Midi, la mode du gothique qui cherche à étonner ne vint que plus tard.*"

Stendhal says that the boat in which he came left Lyons at five in the morning, and reached Avignon at three in the afternoon, over sixty leagues going at the rate of more than eighteen miles an hour, in which had to be included halts for passengers and slackening speed under bridges. The boat, I take it, was a paddle-boat, and considering all the difficulties of the Rhône the pace seems to me remarkable. De Brosse's rate of progress was much more stately. He embarked at Ancone near Montelimart at four in the morning and reached Avignon at four in the afternoon, twelve hours for eighteen leagues, about four and a half miles an hour, and though he says his pilot hoisted two sails, the pilot must have spent most of his time doing nothing when he was not eating his asparagus, for the stream runs faster than four and a half miles an hour.

The Ardèche runs into the Rhône just above the Pont S. Esprit, and to the north the bleak upland of the Cevennes rises boldly above the low ground of the Vivarais. The famous Canon de l'Ardèche, with its amazing rocks and gorges, runs back into these hills for some thirty kilometres, and it was in the mountains beyond that Cavalier had his powder factories, his stores, and

his rough field hospital in the war of the Camisards (1702-4). It was in this wild and difficult country, from Montpezat in the north to Montpellier in the south and from Nîmes to Le Vigan east to west, that Cavalier and Roland, with a handful of half-armed peasants, stood up for two years and a half against the Royal troops, some 2,000 countrymen against 25,000 soldiers led by two field-m Marshals, backed by the resources of Louis XIV and blessed and absolved in their work of exterminating the Protestants by the Bishops of Alais and Uzès and the Pope of Rome himself.

CHAPTER IV

AIX EN PROVENCE, THE ROC SAINTE VICTOIRE, VAUVENARGUES

AIX EN PROVENCE is delightfully restful after the hustle and strident atmosphere of Avignon and the motor-cars of Arles. The excellent guide *Joanne* is enthusiastic and not entirely wide of the mark in its description of Aix: "Ville silencieuse et discrète, aristocratique et savante, Aix a perdu sa splendeur mais garde, grâce au charme de son architecture, une réelle noblesse d'allure et un grand air d'élégance et de distinction." As a matter of fact, its architecture is not particularly distinguished. Aix possesses no really first-rate building, but it does possess some interesting details by Pierre Puget, some wonderful tapestries in the cathedral and the Musée de Tapisseries, a remarkable baptistry said to date from the sixth century, a small but good Romanesque cloister, and Nicolas Froment's triptych of the burning bush in the cathedral. It has also abundance of beautiful water, a fine boulevard, and an excellent hotel, the Hôtel des Thermes Sixtius.

Stendhal, who included Aix en Provence in one of his traveller's rounds, was rather in love with the place. It was, he says, "une ville de bonne compagnie, où les dames ont conservé leur empire . . . la position d'Aix est heureuse.

Adossée à une colline, elle fait face au midi . . . on y a encore presque tous les bonheurs de l'ancien régime et une société remplie d'esprit, de gaieté et d'aventures." The principal ambition of people in Aix was, he says, to have a pair of torch-snuffers outside their front door, the reason being that before the Revolution the "noblesse d'épée" had the right to two footmen running in front of their carriages with lighted torches, whereas only the Premier Président and the Procureur général had the "droit d'éteindre." Stendhal proceeds from this to the distinction between the man of the north and the man of the south, the man of the north "froid et réfléchi et qui ne sent rien que le désir de s'avancer," and the man of the south tumbling over himself in the richness of his ideas and impulses, and usually the victim of his own ebullience. Alphonse Daudet worked out the distinction with relentless analysis in *Numa Roumestan*, the odd thing being that Daudet was himself a man of the south, and there is a statue of him in his birthplace, Nîmes, with quite a remarkable resemblance to the late Sir W. Richmond.

Casanova was at Aix some time between 1760 and 1770, but the place was too dull for him. He only records one scandalous episode as the result of which he very nearly died of pleurisy, but he seems to have known all the best people of Aix, and says that they sat down thirty to dinner every day "bonne chère, délicate mais sans profusion, ton de bonne compagnie, plaisanterie de bon goût, propos décents, style

châtié avec exclusion de mots à double entente."

The "double entente" was Casanova's favourite method of starting his enterprises. At Aix he appears to have conducted himself with reasonable decency; anyhow he was not expelled from the town as usual. Casanova was too busy with his profession of adventurer to take any note of architecture, painting, or sculpture, but he describes a curious meeting with an Italian pilgrim who ten years later was notorious as Cagliostro, and he comments severely on the procession of the Fête-Dieu. Instead of being a solemn ceremonial, the procession, headed by the Bishop and attended by religious bodies, included "Le Diable, la Mort, les sept Péchés mortels, vêtus de la façon la plus risible, faisant mille contorsions, se battant, se bousculant, hurlant, feignant l'exaspération d'être forcés de faire leur cour au souverain de l'univers," all this to the accompaniment of the ribaldries of the crowd. When Casanova pointed out the indecency of this to a member of the Parliament of Aix, the latter replied that it was an excellent thing, as it brought 100,000 francs into the town.

Mme de Sévigné had also commented severely on these processions nearly a hundred years before. In one of her letters to her daughter, Mme de Grignan, she contrasted the procession of the Fête-Dieu at Aix very unfavourably with that at Avignon: "Toute l'occasion y est bien mesurée, en comparaison de vos profanations d'Aix avec son Prince d'amour et ses chevaux

frustes" (men dressed up in cardboard as hobby-horses). It appears that these processions were instituted by that cheerful and dissolute old person, René of Anjou, King of Provence. Mme de Sévigné added that she could not understand why Grimaldi, Archbishop of Aix, did not put a stop to this profanity, and suggested that the reason might be that he was an Italian. As a matter of fact the Archbishop did try to stop it, but the town rose in revolt and he had to give way. The people were so enamoured of their processions that when religious institutions were reorganised in 1818, they insisted on their re-establishment. Another body, known as "the Penitents," made night processions on Thursday and Friday in Holy Week of such shameless indecency that even the people of Aix could not stand that, and these were stopped. The Comte de Grignan, Mme de Sévigné's son-in-law, was Governor of Provence, and he and his wife were constantly at Aix, and, according to the anxious mother, spent too much money "en comédiens et en fêtes et en repas dans le Carnaval," also on "petits soupers particuliers" with twenty ladies present. She suggested that fifty servants were really too many to keep; as for the Comte de Grignan, according to his mother-in-law, he considered himself deserted because he had only three mistresses to play with and they had failed him. Altogether things seem to have moved fast and freely at Aix at the end of the seventeenth century. As a matter of fact, the Comte de Grignan, apart from his amorous propensities, seems to have been rather a good sort of man.

When Orange was annexed by Louis XIV in 1713, he protested against a head-tax being imposed on the inhabitants.

According to his daughter-in-law, Mme de Simiane, Aix was a dull place in 1736, full of thieves and scoundrels. She wrote, "j'ai trouvé à Aix des tracasseries sans nombre de toutes les espèces dans tous les états et étages, et la ville est pourtant déserte, jugez ce qu'elle sera quand elle sera remplie." De Brosse was here three years later on his way to Italy, and gave it as his opinion that Aix en Provence was the prettiest town in France, Paris excepted. What he particularly admired was its splendid boulevard, known in his day as the Rue du Cours, and now as the "Cours Mirabeau," with its four rows of trees, its four large fountains, and the look-out over the country at the farther end on what is now the Place de la Rotonde. The trees are there still, and the fine houses on either side, the two fountains, one with hot water in the centre, a third at the east end with a statue of King René, one of the deplorable works of David d'Angers; and at the lower end, in the centre of the Place de la Rotonde, a large and ambitious fountain standing in a basin some 100 feet in diameter, all in the usual French manner of the nineteenth century. I learn from the guide *Joanne* that seven artists collaborated in this work, but one would willingly exchange the result for almost any Italian fountain executed before the end of the seventeenth century. In spite of their undoubted technical ability, French artists never seem to me very happy in their

fountains. As compared with Italian, French fountains seem to me florid and pretentious, inelegant in form and confused in silhouette. Moreover, their incessant symbolism is tedious in the last degree. This is the typical description of the fountain at Aix: "du bassin, décoré de lions accouplés, de génies montés sur des cygnes, et de dauphins, s'élève un piédestal supportant une vasque surmontée des statues de la justice, de l'agriculture, des arts." The whole thing is overdone and in fact vulgar.

There is another example of this ambitious failure at Nîmes. In 1850 the authorities laid out a large esplanade in the centre of the town, and a design by Questel was adopted, with sculpture by Pradier. A large pedestal rises in the centre, from the faces of which project four large basins without visibly adequate means of support, and above this, on a secondary pedestal, is a figure symbolical of the town of Nîmes, with seated figures below at the four angles representing the Rhône, the Gard, the Eure, and the fountain of Nîmes. The sculpture is a good deal better than the architecture, but somehow the monument is unconvincing. It has been thought out in detail, not as a whole—there is none of the swing and movement that one finds in the great Italian fountains of the seventeenth century. These are often rather flamboyant, yet they do tell their story, and strike their note as a whole, and even if one does not care for either in itself, the architecture and the sculpture are wedded indissolubly.

This is, I think, where the modern fountain

fails. The sculptors do not know anything of architecture, and the architects do not understand sculpture, and that intimate alliance of the two arts in one man, such as existed in Michael Angelo, in Bernini or Alfred Stevens, is extremely rare. Gilbert's fountain that used to stand in Piccadilly Circus, containing as it does some of the most exquisite modelling ever done, is the best modern approach to what a fountain should be, though even here the architectural detail is the least satisfactory part of it.

Pierre Puget, who did a good deal of work in Aix, shows how rare it is to find the two arts in exact equipoise. Puget was a very accomplished artist, almost, I suppose, a first-rate sculptor in his rather violent manner, and a fine draughtsman. In the museum at Aix there is a notable pen-and-ink drawing of a baldachino designed by him for the Church of the Carignano at Genoa, and he certainly possessed a wide knowledge of architectural detail. Yet he failed in the all-important matter of scale. In the Cours Mirabeau (No. 38 Hôtel d'Espagnet) there are two large terminal figures, original in treatment and finely modelled, but all they are doing is to support an exiguous balcony with a flimsy iron railing, set in a mean façade. Puget would have done better with figures half the size, but in his zeal for his figures he forgot the scale of the balcony and the building.

There are other buildings in Aix attributed to Puget, but they are not impressive. His ideas of a façade seem to have been limited to the use of the colossal Corinthian order, and his knowledge

of architectural detail seduced him into its indiscriminate employment without any real sense of architecture. The French and Italians made the same mistake in the early days of the Renaissance, and the danger of mistaking architectural detail for architecture is one that constantly recurs—and one which only the really big men avoid. Puget's motive of the colossal Corinthian order does not come off, as the three stories of the façade contradict the scale of the pilasters, and in order to get in the third story, the entablature has to be omitted over the bays between the pilasters.

The scholarship of the designs of the older buildings at Aix was, in fact, uncertain, and about 1725 building operations seem to have come to a dead stop. The important building now occupied by the Postes et Télégraphes was not completed. The ambitious Jesuit Chapel has stones left in blocks for carving, and above, the entablature has the rough backing only of the intended façade.

Generally speaking, the architecture of Aix en Provence is not so interesting as one might expect from a city that has altered comparatively little in the last two hundred years, that was once the seat of a Parliament and the capital of Provence. The cathedral has an interesting little Romanesque cloister, a baptistery said to date from the sixth century, with eight marble and granite columns which obviously came from some Roman building, and some elaborately carved west doors, with figures of four prophets and twelve sibyls, set in garlands of fruit and flowers—the work of a certain Jean Guiramand

of Toulon (1505); but the really notable things in the cathedral are the tapestries in the choir and the fine triptych of the "Virgin in the Burning Bush" by Nicolas Froment, which used to be attributed quite gratuitously to King René. This picture and the "Coronation of the Virgin" at Avignon alone justify the French claim to a great Primitive school. The term is misleading, because there is nothing primitive about the technique of either work, and the drawing and painting are infinitely more advanced and accomplished than the work of that favourite hero of our critics and dealers, Cézanne, who was a native of Aix.¹

The tapestries cover both sides of the choir, those on the right presenting the life of the Virgin, those on the left scenes of the Passion. These beautiful tapestries by Brussels artists date from 1511, and once belonged to the Cathedral of Canterbury. They are said to have been in use in Canterbury as late as 1640. Ten years later they were sold in Paris, and bought by a canon of Aix, who presented them to his cathedral.²

Close by, in the old Archevêché, now a "Musée de tapisseries et d'ameublement ancien," are some of the most admirable Beauvais tapestries I have ever seen. The designs for these tapestries, giving scenes from *Don Quixote*, were made by Natoire in 1735. Besnier, Oudry, and Natoire used architecture in the true Venetian manner, much as Tiepolo used it with admirable effect

¹ In the Musée there is a very flabby study of the nude by Cézanne, badly drawn and indifferently modelled.

² A description of these tapestries is given in a paper by Dr. M. R. James in the *Transactions of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society*, vol. xi.



SCENES FROM *DON QUIXOTE*, designed by Natoire.
Musée des Tapisseries, Aix en Provence.

in bringing the whole composition together, and the colour in the panels of Sancho Panza at the banquet with the Duke, and Sancho Panza and the nutseller, attain a degree of warmth and brilliancy almost unattainable in painting.

The Archbishop, as usual, had one of the best houses in the town, but for some reason the entrance to the principal staircase was placed in a corner of the court. A corridor on the diagonal of a square leads to a flight of nine steps segmental on plan and set in an oval enclosure reaching the half-landing. From this two flights of fifteen steps ascend to right and left of the oval enclosure and reach a broad landing space on the first floor. Anybody going straight ahead would walk into a corner of the wall, but to the right is a colonnade of the Doric order, beyond which is a large lobby giving access to the principal suite of rooms. It is a most ingenious piece of planning, but it does not quite come off, and one does not see why the architect should have set himself this gratuitously difficult problem.

“ L'Hôtel de Ville est un vaste édifice d'ordres dorique et ionique ” (1652-8), which contains a large and valuable library¹ and a statue of Hector, Maréchal de Villars, by Coustou. The Maréchal is a really delightful figure. He has a full-bottomed wig—over his shoulders is a cloak much windswept in the lower part, and he wears a Roman cuirass with the usual arrangement of pleats. In his right hand is his field-marshal's baton resting on his knee ; his left is on the hilt of his sword, and his sturdy legs are cased in

¹ Bibliothèque Méjanès.

buskins. The head is looking upwards with an expression of the utmost complacency. The fact was that Villars had every reason to be pleased with the way fortune had treated him : " le plus complètement et le plus constamment heureux de tous les millions d'hommes nés sous le long règne de Louis XIV " is the description given by Saint-Simon, who never forgave him his extraordinary success. According to Saint-Simon, Villars was of rather obscure origin on his father's side, but his mother seems to have been one of those wonderful little ladies who preserved their activity and caustic tongue to extreme old age, as it was reckoned in the time of Louis XIV : " une petite vieille ratatinée, tout esprit et sans corps, qui avait passé sa vie dans la meilleure compagnie . . . salée, plaisante, méchante." She advised her son to magnify himself to the King and to nobody else. Villars, however, magnified himself to everybody, and with the help of Mme de Maintenon advanced from one position to another with almost unbroken success and never-failing effrontery. Saint-Simon, who hated him entirely, devotes half a dozen pages to one of the most scathing portraits ever drawn of a successful adventurer. A man of fine figure, a frank and open countenance, and of undoubted courage, Villars was ready to grovel to anyone who could serve his purpose : " Étant lui-même incapable d'aimer ni de servir personne, ni d'aucune sorte de reconnaissance," and greedy beyond belief. In one of the expeditions across the Rhine he annexed an incredible amount of loot, which he had considerable difficulty in

accounting for to the King. Villars himself said that he allocated one-third of this to the payment of the officers of his army, one-third for the men, and one-third "pour engraisser mon veau" (Vaux le Vicomte). "Sous une magnificence de Gascon" he concealed "une avarice extrême, une avidité de harpie." He took credit for everything himself. At the battle of Malplaquet he was badly outgeneralled by Marlborough and Prince Eugène. Saint-Simon says he attacked the allies a day and a half too soon and took up a hopeless position, with the result that his army was cut in two. Boufflers, who commanded on the right, managed to extricate the right wing of the French forces, and in his report to the King did all in his power to cover up Villars' failure; but Villars rewarded Boufflers by undermining his position, and spread it about that had he not been wounded in the knee he would have won the battle of Malplaquet. Seven years before, at the battle of Friedling on the Rhine, Villars, believing himself completely defeated, was lamenting his luck somewhere at the back of the battlefield, when his aide-de-camp galloped up and told him he had won. Villars "paya d'effronterie," and was rewarded with a Marquisate (1702) and made a Maréchal de France (1703).

In 1704 he succeeded de Montrevel in Languedoc; and here again his luck followed him. De Montrevel had, in fact, broken the back of the revolt in the Cevennes when Villars appeared on the scene. Villars' success was diplomatic rather than military, as he managed to detach

Cavalier, the ablest leader of the Camisards, from his party, and this and the heroic death of Roland in the autumn of 1704 terminated for all effective purposes the war in the Cevennes. Villars was created a Duke, but having no estate of his own, he bought the great property of Vaux le Vicomte from the heirs of the unfortunate Fouquet, and later on had the walls of the principal rooms decorated with frescoes of his campaigns, which Saint-Simon says were as mendacious as the memoirs compiled for him. Here in this splendid house and those magnificent gardens he ended his days, full of glory and honour, one of the most consistently successful men on record.

Saint-Simon says he was a great gambler and a great talker, quoting plays and talking nonsense at serious conferences; but Saint-Simon himself was a pedantic and unsympathetic old person. Villars must have been a better man than Saint-Simon allows. Cavalier, in his straightforward memoirs, speaks of him as a gentleman and a man of honour and humanity, one of the very few redeeming personalities in the Royal forces. With the exception of Boufflers, Villars was undoubtedly the best of the French generals, and was soldier enough to keep Marlborough at bay on the northern frontier after the disastrous defeat of Malplaquet. When Casanova was at Aix some fifty years later he came across a deplorable old Duc de Villars, Governor of Languedoc, and a son of the Maréchal, who painted his face and tired his hair, and got himself up as a young man of twenty.

Vauvenargues, whose family once held Vauvenargues, a few miles east of Aix, is a pleasanter subject on whom to meditate. The road to Vauvenargues passes along a lovely valley, with the crags of the Roc Sainte Victoire towering up on the right, some four thousand feet above the sea. It was at the foot of this mountain that Marius fought one of the great battles of the world, one of those that decide the destiny of nations. Towards the end of the second century B.C. there occurred one of those vast racial movements in Central Europe, which seemed to have no consciously realised purpose, and yet moved on with the deadly tenacity of some irresistible natural force. An immense horde of barbarians had gathered together north of the Alps, the Cimbri, the Teutons, the Tigurini, and the Ambrones, with a general idea of descending on the rich land of Italy.

In 105 B.C. they had annihilated the consular armies, 80,000 strong, but for some reason did not at once follow up their success. Two years later they broke up into two parties—the Cimbri endeavoured to reach Italy through the Tyrol, while the Teutons and Ambrones turned the Alpilles, the western extremity of the Alps, hoping to enter Italy through the Riviera. After one or two skirmishes Marius allowed the hosts of the barbarians to pass his camp near Aix. Their numbers were so great that it took six days to clear the Roman outposts. After a short interval, sufficient to entangle the enemy in the passes, Marius pursued them, and engaged them in the valley at the foot of the Roc Sainte

Victoire, a few miles east of Aix, and defeated them with great slaughter. The estimates of the slain vary from 100,000 to 200,000, and those who survived the fighting slew themselves and their wives and children. The Cimbri were defeated at Raudii Campi, and Rome was saved to fulfil her tremendous destiny. The Roc Sainte Victoire is said to possess a species of eagle peculiar to itself; it is a sinister-looking mountain, and as one approaches it from Aix, it stands grim and formidable above the pleasant valley.

The little village of Vauvenargues is farther up the valley, a mere cluster of houses and farm buildings that once held the servants of the great house. The road winds up to the château, which stands on an isolated knoll a few hundred yards away from the slovenly little village, and must once have been a place of considerable strength. It has a large hall and a few interesting things inside, but its most notable feature is the excellent way it is planted on its rock and the admirable treatment of the terraces in front of the entrance.

Here in 1715 was born Luc de Clapiers de Vauvenargues, the friend of Voltaire, that wise, gentle, and kindly philosopher and moralist, who died in Paris, 1747, at the age of thirty-two, broken by the hardships he had undergone as a soldier in the disastrous campaign in Bohemia and the retreat from Prague in 1742. In the winter of 1742, Marshal Belleisle, who had entered Germany with 40,000 men, was besieged in Prague, and when he asked Maria Theresa for terms, that indomitable lady insisted on unconditional surrender. Belleisle took advantage of

the fact that the besieging army was in winter quarters twenty miles from Prague, and managed to slip away with 11,000 foot and 3,000 horse; but the retreat was one of the most terrible recorded in history, owing to the severity of the winter. "The roads," says an Austrian writer, "were overspread with corpses, heaps of one or two hundred men each with their officers, were found stiffened with the frost, or dead with fatigue." It must have been almost as bad as the retreat from Moscow as described by Sergeant Bourgogne.

Vauvenargues never recovered from the hardships he had suffered. Though a man of good family, Vauvenargues had little education, poor health, and a chronic absence of money. Most of his short life was spent not in the study but in the camp. He was a subaltern in the "King's Own Regiment," and the "King's Own Regiment" belonged to the army of Louis XV, the patron of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, yet by some extraordinarily fine quality, both of intellect and temperament, the subaltern in the "King's Own Regiment" became "one of the most tender, lofty, cheerful, and delicately sober of all moralists."¹

¹ John Morley, *Miscellanies*, "Vauvenargues," p. 40.

CHAPTER V

NÎMES

AIX EN PROVENCE and Nîmes seem to me the most attractive of all the larger cities in the south of France: Aix on account of its historical associations as the ancient capital of Provence, and the seat of a university, law courts, and an archbishopric, its splendid boulevard and water supply, and its remoteness from the regular track of tourists; Nîmes for some psychological element which it is not very easy to define—but which certainly haunts the place, and leaves an impression very different from that made by Avignon, for example, or Arles.

Nîmes is only fifteen kilometres north-west of Arles. Both places have famous amphitheatres; Nîmes has its *Maison Carrée*, the building called the Temple of Nemausus, and the remains of its Roman baths; Arles has its ruins of a magnificent theatre almost as large as that of Orange, the *Via Sacra* of the Alysamps, S. Trophimus, and the Museum of Antiques, and it stands on the banks of the Rhône just above the Delta. Arles ought to bring up the past more vividly than Nîmes, yet in spite of its extraordinary interest it is the less attractive place of the two. Perhaps the constant stream of tourists and motor-cars has something to do with the feeling of restlessness suggested by Arles,

but I believe myself it is due to the fact that the Arlesien is the pure unadulterated Provençal, the man of the sun-scorched plains, whereas Nîmes lies near the highlands of the Cevennes, and something of the restraint and self-repression of the Highlander, and the intense conviction of the Protestants of the south, have found their way into the souls of its people.

There is a famous description in *Numa Roumestan* of a fête day in the amphitheatre at Apt, at which the Deputy is the guest of honour and the pipe-player the hero of the day. The amphitheatre might have been either that of Arles or of Nîmes, and is said to be that of Nîmes. They are both equally squalid and untidy, and nobody seems to trouble to clean them up after their "courses du taureau," but I feel convinced that Daudet must have had Arles in his mind; its population suggests possibilities of wild excitement, whereas the people at Nîmes seemed sober and restrained, going about their business quietly with little of the exuberance of the complete Provençal. Nîmes at the end of the seventeenth century and during the war of the Camisards shared with Montpellier the sinister honour of being the favourite places for the burning and breaking on the wheel of the Protestants of the south; but there was always a strong Protestant element here and in the neighbourhood.

It was at La Vaunage, the valley of the vineyards, that Roland, the leader of the Camisards, made his first appeal to the Protestants to rise and resist the persecution of the Governors of

Provence and the Roman Catholic clergy, and to this day more than half, and that the better educated half, of the inhabitants of Nîmes are fervent Protestants. It would seem that what happened in the earlier half of the eighteenth century drove them back upon themselves, as it were, so that instead of the ebullience of the Provençal, one finds a certain sober gravity such as one might expect to find, in a greater degree of course, in the Netherlands. Whatever the reason, it is the restfulness of Nîmes, after the hustle of Avignon and the come-and-go of Arles, that makes it so attractive a place. The only objection I have to it is the incessant noise of the great farm carts on the cobble-stones from sunrise onwards. We were there in the autumn at the gathering of the grapes, the principal hotel is in the main thoroughfare, and the carts began to creak and groan and rattle on the cobbles before the sun was up.

The amphitheatre at Nîmes is a little smaller than that of Arles. It measures 445 feet by 337 feet¹ on the axis line, as against the 454 feet and 360 feet of Arles. The actual arena only measures 230 feet by 127 feet. The design followed the standard pattern, an arena surrounded by a smooth-faced wall, high enough to prevent animals leaping over it, though the one at Nîmes, some 8 feet high, is unusually low. All round the arena was the podium, with seats reserved for

¹ The dimensions of the Colosseum are 620 feet on the major axis by 513 feet on the minor. In a recent description in *The Times* of a Roman amphitheatre in North Africa, the major axis is given as 500 yards. No doubt a printer's error for feet.

the local magnates and guilds. At Nîmes forty seats were reserved for the boatmen of the Rhône and Saône. Above the podium were three more stages of seats, separated by parapet walls, and underneath these stages were corridors, passageways, and access stairs, and twenty-four "vomitoria"—ways out for the spectators.

The whole amphitheatre was admirably designed for its purpose, and left at that. Fine though it is as a great constructional work, the architect was rather careless in detail. For example, the external arches of the ground-floor corridor were not at right angles to the walls of the circumference. On the first floor the inner arches are struck from a different centre from that of the outer ones, and the seats of the top range are carried on half-arches bearing against the outer wall without any abutment against the thrust, though it is true the outer wall is 4 feet 6 inches thick. The first-floor corridor, with its great transverse lintels corbelled out from massive piers, is a fine, bold piece of masonry. These men did not spare their stone, as, for example, the stones of their galleries. The floor of the corridor of the first floor in the amphitheatre at Arles is formed with stones, spanning the width of the corridor, 12 feet long by 2 feet 3 inches wide by 14 inches deep. Flaubert, in one of his travel notes, was enthusiastic about the effect of these corridors after sunset. "*Les galeries abandonnées où se croisèrent et allèrent tant de pieds qui sont aujourd'hui ailleurs. Qui dira tout ce que savent ces pierres nues, tout ce qu'elles ont entendu lorsqu'elles étaient neuves.*"

From the galleries the spectators must have witnessed the fourteen victories of Ursio¹ the mirmillo, the nine victories of Pompeius the retiarius, Aptus the Thracian, Columbus of the troop of Serenus, and many another short-lived hero of the populace. In the fifth century A.D. the Visigoths converted it into a fortress, then the Saracens held it till driven out by Charles Martel, who tried to burn the place down. It was partially restored by the Counts of Nîmes, and in the Middle Ages it was treated as a squatting-ground for the homeless. It is said that its corridors and shelters built on the seats once housed 2,000 people. It even had a church in the gallery of the first stage, S. Martin des Arènes. Of the cruelties and iniquities practised in its sombre depths during its 1,800 years of existence fortunately no record remains.

The amphitheatre was cleared in 1809 and made more or less sound structurally. To-day it seems to be treated by the inhabitants as the town dustbin, and worse, and the effect of the iron seats of the lower stages and the indescribable litter degrades the whole building. The French are curious people. They combine with a capacity for fastidious craftsmanship a complete indifference to neatness, order, and even cleanliness. Their stations are untidy and inconvenient; as for the engines of their express trains, their dirtiness is amazing. Engine-drivers and firemen on English trains take a pride in the engines. The French seem wholly indifferent to the condition of the hideous machines

¹ Names on inscriptions in the museum at Nîmes.

which they drive, and do not seem to care whether they stay on the line or not, provided they can make up time.

The Maison Carrée has a world-wide reputation. It stands well in its square, but I venture to suggest, in the face of all that has been said about it, that it is a vastly overrated building. M. Peyre describes it as perhaps "*l'œuvre la plus parfaite que nous ait léguée l'architecture gréco-romaine,*" and is enthusiastic about the "magical harmony" which Arthur Young found in it when he visited Provence in 1787. Arthur Young was a better judge of agriculture than of architecture, and he was wide of the mark when he dwelt on its symmetry as its special excellence—because in actual fact its symmetry is by no means perfect, and as M. Peyre himself points out, there are many irregularities in the actual building. Cardinal Alberoni, the Spanish minister, anxious to conciliate the French court, declared that the Maison Carrée ought to be sheathed in gold, and Colbert thought so highly of it that he suggested moving it bodily to Versailles. Stendhal said of this that the idea was sound enough, and had it been done there would have been no need for Voltaire to excel himself in extolling the Fontaine de Grenelle to the sky; but he adds, fortunately this was not done because an "*architecte sans talent nommé Mansard . . . eût, sans doute, ajouté quelque bel ornement à l'édifice antique en le remontant.*"

I do not think very much of the Maison Carrée, but the idea of the Maison Carrée at Versailles interpreted by Jules Hardouin Mansart

is, to say the least, staggering. The temple stands on a podium or platform, and measures in plan about 88 feet by 45 feet¹; with the exception of the detached columns of the entrance the columns are engaged on the wall, and the effect is unhappy and indeed meaningless, as the wall might just as well have been left plain; and however well the design might look on paper, the abrupt change from the detached columns and deep shadow of the entrance portico to the wall with its half columns engaged is unsatisfactory. Moreover, the architect was not a man of imagination and resource. When he got to the end of his building he could think of nothing better than to put a column on the angle, just when he should have strengthened his wall and given it a plain face to rest the eye and give an impression at any rate of stability. The Greek temples of the great days, the Parthenon, the Theseum Pœstum, and the Sicilian temples, are noble architecture, works of enthusiasm and conviction studied down to the last detail, but these Roman temples are mere *simulacra*, about on the same level as revivalised Gothic.

It is intelligible that Colbert and the men of his time should have thought the Maison Carrée an admirable work, because they knew nothing of Greek architecture, but it is tiresome to find modern writers enthusiastically describing it as one of the important buildings of the world. It is, in fact, a poor design, with the usual reliance of a thin mind on elaborate detail.

¹ Anderson and Spiers say 117 feet by 55 feet. I do not know where they got their measurements.

Every inch of the cornice is carved, much of it with very small and trifling detail. The modillions are unequally spaced. The north side has twenty-nine modillions, the south side twenty-two, the west fifty-four, and the east sixty-four. Moreover, the modillions are set the wrong way up. Instead of springing from the wall with the curve rising outward from the wall to the thinner part on the outer side, the thin part is next the wall and the curve drops down into a bulge on the outer side, bad in effect and exactly inverting the structural purpose of the modillion as a corbel.

It is fair, however, to say that the building, though at first sight it appears to be intact, has, in fact, been very badly handled. It was restored in 1689-90 by an architect named Dardailhon, when Baville, the truculent and relentless persecutor of the Protestants, was Intendant of Provence, and was duly blessed by Fléchier, Bishop of Nîmes, another deadly enemy of the Protestants. It was again "restored" in 1822. "*Regis Munificentia et civium aere votivo*," and possibly to this restoration is due the deplorable coffered ceiling above the peristyle, the steps with 12-inch tread and 9-inch rise—far too steep for their purpose, and the top-lighting of the interior by a glass light in the roof—altogether a most disappointing affair for anyone who studies this building critically. In my judgment it is a poor design badly carried out. The Temple of Augustus and Livia at Vienne, also of the Corinthian order and slightly larger than the Maison Carrée, though not nearly so

famous, is actually a better design. Here only the end bay is closed in, and the architect did recognise the fact by using plain pilasters at the angles, instead of the engaged columns of the *Maison Carrée*.

In the beautiful *Jardin de la Fontaine* at Nîmes there is a far more interesting building, the "Temple of Nemausus" (Nismes), in some ways the most remarkable building in Nîmes. In its present state it is an oblong chamber, entered by an archway, and was once covered in by a barrel vault in stone with broad flat ribs. The vault springs from an entablature carried on engaged columns, most of which have disappeared, and between these columns are rectangular niches with alternate segmental and triangular pediments, probably intended to receive statues. This part is in marble. The architectural treatment of these walls is out of scale with the vaulting, and is probably later than the original building. On either side of this chamber are long narrow passages.

The building has been called a "Temple of Nemausus," a "Temple of Diana," and a *Nymphæum*, but it was almost certainly part of the Roman baths, either an "apodyterium," where people took off their clothes, or a "tepidarium," where they perspired. In the Stabian baths at Pompeii there are examples of both of these, and in the "apodyterium" the barrel vault and stucco covering recommended by Vitruvius still exist, though that author advises that masonry vaults are the best where possible. The "Temple of Nemausus" is built of great blocks of



The Pool in the Gardens, Nîmes

stone. Stendhal says that in 991 it was given to a convent of Benedictine nuns, who gave it up in good order in 1552. A drawing of 1560 shows the columns of the composite order in position and the narrow passages at the sides, and it appears that the roof was covered in with large stone flags rebated and resting on rough concrete above the stone vaulting. The drawing shows narrow ribs, but in fact the ribs are as wide as the spaces between them. In 1576 it was used as a storehouse by a farmer, but an enemy set fire to the wood shed, and in the year following the inhabitants of Nîmes pulled down part of the building in order to prevent its being occupied by the Maréchal de Bellegarde, who was besieging the town.

Close by are the only authentic remains of the Roman baths, two semicircular exhedræ with steps leading down to a very beautiful pool with clear water of a beautiful peacock-blue,¹ from the reflections of the foliage of the stone pines and other trees which cover the steep hill leading up to the Tour Magne. What is now called the Roman bath, with columns standing in water under terraces, in fact dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, when the gardens were laid out by Maréchal. An engraving dated 1742 shows the "Temple of Nemausus" in much the same state as it is now, and the exhedræ in their right position; the rest of the Roman work, with the exception of four columns at the angles, the remains of the walls on which they stood, the

¹ Ausonius referred to this colour "vitrea non luce Nemausus, Purior."

short piers supporting the floor of a tepidarium, and the curved canal bringing the water from the pool to the baths, had disappeared. What one now sees, the terraces, balustrades, trophies, and urns, date from 1753, when the vases, termes, and statues were brought from the Château of Mosson, near Montpellier.

The "restoration" of the baths is an exercise in the manner of the eighteenth century, and not a very happy one, but the terrace overlooking the gardens is finely designed; winding staircases in the centre and at the farther end lead up to a terrace some 45 feet wide by 420 feet long, with a bold, stone balustrade above a panelled stone retaining wall. The effect is due to the fine scale and this bold expanse of masonry set against the foliage of the hill and standing up above the beautiful water of the pool. In one part of the garden the landscape gardener has done his best to diminish the dignity of plain grass by pampas and geraniums; but, in spite of this, these gardens, with their approaches, their interesting detail, and magnificent background, are among the most attractive in the whole of France. Paths formed with easy gradients lead up the hill to the Tour Magne, that strange ruin among the stone pines whose origin and purpose are equally obscure.

Unlike the Temple of Nemausus, it is built of thin courses looking like grey bricks in the distance, set in thick beds of mortar, probably because the stone on the spot, which is stratified in thin layers, was used for the building, whereas for the baths below an excellent freestone was used



La Tour du Moulin - Nîmes. 1857.

La Tour du Moulin

La Tour du Moulin, Nîmes

from the quarries which still remain on the outskirts of the town. Nobody knows whether this mysterious tower was a tomb or a watch-tower, or a memorial to celebrate the defeat of Gallic tribes by Domitius Ahenobarbus. The lowest story of the Tour Magne was originally filled up solid with earth. Nostradamus, the astrologer, had prophesied that a gardener would some day make his fortune by discovering there a golden cock, and a gardener at Nîmes named Traucat was convinced that he was the man. He obtained permission from Henri IV to excavate the earth, on condition that representatives of the King were present at the digging, and that two-thirds of the treasure trove went to the Crown, but no golden cock was found, or even a bronze denarius, and poor Traucat had his labour for nothing.

Maréchal's work in the gardens of Nîmes is characteristic of the eighteenth century in its ingenuity and possibly just a little over-elaborated finesse. Actually the finest piece of garden design in the south of France dates from some fifty to sixty years earlier. This is the Peyrou at Montpellier. The Peyrou is a rectangular garden some 260 paces long by 125 paces wide, and at the farther end is the famous Château d'Eau. This is a hexagonal building placed on a natural rock, with round arched openings on each of the six sides, flanked by pairs of Corinthian columns. Inside is a circular space domed over with columns in the six angles. In front is a water-basin some 50 paces by 23, full of clear green water, and broad flights of steps lead up to a paved terrace

at the back of the Château d'Eau, from which there are magnificent views over low ground to the distant Cevennes to the north and to the Pyrenees and the sea to the south.

The detail of the Château d'Eau is excellent, fine in scale and original in invention, but its effect is injured by a prodigious equestrian statue of Louis XIV, far too high for the place, and blocking the view. This statue was executed by Debay and Carbonneaux in 1838. Patte,¹ in his *Monumens*, describes a bronze equestrian statue of Louis XIV, the work of two Flemish sculptors Mazeline and Utrels, members of the French Academy of Painting and Sculpture. His account of its position is not very clear, as he says it stood in the middle of the place opposite the Porte du Peyrou and on the side of the Porte du Peyrou farthest away from the town, and this would apply to the existing statue which stands in the middle of the Promenade du Peyrou. My impression is that the statue by Mazeline and Utrels stood between the archway and the existing entrance to the garden. It seems to have disappeared completely, marble pedestal by M. Joly, sculptor, of Paris, and all. The statue was probably melted down at the Revolution.

Patte's account is interesting. He says that the bronze group was cast in the Faubourg S. Germain, and was 15 feet high, and the problem of transport to Montpellier was difficult. It was dragged down to the Seine on rollers, and taken down the river to Rouen. From Rouen it was taken by sea to the mouth of the Garonne; it

¹ *Monumens érigés en France à la Gloire de Louis XV.*

was wrecked near Bordeaux, but after being rescued, was taken up the Garonne to Toulouse, thence by the royal canal and the lakes of Thau, Frontignan, and Maguelone, finally reaching the port of Mont Juvénal by the River Lez in 1717. From this point it was moved on rollers to Montpellier, where it was received with a salute of thirteen cannon-shots and was finally placed on its pedestal by means of ingenious scaffolding and ropes and pulleys worked by sailors. All the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood attended the ceremony of unveiling, including a Marquis de Caylus, I presume father of the deplorable amateur.

Louis XIV had died three years before the statue was finished, and the question arose how the dedicatory inscription was to be worded. A member of the Académie des Belles Lettres solved it very neatly :

“ Ludovico magno
Comitia occitaniae
incolumi vovere
Ex oculis sublato
Posuere.

Anno CI^o. I^o. CCXVIII ”

This is how inscriptions ought to be written. It says a great deal in very few words and in sound Latin. The inscription on the arch at the end of the Mall in London is an example of how not to do it. It is bad Latin (“ gratissimi ”), has no rhythm, and barely expresses its meaning. Had the inscription been “ *Victoriæ Reginæ—pietatis*

ergo, cives Britannici ” we should have had an inscription in idiomatic Latin bringing the Queen and her people into the right relation, but the Government of that time took it for granted that any inscription drafted by such an undoubtedly able man of letters as the late Lord Morley must be right. Probably Lord Morley had never composed a Latin inscription before ; but there is a certain knack in this and the elder Blondel, who was a good scholar as well as an architect, particularly prided himself on his inscriptions. Those that he quotes in his treatises on architecture are fine, sonorous compositions, a little long but, on the whole, in the true Roman manner. As the French found out, Latin is by far the best language for inscriptions of this kind.

The Porte du Peyrou was designed by Daviler, an excellent architect who wrote a useful dictionary of architecture and retired to Montpellier from Paris, finding that there was no room at Paris for anyone except Jules Hardouin Mansart and his underlings. Daviler’s work was completed in 1692. It is a single archway without any columns or pilasters decorated with four bas-reliefs in arches, one of which is entitled “ Extincta hœresi,” referring to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the attempted extermination of the Protestants of Languedoc by the Government of Louis XIV. Montpellier was the favourite place for the execution of Protestants, either by hanging or breaking on the wheel, during the war in the Cevennes. In 1715 Bavière, Governor of Languedoc and notorious for his ferocity in hunting down the Protestants

of the Cevennes, had an attic added to Daviler's archway with this inscription :

“ Ludovico Magno
LXXII an regnante
Dissociatis repressis, conciliatis gentibus
quatuor-decennali bello conjuratis
Pax terra marique pacta 1715.”

The actual facts of the last thirty years of the reign of Louis XIV are a curious commentary on this inscription. Everything went well with Louis XIV till 1685. In that year the Edict of Nantes was revoked, and from that year the fortunes of Louis XIV steadily declined. By the Peace of Ryswick Louis had to recognise William III as King of England. France lost territory, and the balance of power and maritime supremacy were transferred to England. In 1700 Philippe, Duc d'Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV, was appointed successor to the throne of Spain by the will of Charles II, and for a short year there seemed a chance that Louis XIV would dominate the Western world by uniting the crowns of France and Spain ; but the War of the Spanish Succession followed for the next fourteen years and the successive defeats of Blenheim (1704), Ramillies (1706), Oudenarde (1708), Malplaquet (1709). Finally, in 1715, by the Peace of Utrecht, Louis renounced all claim to the throne of Spain, gave up Hudson's Bay, Newfoundland, and other territory to England, lost the Low Countries to Holland, and was compelled to recognise the Elector of Brandenburg as King of Prussia. In September of that

year "cet homme immortel, pour qui on épuisait le marbre et le bronze," died painfully at Versailles, hated by his people, deserted by his wife, but confident to the last of his own merit. "Dieu ne devrait pas oublier ce que j'ai fait pour lui." The whole character of the man is written in that saying.

Except for the Peyrou and its beautiful water-piece, Montpellier is not a very interesting place. There is a large gallery with a few good pictures and a great many bad ones, mostly contributed by the State and probably sent here as not good enough for the Luxembourg. On the whole, the French system of encouraging art by purchasing pictures in the salons and dispatching them to the provincial museums has not been very successful, partly because all the good ones are kept in Paris. I noted the same failure in the galleries at Aix and Avignon. Indeed, it would be possible to argue that the inferiority of modern art is due to the abundant provision made by the State for its advancement, which results in the multiplication of artists, and the lowering of standards to a mere trade level.

The gallery at Montpellier was founded by Fabre, a painter of Montpellier, in 1825. According to Stendhal, Fabre was the successful rival of Alfieri in the affections of the Countess of Albany, wife of the last of the Pretenders. Stendhal says that Fabre owed his success at Florence to the dismal nature of Alfieri, who bored the Countess beyond endurance, and adds that "ce poète aristocrate" was only a Liberal because he hated the idea of having anyone above

him in the social scale. Fabre was a pupil of David, and all that Stendhal could say of the latter was that he deserved well for having "killed" Boucher and van Loo. The word he uses is "tué." I suppose Stendhal refers to artistic extermination because, though David was bloodthirsty enough for anything that furthered his interests, Boucher died of asthma in the Louvre in 1770, and Carle van Loo died of apoplexy in Paris in 1765. In either case Stendhal did injustice both to Boucher and van Loo, but no French man of letters can resist an epigram.

In one of his very amusing and very caustic criticisms of the Salon (1765), Diderot says: "Nous avons perdu cette année deux grands peintres et deux habiles sculpteurs, Carle van Loo et Deshays l'aîné, Bouchardon et Slodtz. En revanche, la mort nous a délivrés du plus cruel des amateurs, le Comte de Caylus."

CHAPTER VI

“LE MUSÉE DU DÉSERT”

ONE day at Nîmes we were at a loss for a motor expedition and the concierge of the Hôtel du Luxembourg suggested the Musée du Désert. We had no idea where or what the Musée was, but found it to be about thirty miles north-west of Nîmes, and this was as good a way as another of seeing the country of the Lower Cevennes. The road from Nîmes to Alais climbs up a wild moorland country covered with rock and scrub known as Les Garrigues, drops to the valley of the Gardon, and sweeps round the foot of a hill to the little town of Anduze, famous in the war of the Cevennes. The road crosses the river, passes between two great rocks about 1,000 feet high, and about a gun-shot apart at their base, known as the gate of the Cevennes, winds up country for a bit, then turns to the left in the direction of S. Jean du Gard, and some four or five miles north-west of Anduze a narrow and very rough track leads up through groves of Spanish chestnuts to the Musée du Désert. The Musée is, in fact, an irregular group of farm buildings which was once the home of Roland, the famous leader of the Camisards, and now contains relics of the war of the Cevennes—Roland's sword (a beautiful little rapier), Camisard pikes, proclamations by the Duke of Berwick

and Marshal Villars to the Protestants, and a bill offering 100 pistoles for Roland alive or dead, Roland's bed, and a cupboard with a false bottom in which he hid. In an adjoining room are various engravings relating to the barbarous execution of Calas in 1762.¹

Apart from its historical associations, the Musée contains nothing of artistic value, and the building has no architectural interest. Yet it is a sort of Mecca of Protestantism, and Roland is still regarded not only as the hero of the Cevennes, but almost as its saint, if such things are possible in what is still a Protestant district. Visitors are desired to take off their hats on entering the building, and there is something intensely pathetic in this lonely building miles from anywhere, and its piteous relics of the fight put up by a handful of peasants against most cruel persecution. Its appeal to some latent Puritan instinct ² tempted me for once to leave

¹ Calas, a tradesman of Toulouse, was accused of the murder of his son, who had committed suicide. He protested his innocence to the last, but the Roman Catholics of the South were out for blood, and he was broken on the wheel at Toulouse. After his death Voltaire succeeded in getting his memory cleared and his property restored to his wife and children. In the Musée there is a tragic print of the parting of Calas with his wife and children.

² My family were all Suffolk Puritans in the seventeenth century with the exception of William Blomfield of Wattisham, who was nominated for the order of the Royal Oak after the Restoration, an order which never came into existence. Another William Blomfield, with Sarah his wife and two children, sailed in the ship *Elizabeth* of Ipswich on the last day of April 1634. In 1794 a town in New Jersey was named Blomfield after General Joseph Blomfield, in recognition of his services in the War of Independence. In 1803 he was governor of the State of New

the familiar track of architecture. These wild rocks and gorges of the Cevennes, deep-set valleys, and mountain streams, seem still instinct with the spirit of the Camisards; their appeal is quite different from that of the mountains east of the Rhône, and though the revolt was broken, and though it took another three-quarters of a century to establish religious tolerance in France, Protestantism is very much alive in the Cevennes and Languedoc. The better educated classes and more than half the population of Nîmes are said to be Protestants, and the great Jesuit church, in which Protestant services are now held, is crowded on Sundays. The preacher in a black gown occupies the top of a lofty three-decker at the east end, facing the congregation. There is no altar, and the hymns are sung sitting with astonishing zeal and sincerity. Incidentally, the singing is fairly in tune and not in the least discordant.

As one might expect, different explanations are given of the causes of the war in the Cevennes. The writer of the *Précis historique de la Guerre des Camisards* (Nîmes 1882), writing from the point of view of the Roman Catholics, says that it had nothing to do with the fight for liberty of conscience, or with the persecution of the Protestants. The Catholic priests, so far from being persecutors, were, he asserts, "défendeurs de la liberté et de la foi." As for the Camisards,

Jersey, and Elizabeth Bloomfield, in a letter to her brother Robert, the poet, described her meeting with the old man at Philadelphia, and being told by him that his great-grandfather had fled from England in the time of Cromwell.

they were a brutal rabble, and their leaders double-faced hypocrites. According to this writer, the insurrection was due to a secret Protestant Consistory at Nîmes, who saw in the war declared between France and the Allies in 1701 a chance of getting what they wanted, while Louis XIV was in difficulties elsewhere; Roland and Cavalier were mere tools in the hands of the Protestant ministers, and the writer does not hesitate to give the worst possible interpretation to all their actions and to ascribe to them every possible wickedness.

Peyral, a contemporary who wrote from the same point of view, said that Ravanel, one of the Camisard chiefs, lived on brandy, tobacco, and fighting, that Cavalier was not much better, that the "prophétesses" were either lunatics or "coureuses du pays," and that the men were bankrupts, criminals, and fugitives from justice, with a few honest men among them.

But these are the usual amenities of religious controversy, and there can be no doubt that the war was not a deep-laid plot against the State, but a genuine revolt against intolerable oppression of long standing. Its leaders declared again and again that if only Louis XIV would allow them liberty of conscience, they would submit at once, and become his most faithful subjects, but it was no good. Louis XIV, urged on by Mme de Maintenon, the Roman Catholic clergy, and unscrupulous ministers such as Louvois, was quite determined not to undo the worst blunder of his reign, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He would not hear of any tolerance of Protestant-

ism, and his own ministers said that the King would sooner lose his kingdom than fail to force the whole of his subjects into the Roman Catholic faith.

It is said that fully 300,000 Protestants fled from France between 1686 and 1705. In 1686 there were 75,000 refugees in Holland, and between that year and 1705 nearly 98,000 at Frankfort, and in addition to these there were the refugees in England, Ireland, Denmark, and Sweden. At first the authorities were inclined to consider the dispersion of the Protestants as a good riddance. Bossuet in 1691 saw in it the hand of God, and Mme de Maintenon thought it absurd to attribute the decline of trade in France to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and that in any case that decline could be amply compensated by “*La France toute catholique*”; but the danger was too obvious to be ignored. The provincial governors called the attention of the Court to the serious injury to France caused by the flight of thousands of skilled handicraftsmen, and the authorities resolved to stop the flight by imposing severe pains and penalties on all Protestant refugees. The goods of all refugees were confiscated, but the results were disastrous; the middlemen employed to realise the properties embezzled the proceeds. Then an attempt was made to remedy this by handing over the property in trust to the nearest of kin who had not fled from France; but the Frenchman is a tenacious person. What he has he holds, and the next of kin declined to consider the property in any other light than as their own.

Louvois, the notorious minister of Louis XIV, was all for fire and sword. The frontiers were closed, the relations of refugees were imprisoned, ten pistoles a head was the price offered for the capture of a fugitive, and the penalty for flight was the galleys for men and imprisonment for women. No Protestant could hold any office, Protestant marriages were not recognised as legal, with the result that children born of them were considered bastards and could not inherit. Protestants, in fact, were treated as pariahs and outcasts of the State. Louvois even indemnified anybody who robbed a Protestant. Protestant services were strictly forbidden, though they continued to be held in disused quarries and secret places in the mountains, with sentries posted at commanding points to give notice of the approach of troops. In 1686 the Royal Dragoons came on one of these assemblies at Cambe du Cautel. They at once opened fire, and finished up those that were not killed with the butts of their muskets. Six hundred men, women, and children are said to have been left dead on the ground. Dragoons were billeted in Protestant houses with power to torture, flog women in public, and commit every outrage but rape and murder, which were forbidden *pro forma*, but Louvois' orders were to spare nobody.

In the thirty years between 1685 and 1715, 3,000 Protestants are said to have been sent to the galleys, a fate almost worse than death. A rising was attempted in 1690, and it seems that towards the end of the seventeenth century, the Government, having lost its head over the whole

business, tried the experiment of reversing its policy. The Intendants pointed out that the flight of the Protestants and the disabilities of those who stayed behind were ruining France, and even Bossuet, who a few years before had seen the hand of God in the dispersion of the Protestants, now urged that they should not be coerced but educated in the true Roman Catholic faith. In 1698 an edict was actually issued to relax the persecution of the Protestants. But this experiment in humanity was a mere flash in the pan. Mme de Maintenon, her confessor, and the bishops of the South were resolved to destroy the Protestants if they would not renounce their faith. Resistance was punished by the galleys or the gibbet, burning alive, or the favourite punishment of breaking on the wheel and leaving the victim to die "*une mort naturelle*," as it is unctuously put by the Roman Catholic writer.

For convoking assemblies of Protestants and preaching, Claude Brousson, once a lawyer of Nîmes, and a man of blameless life, was broken on the wheel at Montpellier in November 1698, and in order that those present might not hear his prayers, Baviile, the Governor of Languedoc, kept the drums going till he was dead. Pierre Séguier or Esprit, a famous preacher and leader, was burnt alive in 1702 and three more broken on the wheel. In June 1703 a poor old notary of Falgeroles, aged eighty, was broken on the wheel, on an accusation of his having assisted in a fire at Genothal.

Baviile, whom Cavalier describes as "*le plus*

cruel et le plus barbare de tous les tyrans," was determined to suppress the Protestants at all costs and by any means. Saint-Simon says that Baviile was an able man, but utterly unscrupulous in pursuit of his personal ambition, and he seems to have regarded the Protestants as little better than vermin. There are many instances recorded of his cruelty. In 1703, finding that the Camisards were holding their own, he prepared a scheme for laying waste thirty-one parishes in the Cevennes, comprising 461 villages. The scheme was adopted by the Maréchal de Montrevel, and was actually put in hand by Julien, Montrevel's second in command, from September 29 till December 14, 1703, when Montrevel was superseded by Villars. It was Baviile who in 1699 ordered two lads to be broken on the wheel, and thirty out of forty to be sent to the galleys for having rescued their pastor, M. Roman, from prison.

This was the state of affairs when the revolt broke out in the Cevennes in 1702, and Cavalier, who with Roland led it till the summer of 1704, left an account of it of extraordinary interest in his *Mémoires sur la Guerre des Cevennes*. These *Mémoires*, admirably edited by M. Frank Puaux, had a curious history. Cavalier appears to have written them somewhere about 1708, in order to state the facts as he knew them, and also to justify his action in relinquishing the struggle in 1704. Cavalier himself was an uneducated man, and the *Mémoires* appear to have been compiled from his notes and descriptions, and were not published till 1726, at Dublin, and then

only in an English translation from the French original. The French MS. seems to have been lost, though there is a French version of it in the Royal Archives at the Hague. M. Puaux has translated the English version back into French, and it makes excellent reading. The style is simple and straightforward, without any rhetorical flourishes, and though Cavalier was a zealous Protestant, his plain and modest statement of the facts as he knew them contrasts very favourably with the calumnies and insinuations which disfigure the accounts of the war written by Roman Catholics.¹

According to Cavalier the war in the Cevennes was almost the result of an accident. In 1699 a party of boys sang psalms outside the Church of Monteils near Alais. The priest, not a bad sort of man, as Cavalier admits, contented himself with complaining to their parents, but a fortnight later the boys repeated their performance, and this time the priest got the boys and their relations arrested. Some of them escaped, and after burning the images in three churches, took to the woods on the mountains north of

¹ The Dublin edition is entitled "Memoirs of the War in the Cevennes under Col. Cavallier in defence of the Protestants persecuted in that country and of the peace concluded between him and the Maréchal, Duke of Villars; written in French by Col. Cavallier and translated into English, 1726." The book was published by subscription and dedicated to John Lord Carteret, Governor of Ireland. Among the subscribers were four Irish bishops and the Primate of Ireland, eight Lords, including Lords Carson, Charlemont, Fane, and Middleton, the Lord High Chancellor of Ireland and the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Generals, Deans, Fellows of Trinity College, and many others. It is well printed and has an approximately accurate map.

Alais. Here they were joined by a zealous young Protestant preacher named Daniel, who a little later was captured at Anduze and hung at Nîmes. The priests offered him his life if he would recant, but Daniel refused, being convinced, says Cavalier, that they would hang him whether he recanted or not. "Car la religion romaine rarement se contredit, mère du parjure et du meurtre, et suivant ses principes, ne se croyant pas obligée de tenir sa parole vis-à-vis des hérétiques."

Cavalier seems to have been mistaken in describing this incident as the origin of the war. Nothing much seems to have happened in the next two or three years, and it was not till 1702 that the war really began with the murder of the Abbé du Chayla. In the summer of that year an assembly of Protestants was held in the wood of Fourques on the mountains north of Pont de Montvert.¹ Séguier, the preacher, told the assembly at the end of a long address that five or six men and women were imprisoned at Pont de Montvert in the house of the Abbé du Chayla, "archiprêtre" of the diocese of Nîmes, and were being tortured by methods of the Abbé's own invention for refusing to give him the answer he wanted. The Abbé du Chayla was a fanatical Roman Catholic, who to do him justice had been a missionary in Siam before settling down in Languedoc and devoting himself to Protestant hunting. About sixty men volunteered to follow Séguier to rescue the

¹ Pont de Montvert is on the Tarn, high up among the mountains north of Alais.

prisoners. They entered the town of Pont de Montvert singing the 68th Psalm (“Exurgat Deus”), and proceeded to du Chayla’s house, where they demanded the release of the prisoners. The Abbé replied by ordering his men to fire. Two of the rescue party were killed and several wounded, whereupon the rescuers broke into the house, freed the prisoners, and captured the Abbé as he was trying to escape through a window. He was allowed a quarter of an hour to make his peace with God and was then shot on the spot. The party then proceeded to the house of his deputy, whom they also shot, and they then burnt the Château de la Devèze. Troops were hurried up from Montpellier, far away in the south, Séguier was captured and burnt alive, a pardon was offered to those who surrendered, but as Cavalier grimly puts it, those who were fools enough to believe it and return to their houses were hanged before their own front door. When they did not return their houses were burnt to the ground.

The war in the Cevennes had begun. On the one side were the local militia under Broglio, the brother-in-law of Baviile, with a stiffening of Royal troops, soon to be strongly reinforced; on the other a handful of peasants, most of them unarmed, desperate men fleeing for their lives, yet ready to die sooner than give up their faith. Claude Brousson had said: “Il faut que l’état périsse ou que la liberté de conscience soit rétablie.”

In the earlier part of the year 1702 a certain Protestant, Pierre Bosanquet, had been broken

on the wheel at Nîmes, and fired by this, Roland, who was living at Nîmes, had made a great address to a gathering of Protestants at La Vaunage, a valley some twelve miles south of Nîmes, inciting those present to follow him in defence of their faith. "If," he said, "their allies the woods and the mountains failed them, the Holy Spirit would bring them through." Hearing of the rising in the North, he sent word to Cavalier that he would join him, and arrived with twenty-eight young men, bringing up the total number of the insurgents to some sixty men. They were joined by Gideon Laporte, an uncle of Roland, who, according to Cavalier, was an experienced soldier; according to M. Tallon, editor of the *Fragment de la Guerre des Camisards*, Laporte was an ironmonger who went bankrupt, then became a pig-dealer, and finally leader of the rebels, but M. Tallon wrote as a zealous Roman Catholic. Laporte pointed out that the first thing to do was to obtain arms. They began by taking the weapons of the Roman Catholics in the neighbouring villages, by which means they collected about twenty guns, and then proceeded to burn some more churches, according to Cavalier to prevent the enemy using them as forts, a rather thin excuse. The fact was that the brutalities of Baville and Broglie had exasperated the Protestants beyond all endurance, and the war rapidly became a war of extermination. The priests took refuge in the nearest town, and early in September 1702, the Camisards, now numbering about sixty, engaged a detachment of some two hundred men under a redoubtable soldier,

le Capitaine Poul.¹ The result was disastrous ; the Camisards were hopelessly defeated and the survivors took to the woods "like foxes with a pack of hounds in full cry," Cavalier's own description. Broglie was so pleased that he sent eighteen companies of cavalry and infantry to complete the business, with the usual result, that when the troops arrived the Camisards had vanished and there was nobody to kill.

This engagement was typical of the fighting throughout the war. It was guerrilla fighting from first to last. The Camisards laid ambushes, cut off detachments, intercepted convoys, slew everybody they took, and when troops were sent after them, their intimate knowledge of the country enabled them to escape into the wilderness. The French generals tried the blockhouse system, but this seems to have been of little use against men who knew every inch of a rough mountainous country, whereas the troops of Louis XIV were wholly ignorant of it. M. Puaux has reproduced a delightful old map of the mountains of the Cevennes "où se retirent les fanatiques de Languedoc," "Dessiné sur les lieux" and published by Nolin, geographer to the King, at Paris in 1703. In the left-hand upper corner the Royal troops are shown coming down a narrow path among the rocks. The "Causses," the flat, table-topped mountains of the Hautes Cevennes, are suggested, likewise the rivers and

¹ Le Capitaine Poul had served under Catinat in Piedmont in suppressing the Vaudois. A contemporary described him as a big man with a fierce face and a husky voice, of intrepid courage and a powerful swordsman. He was killed at Candiac, a few miles south of Nîmes, in January 1703 and buried at La Vaunage.

the woods, but instead of being "dessiné sur le lieux" the cartographer peppered the map with names to suit his fancy. Montpellier, for example, is shown north-west of Nîmes instead of south-west. Uzès is shown some ten miles due east of Nîmes instead of fifteen miles north. Barjac, Vagnas, and Vallon are shown about ten miles east of Uzès. They are, in fact, Barjac about thirty miles and Vallon about thirty-five miles north of it.

It is not surprising that the French officers, being completely ignorant of the countryside, were constantly outmanœuvred by the Camisards, and it seems that for the same reason their scattered detachments were unable to keep in touch with each other. Cavalier describes a characteristic incident. Late in December 1702 he attacked and defeated a party of recruits near Lussan, and while collecting their uniforms and accoutrements, found in the pocket of the officer in command an order signed by Baville and Broglio, instructing all local authorities to find lodgment for the officer and his men. This suggested to Cavalier an excellent way of getting possession of the Castle of Servas, near Alais, a very strong place on a steep hill, quite impregnable without siege guns. It had a garrison of forty men, "grands persécuteurs et auteurs du massacre de plusieurs protestants du voisinage." Cavalier selected six of his most trusted men, including one wounded, bound them as prisoners, and marched them in front of twelve more of his men dressed in the Royal uniform into the village of Plans, near

Servas. Here he introduced himself to the Consul as a nephew of Broglio, and insisted that the prisoners should be placed in security in the château. The Consul, much impressed, hurried off to the Governor of the château, followed in a leisurely way by Cavalier with his sham prisoners. The Governor was at first suspicious, but on seeing the order congratulated Cavalier on his capture of the "Barbets" (Camisards), and invited him to pass the night in the château, prisoners, guards, and all. While they were at supper Cavalier's men entered the château one by one on one excuse or another, and at the signal being given fell on the guards at the gate, let in the rest of Cavalier's men, seized the Governor and the garrison, put them all to the sword "pour venger tant de cruautés commises contre les protestants du voisinage," and blew up the castle.

So far Mme de Maintenon and Chamillart had concealed everything from the King, but this exploit frightened them so much that they had to inform him of the state of affairs, and early in 1703 Montrevel was sent to Languedoc with 10,000 men with orders to exterminate the Protestants "le plus rapidement possible."

The real difficulty for the Camisards was their almost total lack of arms, ammunition, and anything approaching an army-service corps. The lack of arms they met by raiding all the Catholic houses in the Cevennes and stripping the bodies of soldiers of their arms, ammunition, uniform, and money. After an action fought near Moussac, west of Uzès, in which Cavalier very skilfully defeated Colonel La Jonquière, it

was estimated that most of the Royal officers had from 150 to 200 Louis apiece in their pockets, and in addition to this, friends whose names Cavalier could not ascertain sent them money secretly. Cavalier says that they were actually able to buy powder from the Royal troops, but this could only have been in small quantities, and Cavalier met the difficulty by organising his own powder factory and magazines in the caves of the mountains. Among his men he found two who had been used to the manufacturing of powder. The saltpetre was collected in the caves and willow boughs were burnt to make fine charcoal—the powder was stored away in barrels hidden in places known only to a few trusted men. For lead they used the lead comes from the windows of the churches they burnt, and when lead failed they melted pewter plates and dishes. The bullets so made inflicted dangerous wounds, and it was this that gave rise to the report that they used poisoned bullets. The name “Camisard,” according to Cavalier, originated in the difficulty of finding clothes. Cavalier’s men used to leave their old shirts, called locally “camis” (chemise), with the inhabitants in exchange for clean ones.¹ As to food, Cavalier organised a staff of millers and bakers, who used the local mills and stored the flour in secret places in the mountains. Corn could be had in abundance, also sheep and cattle, but Cavalier says that they paid whenever they could, never took more than was absolutely

¹ Court, the historian of the war in the Cevennes (1760), says the term was derived from “Camisade,” a surprise attack.

necessary, and rations were strictly administered. Cavalier had a skilled surgeon among his men, and organised such field hospitals as he could, and the amazing thing is that this improvised organisation stood the stress of two years of guerrilla warfare and only broke down when the stores and magazines were betrayed to the enemy.

So far as I make out from Cavalier's account, the Camisard forces never numbered more than about 2,000 fighting men at the outside. These were divided into three bodies, one of which was commanded by Roland, who worked the Upper Cevennes north, north-west, and west of Alais; the second force was commanded by Laporte, uncle of Roland, in the Lower Cevennes, and the third was commanded by Cavalier in the country between Alais, Uzès, and Nîmes. Cavalier was elected leader early in 1702, and controlled Laporte's men as well as his own, but Roland seems to have acted independently. He was two years older than Cavalier, and though he worked with him till the summer of 1704, he never acknowledged Cavalier as his leader. With the exception of Laporte, L'Esperandieu, Ravanel, and some of the preachers, the Camisards were all young men little more than boys. Roland was only twenty-two, Cavalier only twenty, when the war broke out, and it needed young men to stand the hardships of this warfare and also to enjoy the adventure of it, the excitement of wild scrambles and skirmishes among the passes and scarps of this most intractable country, cut up into deep gorges and ravines separated by insuperable ridges, with mountain

streams at their bases which became raging torrents in winter.¹ Moreover, the Camisards were inspired by a faith almost fanatical in its zeal.

Whereas the regular troops and their officers in particular disliked this war, in which there was little glory to be won, and an excellent chance of being killed, the Camisards welcomed the chance of a glorious death. Before they engaged in anything approaching a regular action, they were exhorted by their preachers (the "prophets") and then came down from the hills singing their favourite 68th Psalm. Cavalier, quick to note incidental advantages, remarks that this greatly alarmed the Royalist troops, who were apt to fly "*comme si tous les diables avaient été à leurs trousses.*" Against these men were Baviile, the Governor of Languedoc, a relentless and tenacious enemy, a deplorable brother-in-law, the Comte de Broglio, the Maréchal de Montrevel,²

¹ Court estimated the theatre of war as about 40 leagues long extending from Mende to Montpellier, by 20 leagues wide from Cette beyond Montpellier in the south-west to Annonay in the Ardèche, but the actual distance from Cette to Annonay in a direct line appears to be about 55 leagues, and from Montpellier to Mende 30 leagues. Court's figures are unintelligible, though he professed to have gone all over the ground.

² Saint-Simon, who hated both Montrevel and Villars, calls Montrevel the "*Prince des Fats,*" "*valet et souverainement glorieux,*" and says that he owed the favour of the King entirely to his good looks; but he was probably not quite such a fool as Saint-Simon says. He inflicted that last crushing defeat on Cavalier which broke the Protestant cause in the Lower Cevennes. Montrevel was made a Maréchal de France in 1703, with Villars, Tallard, Vauban, and seven others. Saint-Simon has not a good word to say of any of them except Vauban, whom he greatly admired, and who, leaving Colbert out of account, was the finest figure in France in the reign of Louis XIV—one is almost tempted to say—the only one.

who succeeded Broglio and, according to Cavalier, divided his time between assaults on the virtue of the ladies of Provence and raids on the Protestants, the Pope of Rome, the local bishops, and finally Hector, Maréchal de Villars, the one redeeming figure on the Royal side, according to Cavalier, who describes him as a fine soldier and a gentleman of honour. Indeed, had Villars been left alone by the Court, it seems that he would have ended the war by reasonable concessions.

It is difficult to ascertain the numbers of the Royal troops employed. Cavalier talks of 25,000 with irregulars ("miquelets"), in point of fact brigands from the Pyrenees, used to hill fighting, and volunteers recruited from the Roman Catholics of the district, who styled themselves "Cadets de la Croix Blanche," and behaved so badly that Villars, who says they were much worse than the Camisards, finally disbanded them. In May 1703 Pope Clement XI, following the precedent of Innocent III in his effort to exterminate the Albigenses 500 years before, issued a bill giving plenary absolution to all who joined this body of Cadets, in order, in the words of the bull, to encourage the faithful to exterminate "cette race maudite de méchantes gens," the Protestants. Ambrose, Bishop of Alais, passed this on to his diocese with especial fervour, exhorting them, "par les entrailles de notre divin Sauveur," to withhold aid of any kind whatever from the Protestants, and "d'essayer de les exterminer par le fer et le feu." "Par ces moyens la Majesté divine, l'honneur de

l'Église Catholique, et la dignité royale du Prince demeureront inviolables dans tous les siècles"—surely the most amazing pronouncement ever made by a "Christian" bishop.

Blessed by Pope and bishop, and absolved of all crimes in advance, a band of these Cadets "tous papistes," some 3,000 strong, had gone about in the north murdering Protestants and plundering their houses. Cavalier fell upon them with a force of 800 men and 60 horse, cut them to pieces, and drove most of those who escaped the swords of his horsemen into the torrent of the Ardèche. This seems to have cooled their ardour for the true faith, in spite of the strenuous exhortations of the Bishops of Uzès and Alais to persevere in the good work of rapine and murder. Paratte, one of the French generals, wrote in 1704: "Ces deux prélats sont en partie cause du désordre de cette province par leur dureté et injustice."

The war continued to be fought with incredible ferocity. Camisards taken by the Royal troops were either hanged or sent to Nîmes and Montpellier to be broken on the wheel. After the defeat and death of Gideon Laporte in the Hautes Cevennes, in October 1702, his head was cut off and set up on the bridge of Anduze. At a conference held soon afterwards the Camisard chiefs decided to give no quarter, "résolution qui fut exécutée avec la plus grande exactitude." In point of fact, it was impossible for the Camisards to keep prisoners, and if released the prisoners would have given away the whole situation of the Camisard forces. For a year and a half

the Camisards were extraordinarily successful. The Royal troops could make no real headway, and Cavalier, Roland, and the Camisard leaders used their knowledge of the country to the utmost. They avoided pitched battles and disposed their forces so ably that the French officers insisted that there must be some experienced soldier directing the Camisards. What was at first regarded as a mere local disturbance had to be taken very seriously by Louis XIV. Even Saint-Simon, writing his scandalous diaries at the other end of France, noted that there was trouble in Languedoc, though the main reflection that it suggested to him was that Montrevel was an idiot and Villars an impostor.

CHAPTER VII

“LE MUSÉE DU DÉSERT” (*continued*)

IN February 1703 Cavalier was at Vagnas, some twenty-five miles north-east of Alais, hoping to rouse the Vivarais, the country to the north between the Ardèche and the Rhône. Here he was attacked by the Baron de Lagorce with 600 men. After a fight lasting from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, the Camisards were completely victorious. Lagorce and most of his men were killed, and according to Cavalier he himself only lost one man killed and six wounded; but he was promptly attacked and defeated by Julien,¹ Montrevel's second in command. Cavalier and his men barely escaped with their lives by hiding in a cave for a day and a half in mid-winter, till Julien withdrew his troops, and after that they had to keep to the mountains for three days more, without provisions and with snow on the ground. In spite of all these hardships, marches, and counter-marches in deep snow with little to eat, Cavalier says that not one of his men fell ill.

In the spring of 1703 the Camisards numbered

¹ Julien, “L’apostat de notre temps” as Cavalier calls him, had served under William III in England and the Duke of Savoy in Piedmont, but finding his services inadequately rewarded he abjured Protestantism and became a Roman Catholic. He was a capable soldier, and showed his zeal for his new faith by relentlessly hunting down the Protestants.

some 1,300 men, but there was the chronic difficulty of lack of arms. Roland and Cavalier met at Tornac, near Anduze, to consider the situation, and it was decided to attack Sumène and le Vigan in order to obtain arms and ammunition and recruits. Cavalier was attacked by smallpox and had to hand over his command to Roland, who marched westward at the head of the combined forces and took Sumène, a small place in the heart of the Cevennes, some twenty miles west of Alais, not far from S. Hippolyte du Fort, which Montrevel had made his base. Roland had prudently retired into the mountains after taking Sumène, but finding that Montrevel did not move, he came down to the lower ground and engaged the Royal troops at Pompignan, about three miles west of S. Hippolyte. He was badly beaten, and Cavalier complains bitterly of Roland's folly in fighting Montrevel close to his base instead of keeping to the hills.

Cavalier joined Roland and what was left of his men near Anduze, and by arrangement Roland, with a detachment of 200 men and two other detachments of about the same size under Castanet and Salomon, kept the Royal troops on the run in the Hautes Cevennes, while Cavalier ranged the lower ground between Anduze, Uzès, and Nîmes with some 1,500 men, split up into detachments continually on the move and constantly fighting. Roland told Hill, the English envoy at Turin, in May 1704, that Cavalier had fought over thirty actions.

A meeting was held in June 1703, at which Roland stated that he had heard from the

Marquis de Miremont, a stout supporter of the Protestants, that England would help the Camisards, but the help never came, though, according to Saint-Simon, the Dutch sent them money and arms, the local gentry helped them secretly, and the Duke of Savoy sent three ships from Nice laden with arms and ammunition, but all three were captured by the French. In the autumn Roland was attacked near Anduze by the Marquis de la Lande, but defeated him by skilfully engaging the enemy from all sides and rolling great stones down the pass. His next exploit was the capture of Genothal, some twenty-five miles north of Alais, defeating the garrison of 500 men after severe street fighting; but Cavalier was unable to join him and Roland had to retire. Had they been able to hold Genothal, Cavalier says they could have penetrated into the Vivarais beyond the Ardèche and secured the whole of that district. It was, in fact, the inability to rouse the Vivarais to the north and the Rouergue to the west of the Cevennes, and the fatal dilatoriness of England and Holland in sending their promised help, that prevented the war in the Cevennes from being a very much greater affair than it actually was. The Duke of Berwick, who succeeded Villars in 1705 as Governor of Languedoc, said that, except for their excesses, the Camisards would have roused all the Huguenots of Languedoc, estimated at some 200,000 men, and Saint-Simon's comment was that had they refrained from burning churches and killing priests, fought according to the rules of war and confined their

demands to liberty of conscience and relief in taxation, they would have had the whole country with them. Saint-Simon concludes his account of 1703 with the remark that all these troubles did not prevent the King from amusing himself with his Court balls at Marly.

The year 1704 opened badly for the Camisards. Montrevel had been strongly reinforced, and as rumours had reached him that he was to be superseded, he determined to make one final effort to leave his mark on the Cevennes. In April 1704 he was at Sommières, about twenty miles west of Nîmes, and Cavalier thought to take advantage of his absence by attacking the garrison of Caveirac, three or four miles south of Nîmes ; but his plans were betrayed to Montrevel by a priest who was trusted by the Protestants. Montrevel surprised Cavalier and his men by a night attack, drove them to Nages, a village some twelve miles south-west of Nîmes, and there defeated them with great loss. Cavalier lost 400 of his men, and in a few days later the survivors were wiped out by de la Lande in the woods of Yeuset near Montpezat, north of the Ardèche. The crowning disaster was the betrayal to the French general of Cavalier's stores of arms and provisions and his hospital in the caverns of the mountains of the Vivarais. The position was hopeless, the aid promised by England never came, and Villars, who had succeeded Montrevel, arrived at Nîmes, in April 1704, with fresh troops, and was determined to end the war somehow.

We now reach the point of psychological interest, the catastrophe of this grim tragedy, and

that is the split between the Camisard leaders, and the widely different attitudes of Roland and Cavalier in the face of these disasters. Cavalier was convinced that it was useless to continue fighting, and that the only thing to do was to make the best terms they could. He had an interview with Roland, who seems to have given a conditional assent to opening negotiations with Villars. Cavalier succeeded in obtaining the following terms from Villars: liberty of conscience provided no "temples" were built, the release of Protestant prisoners, and the return of the refugees provided they took an oath of fidelity to the King, seven years' relief from taxes for those whose houses had been burnt, and leave for Cavalier to raise a regiment from the men still with him on condition that they laid down their arms. The agreement was signed on May 17, 1704, by Villars and Baville, Cavalier and Billard. Cavalier was to receive a commission as colonel, with 1,500 livres a year as pay.

Cavalier now had to secure the assent of Roland and the other leaders of the Camisards. An interview was arranged, but it proved a dismal failure. Roland declined to have anything to do with the agreement, and the contention was so hot that the two almost came to blows and Cavalier was in some danger of his life. Cavalier's account of the position is ingenious but not very convincing. He states that he arranged with Roland to pose to the French as in agreement with the terms, and meanwhile to serve the Protestant cause from within the ranks of the enemy. It seems pretty clear, however, that the Camisard

chiefs entirely declined to take this view, and decided then and there to go on fighting to a finish. Roland declared that the Court could not be trusted, and he was perfectly right, for the ink on the agreement was scarcely dry before it was repudiated. The King would not hear of it, and Villars had to explain to the Court that he had no intention of granting liberty of conscience. Cavalier returned to his negotiations with Villars. As for Roland, he was as good as his word, and proceeded to cut up another detachment of the Royal troops.

Villars was now determined to win over Cavalier. He renewed his offer of a commission, and made arrangements for Cavalier to go to Versailles to put the Protestant case to the King in person. Cavalier was given an introduction to Chamillart, the King's minister, who advised him as to the line to be taken, but Cavalier, according to his own account, went off on a line of his own, and the King listened patiently till he spoke of the agreement with Villars, when the King broke off the discussion and declined to hear anything about it. A few days later Cavalier was given the promised payment of 1,500 livres and a commission as colonel, and after being entertained by Chamillart at S. Cloud returned to his men at Mâcon. Here he had secret information from “une jeune dame de la ville avec laquelle j'étais souvent en rapport” that his life was in danger, and learnt from a friend that it was intended to intern him in the fortress of Brisach on the Rhine. Cavalier at once made up his mind to leave

France. He divided his men into small parties, made the guard and their officers drunk, and escaped into Switzerland, thence into Italy, where he offered the services of himself and his men to the Duke of Savoy, was given a commission as a colonel and served under Stahremberg against the French in Italy. After a year's service he made his way to Berne by Padua and Innsbrück. The Swiss authorities seem to have been embarrassed by his presence, and he went on to the Hague, where he was received as a Protestant hero, and his prospects seemed so brilliant that an ambitious and unscrupulous lady, Mme du Noyer, tried to entangle him into marriage with her daughter, but failing of her purpose did all she could to blacken his reputation.

The French thought so much of him that Chamillart offered 2,000 pistoles (estimated at 100,000 francs pre-war) for his capture, double what Baville had offered, and Marlborough assured him of Queen Anne's admiration and sympathy. He was commissioned to raise a regiment of 600 foot, two-thirds of the cost to be borne by England, the remaining third by the United Provinces. Cavalier arrived with his regiment in England 150 short in July 1706, and sailed with the English fleet under Shovel for a descent on the French coast; but the idea was given up, and Cavalier went on to Spain, where his regiment was annihilated by the French under Berwick at Almanza. Cavalier was wounded in twelve places and left for dead on the field, but the indomitable little man somehow managed to escape and resumed service under the Duke

of Savoy when the latter entered Provence in 1707. But the invasion failed, and in 1708 Cavalier retired to the colony of refugees at Portarlinton,¹ in Ireland, where he spent the next twenty-eight years of his life as a half-pay colonel and married Mlle de Ponthieu, whose mother had been a la Rochefoucauld. At length, in 1735, as the result of a letter from the Primate of Ireland which Cavalier himself delivered to the Duke of Newcastle in London, he was nominated Brigadier; in 1738 he was appointed Governor of Jersey, and in 1739 promoted to Major-general. By this time his health was completely broken. He crossed to England to take the waters in 1740, but died the same year and was buried in the Church of S. Luke, Chelsea.

Cavalier's career was in its way as extraordinary

¹ The colony of French refugees at Portarlinton, some thirty-five miles south-west of Dublin, was established by Henri de Massue, Sieur de Ravigny, a staunch Protestant who left France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and became a Major-general in the English army in 1690. He fought at the battle of Aughrim in Ireland in 1691, where Ulick Bourke, Viscount Galway, aged twenty-one, was slain. He was created Baron Portarlinton and Earl of Galway for his services, and granted the land that had belonged to Sir Patrick Trant. He commanded the English forces in Spain and was totally defeated by the French and Spanish under Berwick at Almanza. He died a bachelor in 1720, and the title became extinct. It appears from a petition to Parliament (London, 1695) that the French and English Protestants were "planted on the lands of Portarlinton, the forfeiture of the late Sir Patrick Trant," and that the Earl of Galway had built an English and a French church and two schools and endowed them with £100 a year. For many years French was talked here and taught in the schools, but when Lewis published his topographical dictionary of Ireland in 1837 there was little trace of the French settlers except their names.

as that of any of Napoleon's field-m Marshals. The son of a small peasant-farmer, born in November 1681, a shepherd's lad, then a baker's apprentice, imperfectly educated, without the least military experience, and little more than a boy, he maintained for two years and a half a desperate guerrilla warfare with the forces of the Crown commanded by two field-m Marshals, one of them Villars, reputed (according to Saint-Simon quite wrongly) to be the best soldier in France. Up to the date of his negotiations with Villars, he had the implicit confidence of his men, and even after that some of them still stuck to him and fought under him in Italy. By this date, though not yet twenty-five, he was known throughout Europe as a heroic leader of the Protestants in the war of the Cevennes. Marlborough recognised his ability. The English and Dutch trusted him to raise a regiment. He was nearly killed at Almanza; then came thirty years of forced inaction in Ireland, and in the last three years of his life, when he was a broken man, he became a Major-general, Governor of Jersey, and died in Chelsea.

In 1709, Baville, who offered a reward for the capture of Cavalier, described him as a sturdy little man, his face scarred with sword cuts, a gentle, rather dreamy air, with a soft voice and rather silent; his hair was a pale chestnut; he was light in the leg and rather knock-kneed. The description suggests a light-weight boxer, and Cavalier must have possessed unusual ability and endurance to have stood all this scrimmaging in the mountains, hairbreadth escapes, and

hiding in caves in mid-winter. His courage and address were extraordinary. On one occasion he was pursued on horseback by three dragoons. Finding they were gaining on him, he turned in his tracks, shot dead the leading dragoon as he came up, the second as he attacked him, and the third as he ran away.

His *Mémoires* convince me of the depth of his Protestant convictions and of his hatred of what he called "les simagrées de la messe," and after the collapse of the rising, he was constantly preoccupied with the problem of the Cevennes. Where he differed from Roland was in a certain cold-blooded detachment which enabled him to weigh chances dispassionately, and the conclusion I come to from his *Mémoires* is, that he gave up the war not because he had lost faith in the justice of his cause, but because his matured judgment convinced him that it was useless and hopeless to go on fighting. In other words, he was by nature a determined realist where Roland was a splendid idealist, but his action was never forgiven. Though he was the backbone of the rising in the wide district of the Lower Cevennes, it is Roland, not Cavalier, who is the hero of the war. Our extremely intelligent French Protestant chauffeur had never heard his name, but knew all about Roland. The doubt that existed as to Cavalier's motives was never removed. His late associates must have thought he had done very well for himself with his 1,500 livres from Louis XIV, the favour and commission as Colonel of the Duke of Savoy, and again of England and the United Provinces,

and that final turn of fortune at the end of thirty-five years, after all the other leaders of the Camisards had died violent deaths, and while the Tower of Constance at Aigues Mortes still imprisoned those who suffered for conscience' sake. I think they did him an injustice, and the treaty that he negotiated with Villars would have ended the war, had it not been for the intolerable obstinacy of Louis XIV and the cruel bigotry of the Roman Catholic clergy. But Cavalier did not die fighting to the last, and Roland did, and that is why Roland is regarded almost as a saint in the wild uplands of the Cevennes.

Roland was the nephew of that Gideon Laporte who was one of Cavalier's most trusted lieutenants, but he dropped the name of Laporte and was always known as Roland. He was born on January 3, 1680, at Mas-Soubeyran, near Mialet, north of Anduze, in the house that is now the Musée du Désert. The scurrilous editor of the *Précis historique* sneers at his origin, but Cavalier says that he belonged to a good family living at Mialet in the Cevennes, had received a good education, and that he was living at Nîmes in 1702 when he heard of the rising farther north, and sent word to Cavalier that he would join him, as he did. Roland, however, always maintained his own seniority and independent action, and Court says that the three first leaders of the Camisards were Gideon Laporte, Castanet, and Roland, and that Roland had some military experience. "Il avoit la taille avantageuse, l'air ferme et élevé. Il étoit actif, intrépide, infatigable et plein du zèle, pour tout ce que

avoit du rapport à la Religion dans laquelle il étoit né.” A stark fighter of iron will and immovable conviction, he seems to have belonged to a rather different social stratum from that of Cavalier.

Roland's one weakness seems to have been personal vanity. He is said to have signed himself “Nous, Comte et Seigneur Roland, Généralissime des Protestants de France” when he ordered the inhabitants of S. André de Valboigne to expel all priests on pain of being burnt alive, and Cavalier sneers at his “Comte.”¹ On another occasion he threatened to come with “mon frère Cavalier” and 700 men to burn the little town of S. Germain de Calberte,² and signed himself “le Comte Roland.” The fact was that Roland from the first claimed the leadership, and that the various troops commanded by Cavalier, Roland, Castanet, Laporte, Ravanel, and others worked independently as well as in concert; but it was always by arrangement, and the question of seniority did not arise till after Cavalier's negotiations with Villars. Probably Roland's most brilliant exploit was his total defeat of the Royal troops in the Plain de Fond Morte, when he killed the colonel, most of the officers, and over 200 men, with a loss of four killed and five wounded.

So far as fighting went, there was little to choose between him and Cavalier; the wide

¹ “Le laissant dans son Comté, c'est-à-dire, dans la montagne.”

² Louvroleuil, who wrote *Le Fanatisme renouvelé*, 1704-6, was Curé of S. Germain de Calberte, and Roland's threat may have accounted for his virulence,

difference between the two men only appears in the final stages of the war. Cavalier, after coming to an agreement with Villars as to the terms of peace, undertook to bring Roland into line, and met him at Anduze. Cavalier's account of the meeting is the least satisfactory part of his *Mémoires*. There are obvious hiatuses, and Cavalier seems to have had little confidence in his own account.

The story is told in full and with dramatic detail by Antoine Court, who claimed to have had it from eye-witnesses. Cavalier at first tried persuasion, but finding Roland obdurate, sought to force his hand by asserting his authority. Roland told him bluntly that his head had been turned by Villars' offers, and that as for authority he was Cavalier's senior. The two men had to be parted by the Camisard prophets, and Cavalier returned to the Camisard forces under Ravanel at Calvisson, a few miles south-west of Nîmes. Here he was very badly received. Court says that Cavalier had kept everything to himself, with the result that the men were suspicious and demanded to know what he had done. All he could say was that their uniforms were being prepared for service in Portugal, when what they had asked for was the reinstatement of the Edict of Nantes. Ravanel became extremely violent and abusive, and taunted Cavalier with treachery. The latter thereupon offered to test the personal loyalty of the men by going down the ranks, but he was received with cries of "Coward" and "Traitor," and the regiment marched off under Ravanel, and though Cavalier tried again to reclaim his men,

only twenty followed him out of a total, as returned by Cavalier to Villars, of 712 men, sixteen captains, sixteen lieutenants, and a quartermaster. The only thing that makes me doubt Court's accuracy is that Cavalier undoubtedly took more than twenty men over the frontier when he escaped from France and offered his services to the Duke of Savoy.

Villars made one more effort. He sent the prophet Salomon back from Nîmes to Roland with the offer of a commission and pay of 1,200 livres, which Roland at once declined. Villars then appealed to the leading Protestants of the towns to endeavour to persuade Roland to accept an amnesty. A deputation was sent to Roland, who told them that if they came near him again he would shoot the lot; but in spite of this threat, he sent a messenger to Villars that he would consider negotiations, and Cavalier made one more attempt to win him over. With the Baron d'Aiguliers and two deputies, Cavalier met Roland and Ravanel. They received Cavalier with violent abuse. The Baron d'Aiguliers persuaded the chiefs to refer the question of terms to the men, some 1,000 of whom were in the hills about a league away. When, however, the party approached them, Roland was at once seized and taken back by his men, the two deputies were knocked off their horses, and the Baron, with five or six guns at his stomach, as he says, and a pistol at each ear, declared his readiness to die for his country; but after a spirited harangue the Camisards let him go, admitting that he was a well-meaning man

though wholly mistaken. Cavalier, who was a little behind, realised the position, turned his horse, and galloped away. Roland now had under his command some 1,800 men, and Villars, who was sick of the war and wanted to get back to Versailles, made a final offer to give him a higher rank than Cavalier and to make his brother a Colonel, but it was no use. Nothing could shake Roland's determination to fight to the end for liberty of conscience and the protection of his fellow-Protestants, and it is almost certain that Villars would not have been allowed to keep faith even if he had wished to. In June 1704 Roland was nearly captured, and only escaped through the devotion of an English soldier. The allies urged Roland to hold on, and on July 26, with 900 men, he attacked the French troops at Pont de Montvert, the scene of the opening of the insurrection in 1702, and now of its close.

On August 13 Roland was at Castelnaud, either to meet his fiancée, Mlle de Cornély, or simply resting, as Court says. Here he was betrayed by one of his men for 100 louis d'or. He woke to find the house surrounded by dragoons. With one or two of his men he got to the stables, but the horses had already been taken. He then tried to escape through the grounds, but finding himself surrounded, he set his back to a tree, determined to sell his life dearly, and "*défia le plus hardi d'approcher, et sa fière contenance déconcerta également et l'officier et le soldat,*" till a dragoon shot him dead. Five of his companions who surrendered were broken on the

wheel at Nîmes three days later. Roland had kept his word that he would die sword in hand rather than abandon the cause of the Protestants.

With Cavalier's flight and the death of Roland the back of the insurrection was broken; there were a few more hostile risings, the last in April 1711, but the pastors at Geneva discouraged violence. One of them had said: "Tuer les prêtres, brûler les églises, cela n'était ni de la doctrine de l'évangile ni de la pratique des premiers chrétiens." This was perfectly true, but as Louis XIV and his ministers, urged on by Mme de Maintenon and the Roman Catholic clergy, had persecuted the Protestants with deliberate brutality, and their favourite punishments were the galleys, the gallows, burning alive, and breaking on the wheel, it is not to be wondered at that the Protestants of the Cevennes replied in kind to the best of their ability. The war was a savage and a brutal one, and however one may regret their excesses, my sympathies at any rate are with the Camisards. With no resources, not even arms to start with, they put up for two years a splendid fight against the overwhelming forces of the Crown, and though they were beaten, there can be little doubt that the cause of liberty of conscience had advanced one stage forward. It may also be that the southern fury in the French Revolution was due to memories of what the Protestants had suffered in the south of France.

As for the leaders, Roland and Cavalier had risen, as it were, out of space, both of them men of natural genius, both splendid fighters, but it

was inevitable that they should part. Cavalier, clear-headed and cool, weighed events with a detachment that led him to follow where his reason led; Roland, resolute, emotional as I take it, almost quixotic in his high sense of honour, was constitutionally incapable of giving up convictions once definitely formed. So he came to his gallant end, and is to this day regarded as the hero of the war in the Cevennes. Cavalier may have been right in despairing of their cause, his clear judgment may have convinced him that nothing more was to be gained by fighting, and that negotiation was the only course open, but he himself came well out of it, and an uncharitable world does not easily forget this. Wisdom is less attractive than death in a noble but hopeless cause. Yet I think that both these men, in their different ways, were cast in heroic moulds, and in the spacious courts of history there is a place for both.

CHAPTER VIII

MUNICH (1928)

MUNICH is a very pleasant town. Its museums contain superb collections of pictures, sculpture, bronzes, and little terra-cotta figures. The people are friendly, the streets—the main streets—are ample and well laid out, with due regard to vistas, the place is well kept, the police are patient and capable, and its rulers in the last century took immense pains to make Munich a model city. It is just those immense pains, that conscientious and obvious effort, that have made of modern Munich a nearly complete architectural fiasco. With the exception of the noble interior of the Frauen-Kirche, and the very competent design of the Jesuit church, there is nothing in Munich approaching first-rate architecture. The Maximilianeum (1856–71), now derelict, is one of those ambitious and distressing failures, in the worst manner of the Italian Renaissance, that were so much in favour with German architects sixty or seventy years ago; and the Maximilian-Strasse, with its “Gothic façade,” is probably the worst bit of modern Gothic in existence. The bridge across the Iser, in the now extinct “art nouveau” manner, has a granite parapet with a pierced pattern of fig and vine leaves, a sad venture in realistic design, and is only redeemed by the splendid torrent that dashes under it.

The Iser here is held up by a dam above the bridge and the water rushes down a series of inclined planes, lashing itself into a glorious turmoil of green water and white foam. The worst of it is, that having hit on an excellent idea, the authorities did their best to hide it. German town-planners still labour under the delusion that trees are everything in a town, so the banks of the Iser are thickly lined with trees and bushes, and mere glimpses of the torrent are permitted through little openings cut at intervals in the shrubberies. The landscape gardener is all very well when he confines himself to landscape, big spaces such as parks and woodland for example, but his efforts in most of the public gardens and spaces of continental towns are simply deplorable. The French are as bad as the Italians, and the Germans are worse. France seems to have forgotten that it ever possessed Lenôtre, and Italy that it ever knew how to use the rocks and waters of its country in the splendid terraces and fountains of its sixteenth-century gardens. The efforts of our municipal authorities and borough surveyors are no better. These things have got into the wrong hands, and it is the one unpardonable artistic failure of the eighteenth century that it produced the "jardin anglais" and the landscape gardener.

The Germans are a very capable people, but they are betrayed by their own efficiency. They are so determined to be correct that they leave nothing to the happy instinct of the artist, to that extra sense or intuition which enables him to see possibilities and combinations which may

have no academic warrant, yet justify themselves then and there. The German has some feeling for great scale, much ingenuity and wide knowledge, but he lacks that flash which lightens up the whole, and the impression left on my mind by the more ambitious efforts of the nineteenth-century architecture of Munich was that it might have been designed by a gathering of dons in a common room. It is not that it is bad, it is approximately correct, but it is absolutely dead—the Königs-Platz and the "Propylæa," for instance. The Propylæa is described as "a magnificent gateway in the style of the Propylæa at Athens" (Baedeker). It was designed by von Klenze in the middle of the last century. It bears no resemblance to the Propylæa at Athens. The centre part consists of a Doric colonnade with entablature and pediment, flanked by square towers, not badly designed, but irrelevant to the centre composition. Behind the Doric columns are rows of Ionic columns, introduced for no apparent reason and out of scale with the Doric order of the front. The Brienne-Strasse, coming from a long way off, passes through the Propylæa, and enters a great square, the Königs-Platz, laid out in four grass plots, with the Glyptothek to the north and the new Staats-Galerie to the south, both built in a cold, classical manner. The street passes round an obelisk, and continues in a straight line eastward to a "Place" beyond which are the Hof-Garten, the Residenz, and other important buildings.

The conception of this plan was a fine one, and

ample space was allowed for it, yet somehow it is not convincing—the whole thing is mechanical and laborious. The sense of conscientious effort, however meritorious, becomes, in fact, irritating and depressing. The rulers of Bavaria in the nineteenth century were anxious to convert Munich into a modern Athens and to make it, as it were, the last word of art and culture in the nineteenth century, and the result is just what was to be expected from the idiotic idea that to express the civilisation of the nineteenth or twentieth century you must use the exact languages of the fifth century B.C. or of the fourteenth century A.D. The same mistake was made earlier in another “modern Athens”—Edinburgh, though owing to the rocks and hills on which it stands the effect is not quite so bad. At Munich most of its civic architecture belongs to that dreadful period which produced the design and decoration of the Festsaal-Bau in the Residenz (Klenze, 1832–42), with reliefs by Schwanthaler, its “Gallery of Beauty,” its Charlemagne room with designs by Schnoor, and its ridiculous parquet floors, designed, one would think, by the palace house carpenter.

Ludwig I, King of Bavaria thought that he would assemble in one room portraits of all the most beautiful ladies of his time, and he was not particular who they were or where they came from, provided they satisfied his conception of beauty. There was something to be said for the idea, but unfortunately his artist was unequal to the occasion, and the result is of a piece with the work of the same date in the palace—stale,

unprofitable, and unutterably tedious. The worst of the amateur enthusiast is that he is apt to take the bit between his teeth and bolt with it. If, instead of having his rooms decorated by Schnoor, and his "Gallery of Beauty" filled with very bad portraits by Stieler, he had walked through the Kaiser-Zimmer of his palace, Ludwig could have seen some of the most charming decorative work of its kind in existence anywhere—the suite of rooms decorated by Cuvilliés, with their green and white and gold, their delicate plasterwork, their china and their mirrors. The injury done to the arts by enthusiastic but misguided Royal patronage is incredible. Ludwig I, who was responsible for the Festsaal-Bau and the Gallery of Beauty, also reproduced the elevation of the Pitti Palace in the Maximilian Joseph Platz and the severe fifteenth-century design of the Loggia dei Lanzi opposite the violent Baroque design of the Theatiner Kirche.

Apart from the Frauen-Kirche, with its two brick towers and its noble Gothic interior, and the spacious Jesuit church, there is little in Munich to detain the serious student of architecture. If he wishes to see the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Baroque manner, he can visit the Church of S. John Nepomuk, built by the brothers Asam at their own expense; but outside Munich there are two buildings of first-rate interest: Schleissheim, some ten miles north of Munich, and the Nymphenburg, once out in the country some three miles west of Munich, now in the suburbs.

Schleissheim is a very large palace, with a

façade 360 yards long, designed in 1700–1701 for the Elector Max Emmanuel, by Enrico Zuccali, one of the Italian *epigoni*, who found much profitable employment at the hands of German princes at the end of the seventeenth century. Baedeker says its style resembles the Palace of Versailles; but the whole conception of it is entirely different, inside and out, and though the Electors did their best, they had to content themselves with stucco and scagliola, where Louis Quatorze enjoyed himself with stone and marble. A long avenue flanked by solid farm buildings leads to the Alte Schloss, through which one passes under an archway to a formal garden the full length of the façade. The south front is to all intents unbroken. On the north side there is a projection in the centre, and arcades lead to pavilions at either end. The north front faces a formal garden laid out in parterres with raised walks, and avenues on three sides, a water-piece and a canal some three-quarters of a mile long, leading to the “Lustheim,” built on the site of a chapel to S. Renatus and designed for the private pleasure-parties of the Elector, which in the English translation of the little German guide-book to the palace are described as “the Elector’s lust parties.”

The Lustheim was built in 1685, and seems to have been the starting-point of the Elector’s scheme. Six avenues were planted in the park leading to the Lustheim, and water was brought at great expense in two canals—these princes thought nothing of canals seven or eight miles

long not only to supply water, but also to form important features of their grounds and gardens. A canal some three-quarters of a mile long leads from the Lustheim to a water-piece and cascade, and between this and the palace is a large formal garden once furnished with all the characteristic features of the late seventeenth-century garden—statues, trellis-work, pleached hedges, and the like, all of which have disappeared, leaving a flat and not very interesting parterre. Having got his grounds into shape, the Elector set about building his palace. The work was begun in 1701, but was interrupted by the battle of Höchstädt (Blenheim), 1704. By that date the building from Zuccali's designs was up to the roof plates, but the Elector was fighting on the wrong side at Blenheim, and had to flee the country. The building was stopped for the next ten years, and when it was resumed Zuccali, now an old man, was succeeded by a German, Essner, who completed the work by 1722 with the exception of the marble hall and the grand staircase.

According to the guide-book, the materials for the staircase were prepared, but the staircase was not actually built till 1847. The south entrance leads into a hall about 100 feet long and 50 feet wide, divided by two rows of four columns, supporting shallow domes, painted in pink and yellow with not very happy effect. But the east end of the hall opens on to a great scenic staircase, the full height of the building, with one of those little balconies with balustrades and columns in the centre of the ceiling, such as

Inigo Jones designed on a smaller scale and in a simpler manner at Ashburnham House. This leads to a fine saloon on the first floor, of the same size as the hall below, a series of state rooms, and a gallery some 210 feet long by 25 feet wide. This gallery contains a superb Weenix 18 feet by 10 feet, with a great white swan thrown across the body of a black boar, a bronze figure of Hermes showing against the sky to the left, a negro boy with falcons at his feet, and to the right a temple, a lazy golden sea, and some faint headland in the distance. Weenix made magnificent play with his white swans. There is a splendid example at the Hague, and it seems to me that our painters might do well to give some attention to this form of art instead of incessantly painting portraits of little interest except to the sitter, and landscapes which have little relation to what one sees, and make any decorative scheme in a room as a whole impossible owing to the crudeness of their colour. One can hang a Weenix or a van Huysum in any room big enough to take them, without producing the effect of a hole in the wall—the sad fact is that owing to the exhibition habit painters have lost the sense of decorative design—their vision is limited by their picture frames. In the halcyon days of the seventeenth century there were no such things as public exhibitions; all the arts enjoyed a life of their own, not always the highest, or the purest, but full-blooded and vigorous. Moreover, their patrons, the electors for example, were men of courage and enthusiasm. They gave their designers full liberty of action, even

to the most complete vulgarity. The great staircase at Schleissheim, designed in the manner of the Italian Perspectivists, was a fine conception; and these Baroque architects had one supreme merit, they loved light above all things; and, as one finds in the Amalienburg, when a really first-class decorator came into action the result was one of considerable beauty.

Zuccali employed a fellow-countryman, Amiconi, from Venice, to decorate his ceilings. In the Viktorien-Saal Amiconi painted the story of Dido and Æneas, and Charles Dubut the Frenchman modelled the twenty-four terminal figures supporting the ceiling; but this must have been designed by Essner, who succeeded Zuccali when the Elector returned from France. Essner, an able architect in his way, did his best, but neither he nor any other of the German artists possessed the lightness of touch and subtlety of invention which make the work of Cuvillies inimitable.

The Nymphenburg Palace was begun for the Elector Ferdinand soon after 1663 from designs by Agostino Barelli, architect of the Theatiner Kirche in Munich. Barelli was succeeded by Enrico Zuccali in 1672, and the work went on steadily till the death of the Elector in 1679. His son and successor, Max Emmanuel, was away fighting the Turks and governing the Netherlands till 1702, when he returned to Bavaria and resumed building operations at the Nymphenburg with Giovanni Antonio Viscardi as his architect and Carbonet of Paris as his garden designer. Max Emmanuel, who died in 1726,



THE NYMPHENBURG PALACE, MUNICH.
View from garden.

was an enthusiastic connoisseur and formed the great collection which was, in fact, the basis of the Munich Pinakothek, and the existing gallery at Schleissheim contains only what was left when the reigning Elector moved the best pictures to Munich in 1779.

As at Schleissheim, the battle of Blenheim upset all Max Emmanuel's schemes. He had to take refuge at the Court of Louis XIV, and on his return in 1715 found most of his work destroyed by the enemy. Carbonet was again placed in charge of the gardens, with Matthias Diesel and François Girard a specialist in fountains. The two pavilions right and left of the centre block were built in 1717-20 from designs by Essner, who also designed the Badenburg, Pagodenburg, and Hermitage garden buildings in various parts of the grounds. One would admire these buildings more, the Badenburg in particular, with its fine Baroque saloon, if they did not have to compete with such a consummate masterpiece as the Amalienburg. Max Emmanuel died in 1726, and the Nymphenburg was completed by his successor Karl Albert, afterwards the Emperor Charles VII, who had the great semicircular forecourt laid out with its water-pieces and canal, built the outer wings of the palace, and in 1734 added the finishing touch with the Amalienburg designed by Cuvilliers. Karl Albert, who became Emperor in 1742, died in 1745 at Munich, and with his death the glory of Nymphenburg departed, and Schönbrunn at Vienna takes its place.

The approach to the Nymphenburg park is

characteristic. A delightful little stone bridge crosses the formal canal with a single flat elliptical arch of 60 feet span and a rise of only 6 feet 6 inches. This bridge, by the way, carries two lines of tramways, and I could not find in it any sign of failure, though it has been doing its work for over 200 years. On either side of the canal are avenues of elms leading into the enormous semicircle, with its water-piece and fountain, which forms the forecourt to the palace. Opposite the centre of the palace is a great basin with a fountain which throws an immense jet of water some thirty to forty feet high, and the effect of this great column of water with the light playing on it and through it is strangely impressive. It rises by itself, the one dominating feature in this vast expanse. There is no parade here of terminal figures and statues and monuments such as one might expect in the precincts of a palace. The banks are all in grass, swans and ducks swim lazily about in search of food, and shoals of little fish can be seen in the clear running water. There is a suggestion of unaffected friendliness and intimacy about these grounds and the gardens of the Nymphenburg which makes them the most attractive of any palace gardens that I know. The base-line of this semicircle is about 765 yards, but the length out to out of the various buildings is something like 900 yards. The famous porcelain manufactory is away to the right, as one faces the palace. In the outer circumference of the semicircle are little houses, ranged at regular intervals, four on each side, with white walls and tilted roofs, rather charming in



Fig. 2
Nymphenburg Bridge - 1898

The Bridge, Nymphenburg

design, a modest adaptation of the motive of Marly.

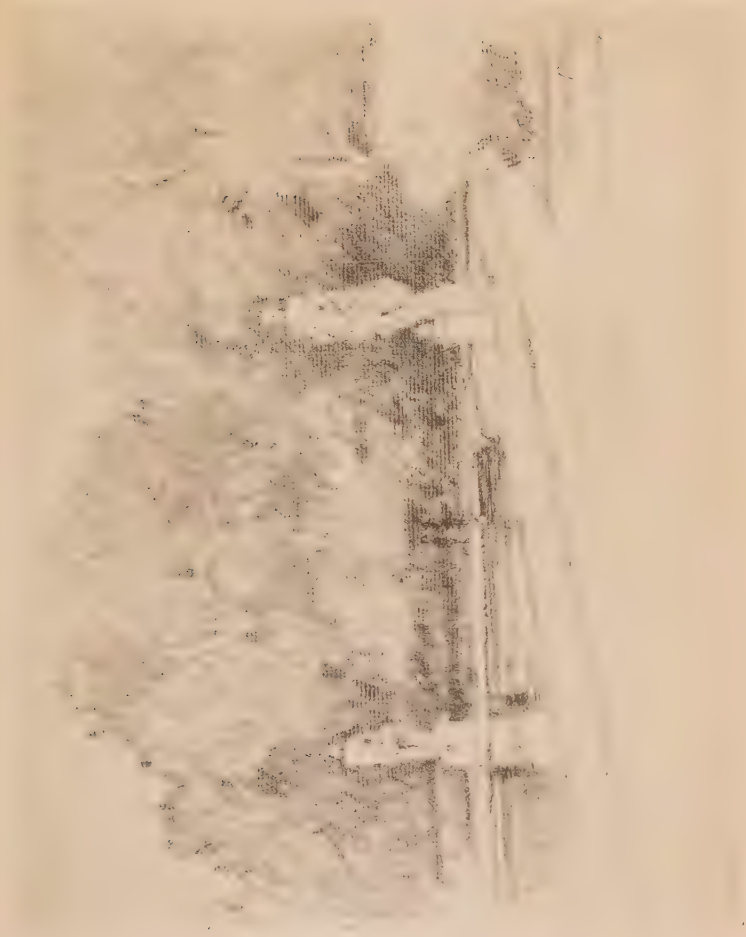
The Nymphenburg is a building of various dates. Barelli began it at the end of the seventeenth century, with the great five-story block in the centre, a rather clumsily designed building, out of scale with the rest, with windows much too crowded. The arcades on either side were added by Zuccali and Viscardi in 1702, the wings by Essner in 1718, and the rest of the buildings and those about the semicircle about the middle of the eighteenth century. There is a fine Snyders in one of the first-floor rooms and a richly decorated hall, but not much to delay one inside the house. Again one is startled by the prodigality of these Bavarian electors. These two enormous palaces, Schleissheim and the Nymphenburg, were being built at much the same time; the tricks of design of one appear in modified form in the other; in addition, there was the great cost of manipulating the ground in order to carry out the design of the gardens, the costly little buildings peppered about the grounds at some distance from the house, such as the Lustheim at Schleissheim, the Pagodenburg and the Badenburg, by Essner, in the Nymphenburg, and last of all, the finest flower of the Baroque, that exquisite little caprice, the Amalienburg, designed by Cuvilliés 1734-9, for the Elector Karl Albert I, as a hunting-box for his wife Amalie-Marie.¹

¹ Karl Albert, afterwards the Emperor of Austria, Charles VII, had married Amalie, daughter of the reigning Emperor, at Schleissheim in 1722.

The gardens are on the south side, and, as in most of these great gardens, the general idea is delightfully simple. A broad walk leads from the outside staircase of the house straight down the centre of the garden, passing round the basin of a fountain which occupies the site of an earlier fountain. This earlier fountain had a famous group of figures surrounded by Tritons and dolphins known as "Flora." The group was cast in lead and all gilt, and it appears, from Belotto's¹ picture of the Nymphenburg gardens painted in 1761, that the statues which line the side-walks of the garden were also gilt. I could find no trace of any gilding except on the great lanterns on the outside staircase leading to the first floor of the palace. On either side of the centre walk were "parterres de broderie," shown in Belotto's picture, but destroyed at the end of the eighteenth century, when the reigning Elector had the disastrous idea of transforming the gardens into a "jardin anglais" and did as much harm as his opportunities allowed him. Outside the parterres come lines of statues of the gods and goddesses of Greek mythology, rather charming in their complete freedom from any affectation of the antique. On the two outer sides of the parterres are broad walks separating the gardens from the bosquets. The garden ends in a cross water-piece the full width of the garden, with a stream of clear water running through it and quantities of fish that wait for scraps of buns at the bridges.

The canal, 70 feet wide with chestnut avenues

¹ In the Residenz at Munich,



The Marble Fountain, Nymphenburg

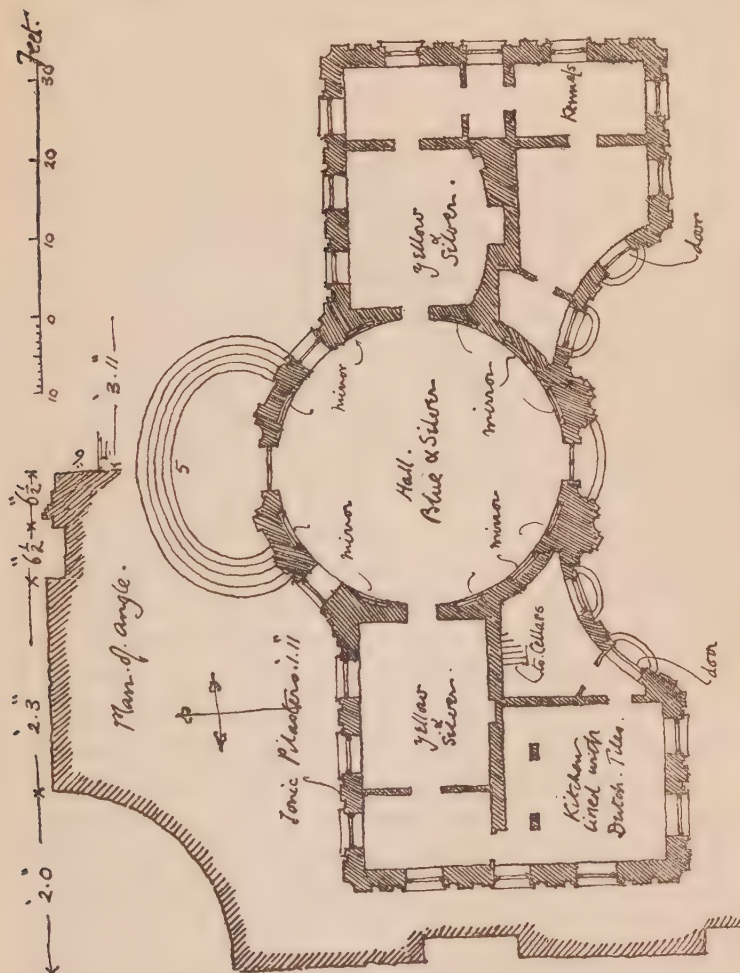
on either side, stretches away from this water-piece to the marble cascade three-quarters of a mile away, a fine water-piece designed by Roettiers in 1718, with basins and running water forming a cascade over a low red marble wall, known as the "Marmor," which ends the vista. Round the water-piece are ranged white marble figures of Thetis by R. Boos, Flora by Charles Dubut, Hercules and Minerva (shown in my sketch) by Volpini, Neptune by W. de Groff, and other heathen gods and goddesses in the best eighteenth-century manner, standing free against a background of foliage with admirable effect. The management of the water is a mystery, because the canal is at a lower level than the cascade at one end and the garden water-pieces at the other, the water falls into it at both ends, and yet the water keeps running; but if there was one thing that the designers, trained in the school of Lenôtre, understood, it was the management of water. At Nymphenburg the water was brought from the Wurm river in a canal which started at Pasing, some three miles to the west. This canal, which was dug by Turkish prisoners of war, flowed into the marble cascade at the west end of the grounds.

Another canal continues north-east from the Nymphenburg up to Riesenfeld, where it turns south-east to join the Iser below Munich, a total length of some seven miles. Locks were made on both canals in 1780-82, and on occasion the canals were illuminated and the Court amused themselves paddling about in gondolas. In Max Emmanuel's time the water was pumped up

into two reservoirs which supplied the water-pieces and fountains. The Elector who destroyed the old parterres installed a new system of pumping, which certainly produces a splendid rush of water in the two fountains, but he did away with the avenues of the "patte d'oie" radiating from the palace, and made winding paths and two large ponds in the approved landscape manner in the bosquets. As there are some well-grown trees, the grounds are large, and the ponds look natural, the effect is very much better than might have been expected. In the bosquets near the house important buildings are dotted about—the Amalienburg and the Badenburg on the east side, the Pagodenburg and the Hermitage on the west, all characteristic buildings of their time, and one of them, the Amalienburg, a perfect gem in its own peculiar way.

The Amalienburg was supposed to be a hunting-box, but the hunting must have been the merest play-acting. Little kennels are provided, but nothing bigger than a very small spaniel could have got inside them. However, the tradition is that the Electress Amalie in a green silk robe and a fine head-dress used to stand on a gallery in the roof and shoot at the pheasants driven over from the surrounding woods. In the space on the south-west side corresponding to the kennel room is a kitchen lined with Dutch tiles, and decoration to match; the real point of the design is the circular room in the centre. Two ante-rooms in canary-yellow and silver lead into it, and there are two similar

rooms beyond. The plan recedes on the south front and bulges on the north to accommodate this room. Its width is about forty feet in



SKETCH PLAN OF THE AMALIENBURG.

diameter, with four entrances and two windows, and mirrors in panes to simulate doors and windows. A characteristic cornice curvets round

the room, and all the walls not occupied by doors, windows, and mirrors are covered with Baroque ornament, carved in wood and thickly plated with silver. Above the cornice the ornament is sprayed about on the ceiling in stucco, and emphasised by ladies with elegant legs overhanging the cornice, all in silver on a light blue ground, varying from duck's-egg green to Cambridge blue. The effect of the silver on blue, the delicacy of the design, the admirable proportions, and the sense of scale which controls the whole design makes this one of the most beautiful rooms of its kind in existence. Indeed, the whole building is the work of a very accomplished artist. One can hardly call it great architecture, but then that is not what Cuvilliés was asked for, and if ever a building was entitled to be called a fairy palace, the Amalienburg is that building. One has only to compare it with the German work in the great hall of the Nymphenburg, or with Essner's decoration in the Badenburg, to realise that the Baroque, in the hands of a first-rate man, had a real charm of its own, but that it inevitably fails in the hands of a second-rate artist. Its very essence is its spontaneity, its irrelevance, its repudiation of all architectural restraint; and both the designer and his workmen must be steeped in its tradition, and they must both have courage (or it may be impudence) and irresponsibility, otherwise the result is unconvincing and as dull as a story in which the point is missed, and this is why modern Baroque decoration must either be mere reproduction or a vulgar failure.

Apart from Italy, Sicily, and Spain, Austria and Bavaria seem to me to have been the home of the Baroque at its best. Short-lived as it was—it only came in at the beginning and was going out after the middle of the eighteenth century—it became for a time the vernacular art of both those countries, whereas, with the brilliant exception of Cuvilliés, the French never really adopted it. Oppenord, fresh from the school of Rome, introduced a rather clumsy variation, and it was used for internal decorations, as, for instance, in the work at the Hotel de Soubise attributed to Boffrand, but it never really got any grip of French architecture. It was laughed out of court by Denis Cochin and others in the middle of the eighteenth century, and the whole trend of French architecture was towards a graver manner, culminating in the work of the younger Gabriel, and finally degenerating into the arid and affected classicism of Percier and Fontaine. The French seemed to have considered it illogical and absurd, and it never came to England at all, except in the baser forms of the mirrors and furniture of nineteenth-century hotels and lodging-houses. In Austria the Baroque seems to have found an absolutely congenial soil, and the same thing happened in Bavaria, with the difference that the German artist was not quite so dexterous as the Austrian.

For some fifty years the Baroque flourished abundantly in both countries. The native artists shook themselves free of the Italians, and as they had turned their backs on such little

native tradition as they had, there was nothing to check their exuberance. In a side street at Munich there is an extraordinary church dedicated to S. John Nepomuk, designed in 1730 by two German architects, the brothers Asam. The west front is a series of experiments in curving cornices both in plan and elevation. The cornice of the main pediment begins as an ogee curve, but half-way up changes its mind and becomes a segment of a circle. There is no sort of attempt at unity of scale. Details of the same design but different sizes are used together, and the interior abounds in twisted columns and ill-assorted ornament. The reaction was inevitable, and after the middle of the eighteenth century the Baroque manner faded away, and its once vigorous impulse dwindled down to a pedantic and unenterprising classicism.

I find Baroque art interesting, not in any way as great and vital architecture, but as the reflex of the remote but still attractive civilisation of a time when art for art's sake really did mean something, in the sense that people regarded architecture not as a merely utilitarian affair, but as a stage for the pomp and pageantry, the colour and movement that they loved. The sole condition they insisted on was that it should please the eye. Nowadays the craze is for an efficiency which usually resolves itself into terms of complete ugliness, and we have lost the sense of that fanciful, elusive spirit that had something of the fragrance, if also the unsubstantial nature, of faded rose-leaves in some old Dresden vase. One must accept its disappear-

ance with that of other excellent qualities of the eighteenth century now out of date, and any revivalism is useless.

A few years back a gallant attempt was made to revive Baroque architecture in an important Government building at Munich. The architect had caught the manner, and the design was able—yet it was not convincing. One cannot help asking, why all these quips and cranks? Revivalisms of any kind must be more or less play-acting, and they always interrupt the normal development of art. If one could only get rid of the passion for producing something new for the sake of its newness, there might be some hopes of a genuine advance in modernism. So far it seems to suffer from the inherent vice that finally killed Baroque, the desire of the artist to startle at all costs, instead of endeavouring to express himself honestly and without affectation.

CHAPTER IX

THE MONASTERIES : PASSAU, LINZ, S. FLORIAN,
KREMS-MÜNSTER, MELK

THE pleasantest way to reach Vienna from Munich is to take the train to Passau or Linz, and go by river to Vienna. Passau stands on a narrow tongue of land above the junction of the Danube and the Inn. The water of the Danube is light green, that of the Inn is grey, and just below the end of the promontory a third river, the Ilz, comes down from the north and joins in the fray with its dark brown water. Passau is a picturesque place, beautifully situated. It possesses a cathedral dating from the twelfth century, burnt in the seventeenth, and rebuilt in the Baroque manner by Carlo Lurago after 1662. J. B. Carlone completed the stucco-work in 1686. The Bishop's Palace, built in 1730, is, as usual, the finest house in the town. The excellent river steamers take some four hours to do the sixty odd miles to Linz, passing some splendid scenery with rocks 1,000 feet high closing in on the Danube.

From Linz to Vienna the journey takes about eight hours. Though the boats move at a pretty good pace where the river runs deep between the hills, they constantly slow up where the river widens between low-lying banks, I presume to avoid shoals and sand-banks, and these shallows

are the happy hunting-ground of numerous herons. On the way one passes Durnstein, with its extraordinary Baroque church, and on the rocks above the ruins of the castle where Richard Cœur de Lion was kept a prisoner by Duke Leopold VI, known as "the Wine-barrel" from his infinite capacity for drinking. On the south bank there is the great monastery of Melk, standing magnificently on its rock above the river; and farther on, about three miles back from the river, another enormous monastery, that of Gottweig, occupying the whole of a high plateau. These vast establishments, all built or rebuilt in the early part of the eighteenth century, are characteristic of Austria, and of the various phases of Baroque architecture. What is difficult to understand is where the money came from. The monasteries owned vast estates, and the clergy seem to have abused their opportunities for obtaining death-bed legacies, so much so that Maria Theresa made them illegal—but Austria as a state was always impecunious, and in perennial conflict either with her own constituent states or with her neighbours, one down, another up. The Thirty Years' War was only concluded in 1648. The Turks constantly threatened from the east, and Louis Quatorze in the west was always on the look-out for a chance of annexing Austria's provinces in the Netherlands or on the Rhine. Hostilities were closed by the Peace of Ryswick in 1697. That indomitable warrior-prince, Eugène of Savoy, "Dux invictissimus" as he is called on the memorial group in the lower Belvedere Gallery

at Vienna, completely routed the Turks in 1697, and by the Peace of Carlovitz Austria recovered about half the territory held by the Turks in Europe. But in 1700 the War of the Spanish Succession began, the Hungarians were a source of constant trouble to Austria, the Elector of Brandenburg was true to the Prussian tradition of being utterly and deliberately untrustworthy, and it was not till the conclusion of Marlborough's campaigns that the Emperor could attend to the affairs of his own country. Most of these great buildings date from the first half of the eighteenth century, and were practically completed by 1750.

It is worth while spending a day or two at Linz. It is an attractive little place itself, beautifully situated on the Danube, with three or four churches ; one, that of S. Ursula, with a characteristic west façade, laid out on a succession of reversed curves, so that the pilasters, instead of being at right angles to the buildings, face inwards and outwards. Linz also possesses an extraordinary monument to the Virgin Mary, standing in the middle of the market-place. The general plan is triangular, with canted angles ; a boldly moulded plinth supports a lofty pedestal with inscription-panels and cartouches of arms. Standing on the angle trusses are the figures, dedicated "*divis sospitalibus*," of SS. Florian, Charles, and Sebastian, one with flying drapery, one in full seventeenth-century armour, and the third in ecclesiastical dress. Above rises a twisted column formed of clouds with amorini buzzing about on its surface, and half-



THE MARIA MONUMENT, LINZ.

way up a figure of the Virgin on a crescent and trampling upon a serpent. The column bulges out at the top and supports a golden globe and gilded figures of the Father with a sceptre, the Son with a cross, and an extraordinary symbol of the Holy Ghost, shown as a dove against a sun with rays all round. The monument is surrounded with a rather charming balustrade of open stonework, with gilded lamps on cherubs' heads in the centre, and amorini in various attitudes on the pedestals. The work is admirably executed throughout. An inscription on one of the panels says :

“ Perenne hoc monumentum
ob pestem ignes bella
Amota sospita
Sub gloriso imperio
Caroli VI. Cæsaris
Semper Augusti
Posuerunt
inclyti status provinciæ
Senatus populusque Lincensis
1723.”

In many of the older towns in Austria similar monuments on a less ambitious scale are to be found. There is a small one at Pressburg, a large and very elaborate one in the courtyard of the Abbey of Heiligen-Kreuz, near Baden, and the most extraordinary of all, that monument on the Graben at Vienna, designed by Ottavio Burnacini in 1693, for Leopold “humilis servus tuus” to commemorate the deliverance of Vienna

from the Plague. Fischer von Erlach is said to have worked on it, but he had shaken off any ill effect it might have had on him when he designed the monument in the Hoher Markt, some forty years later. The upper part of the Graben monument consists of a sort of pyramid culminating in a prodigious bulge at the top, with figures and emblems of the Trinity, a most ambitious affair, but it is less successful than the Linz monument. That memorial violates all the tradition of classical design, yet it should not be brushed aside as of no account. One finds here that same light, irrelevant touch, not so much insincere as inconsequent, that complete detachment from common-sense fact, that appears again and again in Austrian Baroque architecture. The mind of the designer just flits about and around his subject, and not till he was three-quarters of the way up his monument did he recollect that he was supposed to be serious and must make some attempt at religious symbolism. The fact is that, in considering the Baroque, one has to detach oneself from the classical standpoint entirely and look for other qualities than those of architecture, and the effort is worth making, as an antidote to the present popular view that architecture and "efficiency" are synonymous terms.

Linz is a convenient place from which to visit two of the great monasteries to which I have already referred as characteristic of Austria, S. Florian and Krems-Münster. An extremely bad and narrow road leads to S. Florian, and an even worse one from S. Florian to Krems-Münster,

but they are well worth a visit. S. Florian is an immense assemblage of buildings on the southern slope of a wooded hill, about eight or nine miles south-east of Linz. The entrance arch opens on a large quadrangle, round which are ranged the principal buildings. The main stairs ascend in two flights, right and left to a corridor, with curious openwork balustrading on the outer side.

The corridor runs from end to end of this wing. It is well lit, decorated with plaster ornament in reasonable relief, and forms an excellent foil to the fine walnut doors in their fantastic settings. (In all these monasteries these admirable corridors are to be found. There is one at Kloster-Neuburg, near Vienna, and one at Melk, said to be 195 metres long.) The corridor at S. Florian's gives access to a series of rooms, once used by the Imperial Family. One of these, called the Field-Marshal's Room, has large cartoons by one Rothensteiner, set in panels in the ceiling, the whole of which, except the cartoons, is kept white, instead of the usual white and gold of Baroque decoration. The Austrians are very fond of gilding. The galleries of the *Kunst-historische Museum* at Vienna, in addition to being too high, are much overgilt, and it is a relief to come on this cool, unaffected decoration. The probable explanation at S. Florian's is that this work was done by Carlone, before the Austrian artists had come into action. It is not really in the Baroque manner at all, consisting as it does of scrolls of thin foliage, without that admixture of trellis and volutes and mutton cutlets which came into use soon after. The

date of this part is about 1707. Over the entrance archway the date is 1713, and the date of the marble hall is 1724.

It is difficult to disentangle the designers. Prandauer, whom we shall meet again at Melk, is supposed to have been the architect, Carlone was responsible for the decorative details, and Hippolyto Sconzani, whom we shall also find at work at Melk, provided the painted architecture; but the marble hall seems to me to have been beyond the reach of Prandauer, who appears to have been a master-builder rather than an architect, and probably Carlone and Sconzani designed the whole of it, except the walls and openings for doors and corridors. The hall measures 31 paces by 16 paces. The sides and ends are in bays, divided by pairs of Corinthian columns of red marble (or scagliola, in which by far the greater part of Baroque "marble" was executed). The designer, whoever he was, knew his business, for instead of repeating these pairs of columns on pedestals all round the hall in the usual way, he reserved them for the three centre bays of the five bays of the sides, and for the centre bay of the three at the ends. By this means he avoided the monotony of repetition, and got an excellent composition out of very simple elements. The hall is well lit by lofty windows with quatrefoil lights above them, a Baroque motive which somehow does not interfere with the dignity of the hall.

One thing on which these men did not spare money was the woodwork of their doors and panelling. They used a beautiful walnut in

this case, with fine inlay in the panels, and chased furniture. The walnut-wood fittings of the library, with its gilt ornament, and the gold and brown of the books, make it a delightful room. The church, which stands at the north side, has a great west façade of plaster with stone dressings, but it is not very interesting. What remains in one's memory of S. Florian is a vast assemblage of buildings all devoted to the service of the abbey, complete in itself, with its splendid rooms and corridors, its church, its hall, its library, its great quadrangle, its annexes, and its own farm buildings and dependencies at its gates, a little kingdom to itself, aloof from the great world.

S. Florian pursues an active life as a seminary ; so also do the vast establishments of Melk and Kloster-Neuburg. They have none of that air of past greatness and present neglect which seems to linger in the courts of the great Benedictine monastery of Krems-Münster. The abbey stands on the side of a rocky hill dominating a rather shabby and untidy little village. It is not so large and important as S. Florian, but it has its base court and its inner quadrangle, a gallery of pictures containing a probably authentic Holbein, a long, low library in three divisions, overlooking the village, and a hall of about the same size as that of S. Florian, but simpler in treatment. It has, however, in its fish-ponds, or rather tanks, a feature which I think is unique. These consist of a series of large stone tanks, connected together, to hold the fish for the monastery, and in one or two of these tanks

some unhealthy-looking fish still wander about in a disheartened sort of way. The tanks are enclosed by a wall, with a covered walk with a small arcade on all four sides ; and cross-paths, also arcaded, divide the tanks. In each tank there is a group of statuary. The arches come direct on to the abacus of rather clumsy little columns, and the execution throughout is rather crude, but the fish-ponds are worth seeing, if only for their unusual character. The date appears to be late seventeenth century ; there is a date on the tower in the great court, 1681.

The famous Benedictine abbey of Melk is about half-way between Linz and Vienna, on the right bank of the Danube. The abbey buildings occupy the whole top of the long, narrow ridge which falls abruptly to an arm of the Danube which passes to the north-west of it. The foundation appears to have dated from the twelfth century, but the buildings were burnt at the end of the seventeenth century and entirely rebuilt, with the exception of a round tower still standing. The north end of the monastery rises directly from the precipitous rock. Seen from below, either from the other side of the arm of the Danube or from the Danube itself beyond the wood of willows on the island, the Monastery of Melk is one of the most impressive architectural compositions in any landscape that I know ; and it owes this not only to its superb setting, but also to the skilful treatment of the building itself. The wing buildings, which rise directly from the sides of the ridge, stop short at the end of the rock, and between them,



THE ABBEY OF MELK ON THE DANUBE.

and well set back, is the church, with two lofty towers, and behind them a queer-shaped dome above the crossing of the church. From the two wings a one-story building is carried round the edge of the rock, approximately in a semi-circle. Above this is a broad stone-flagged terrace, with a balustrade set out with all the variations in plan that delighted the Baroque architects, and from this terrace, over two hundred feet above the river, the most splendid views are obtained up and down the river and to the hills beyond.

The question arises, who was responsible for this admirable conception? The architect for the building generally was Prandauer, Baumeister of S. Polten, some fourteen miles away. He appears on the scene in May 1701, when he received some small payment for expenses, and in April 1702 a formal agreement was drawn up between him and the Abbot Bartholdi for the conduct of the work. He received a payment of 1,800 florins in 1715, and of 100 florins in 1717, and the last mention of him is in 1727, in which year he died at S. Polten, and Georg Schwabe was appointed to succeed him as Baumeister. There is a portrait of Prandauer at Melk, which shows him plainly dressed in a full-skirted coat and gaiters, with his hand on a plan. He has a rather common but intelligent face, with a cast in one eye and a stiff upper lip, an excellent Baumeister, but obviously of what Saint-Simon calls "*La lie du peuple*," a country builder lacking the airs and graces, and also the knowledge, of the Italian architects. For it must be admitted

that the details of Melk are quite ordinary and commonplace, with the exception of the church and its sacristies, the library, and the Prelate's house, which owe their merits to other hands.

The really fine thing about Melk is the treatment of the end next the river, which composes so admirably as seen from below, and it is almost certain that this was due to Antonio Beduzzi, theatrical designer and draughtsman, who in 1711 signed his receipts for payments as "Ingegnier teatrale di S. M."

The history of the rebuilding of the monastery at Melk is characteristic of most of the architecture of Southern Germany and Austria at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Italian artists, architects, painters, sculptors, are brought over from Italy, and entrusted with all the work except the actual masonry and bricklaying. Prandauer put up the building, to the instructions of the Abbot in consultation with Italian artists, but all the details were designed by Italians. Fortunately the records of the building of Melk, including a yearly summary of work, are preserved, and have been published in full in the *Oesterreiche Topographie*, vol. iii. From this it appears that Beduzzi was actually consulted in the year before Prandauer was called in, and that as the work proceeded, the high altar, and probably all the details of the interior of the church, were designed by him.

Beduzzi was an excellent draughtsman, and his designs for the high altar are beautifully drawn, with considerable skill in the drawing of the figure and all the eccentricities of Baroque.

He at once introduced Italian artists and craftsmen; Lorenzo Polluzzi, a "Stuccatore," Francesco Melloni, Hippolyto Sconzani, painter of architecture, and Lorenzo Mattielli, sculptor, some of whose work is to be seen in the Belvedere at Vienna. It was Mattielli who did the sculpture on the main staircase at Melk. The work proceeded steadily from 1701 to 1750, when it was completed. The Italians disappear about half-way through. Beduzzi contracted for the decoration for 700 gulden in 1701. He received payments in 1711 of two sums of 500 florins and 1,150 florins, and continued to provide designs for the altars and other details as late as 1722. After that date the Italians disappear, and native artists take their place. Santino Bussy, "Stuccatore," is mentioned in 1725, but J. M. Rothmayer had superseded Sconzani as painter of architecture. Hans and George Waibl and Franz Lessner, of Vienna, appear as painters, and Peter Widerning, sculptor, of S. Polten, takes the place of Lorenzo Mattielli. The native artists had learnt their lessons from the Italians, and by the middle of the eighteenth century were not very much inferior to them.

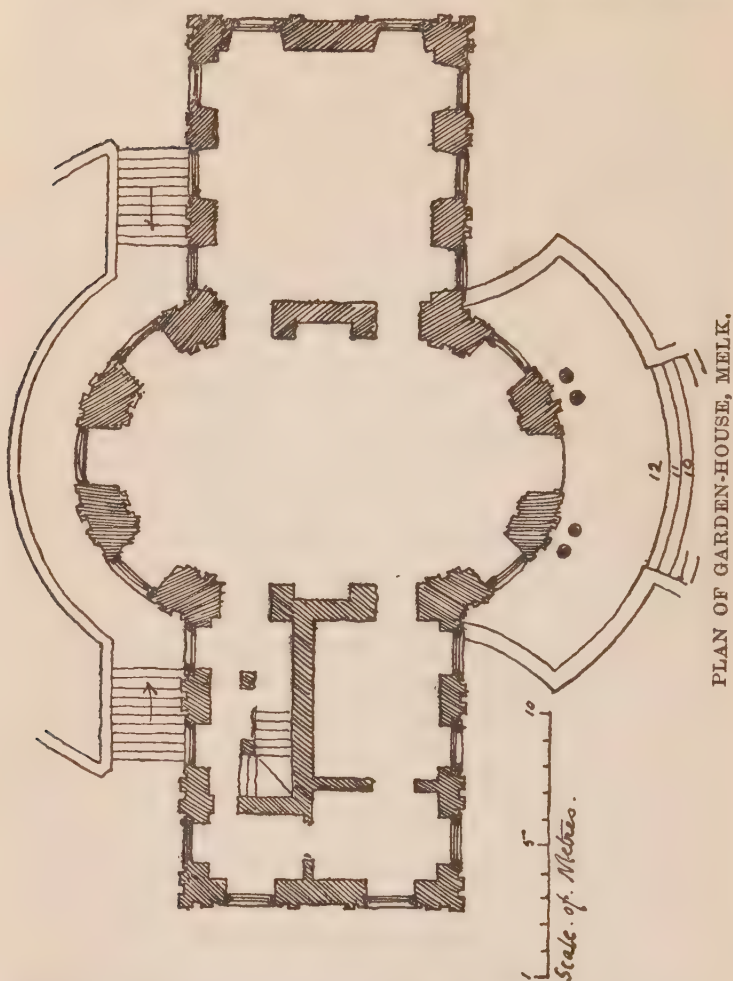
Rothmayer's religious paintings are not worse than those of Solimena and most of the Neapolitans in the preceding century, but he still had to rely on an Italian, G. Fanti, for the drawing of his architecture. The total cost of the monastery in the fifty years of its building was 708,436 florins. I have no idea what that would be at present value, but probably over a million sterling; though, as the greater part of the build-

ing was built in brick and stucco, and most of the marble work (except the Salzburg marble) was scagliola, an immense show was provided at a minimum cost. This was the usual practice in Austrian and South German Baroque, and indeed in Italian architecture from the seventeenth century onwards, and time, of course, has had its revenge ; but the gilding at any rate was very thoroughly done, and I find that, out of the total cost of the building, about 35,000 florins was spent on painting and nearly 20,000 florins on gilding.

It is difficult to find a single piece of good architecture in this vast building, always excepting that fine composition of the rock, the terrace, the wings, and the towers at the river end, yet Melk leaves with one an abiding impression of unity of purpose carried out on a great scale, and a sense of fitness in its harmony with the landscape too often lacking in ambitious architecture. There is another example of this fine choice of sites at Banz, a few miles north of Bamberg, where the abbey buildings stand on a hill some 500 feet above the Main, with a terrace giving glorious views over the valley, and the road winding up to it through the woodland somehow suggests the landscapes shown in the backgrounds of pictures by the Primitives. At Melk the walls of the monastery rise abruptly from three sides of a narrow ridge of rock that ends precipitously at the river. The principal entrance is at the opposite end, where the ridge runs back, flanked by two bastions so that the whole establishment was isolated from the little town that clusters round the base of the rock.

The Abbot, who was a great ecclesiastical dignitary, must have lived here with much magnificence. To the east of the monastery is an old garden laid out on formal lines, with a water-piece in the centre, and at the farther end of this there is an attractive garden-house with a chestnut walk and terrace behind it. The garden-house has a large oblong room in the centre with rounded ends, a room to right and left, stairs, and a small kitchen or pantry and cellar for the private parties of the Abbot, and a fine flight of twelve steps set out in a curve leads to the terrace from which the building is entered. The centre room has painted architecture and an elaborate, painted ceiling; the two side rooms are decorated with panels of Indian princes, camels, and animals as imagined by the painter, all spreading cheerfully over walls and ceilings without the slightest relevance to the architectural forms. The painting was executed by John Bergl in 1763, and the building was designed by Franz Munkenast, and built 1747-8. It is about the same size as the Amalienburg at Munich, and follows the same general idea, and it was undoubtedly inspired by that admirable little building; but even the Abbot of Melk, great personage as he was, could not compete with the Elector of Bavaria, and where Cuvilliés could use carved wood and almost plate it with silver, Munkenast had to content himself with architectural painting. Still it is a charming little building, deserving attention both for its own merits, and for the light it throws on the habits and customs of Austrian prelates in the eighteenth

century. At Pressburg we shall come across a prince-bishop who kept a gambling-table in his



palace, and lost the bank at pharaoh to an Italian adventurer.

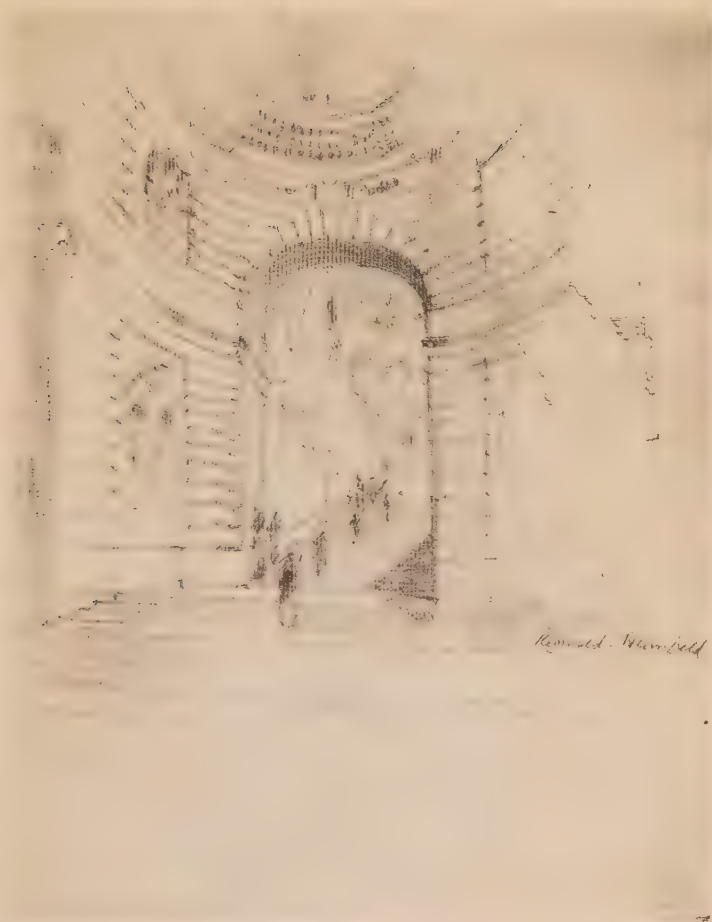
The Monastery of Kloster-Neuburg, about four miles north of Vienna, was founded in the

eleventh century and is said to be the oldest and richest in Austria. Kloster-Neuburg is built on a rock of no great height, and was designed by an Italian, Donato d'Allio,¹ on a magnificent scale, partly as a monastery, partly as an occasional residence for Maria Theresa, who, however, gave up the place after 1740, in favour of Schönbrunn. The entrance façade is an excellent example of Baroque in its simplest and most attractive form. The entrance leads to a fine, domed hall, and the main staircase, one of the finest designs of its kind in Austria, and far better than any of the vulgar exuberances of Hildebrandt, is on the right. The Viennese architects, as a rule, were content with a very restricted space for their staircases, and hoped to get an effect of richness and magnificence by elaborate balustrades and fantastic figures—as, for example, Count Kinsky's palace and Prince Eugène's winter palace at Vienna. These staircases are as a rule badly lit, and far too narrow for any dignified effect. The Italians knew better—Martinelli, for instance, in the Liechtenstein summer palace. In the staircase at Kloster-Neuburg the stairs lead up to the first floor by straight consecutive flights of ample width and easy going, and on either side on the first floor are wide corridors overlooking the stairs. The architecture is austere and stately, and the man who designed it must have seen what Bartolomeo Bianco had done at Genoa. On the first-floor landing a very attractive corridor goes

¹ Donato Felice d'Allio was a native of Milan. He also designed the Salesian nunnery near the Lower Belvedere, one of the best Baroque buildings in Vienna.

off to the left, and gives access to the Royal suite along the side facing towards Vienna, the throne room and other rooms, and the usual "marble" hall, this time an oval, 28 paces on the long axis by 18 paces on the short, all in gilt and scagliola, except the marble floor. The decorations in plaster are in that more restrained manner which the earlier Italians brought with them from Italy, and which was soon to be superseded by the extraordinarily skilful methods of Cuvilliés and the aberrations of native artists, whom we have met before at Melk. Bussi designed the decorations, and the work belongs to the earlier part of the eighteenth century.

There is a bird's-eye view which shows the monastery as originally intended. The view shows a very large four-square building with four courts, and elaborate façades south and west, with complicated staircases leading to the lower ground and the river which is shown at the foot of the hill. The Danube is now a full half-mile away, and either this must have altered its course or the draughtsman indulged his imagination. Not much more than half appears to have been carried out, including a sumptuous but rather gaudy chapel. Unfortunately a modern "Romanesque" church was built in 1882, on the site of what had been intended for the completion of the west façade, and its utterly incongruous towers go far to spoil an unusually attractive building. The period of architecture from the middle to the end of the nineteenth century must have been the worst in the whole history of architecture since the Renaissance.



The Staircase, Kloster Neuburg

From about 1830 onwards architects designed Gothic and Romanesque churches often in place of excellent old buildings, without the slightest regard to other buildings already standing on the site, and with a very imperfect and inaccurate knowledge of the styles they were endeavouring to reproduce. The chapel of Exeter College, Oxford, designed by the most famous architect of the day about the middle of the last century, is a standing example of architectural and ecclesiastical vandalism. It was supposed to be based on the design of the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, and replaced a complete and apparently very attractive Jacobean chapel which retained its original oak fittings and panellings, but failed to satisfy the views of the high churchmen of the time. The architect reported that the building was unsafe, but when it came to taking it down they had to blow it up with gunpowder. The result was this preposterous chapel, out of scale with the seventeenth-century college buildings, and a disastrous legacy to future generations. It is one of the many attractive points in the abbey buildings of Melk that it has entirely escaped the hand of the nineteenth-century restorer, and stands to this day very much as it stood when it was completed nearly two hundred years ago.

CHAPTER X

VIENNA

IN addition to the fact that it is a very pleasant city with civil and kindly people, the merit of Vienna for anyone interested in architecture is that most of its old buildings are within the small and compact area bounded by the Ringstrasse, or only just outside it. The demerit is that, with the exception of the Dom, and the Church of the Minorites, scarcely any of those buildings were erected before 1700, and hardly any of serious interest after 1775. The Dom, in spite of its lofty steeple and its great roof of multi-coloured tiles, is one of the most disappointing of cathedrals, the more so as, owing to the fact that there are no clerestory windows, and the tall windows of the aisle are filled with impossible modern glass, the interior is in a state of permanent gloom. The Minorites and the Augustiner Kirche are even more depressing.

The enormous and costly buildings put up in the last half of the nineteenth century rank among the more conspicuous failures of modern architecture. The votive church by von Ferstel is a deplorable example of modern Gothic. The famous Opera House, "in the early French Renaissance style," is dull and pretentious. The two museums which face each other across the Maria Theresien Platz are disappointing—

too much "architecture" of the wrong kind—and Hasenauer's vast additions to the Hofburg spoil and conceal the finest Baroque building in Vienna. His design has no sort of relevance to Fischer von Erlach's work in the old Hofburg, and as an exercise in neo-Classic, it abounds in solecisms, such as the columns of the Corinthian order on the side facing to the Helden-Platz, which stand on pedestals much higher than the balustrades between them, and the very weak angles of the pavilions in the front facing to the Hofgarten. Hasenauer would have done better had he studied the simple gravity of von Erlach's building instead of treating it with contempt. The Emperor Francis Joseph may have had some misgivings about this ambitious building, for he reassured himself by inscribing in large letters on a panel on the garden front: "*His œdibus adhæret concors populorum amor.*" One would like to know what the people thought of it and its cost to the State. The Rotunda, that remarkable gateway, with a great dome 79 feet in diameter and 112 feet high over the roadway, which leads from the Franzens-Platz to the Michaeler Platz, completed in 1893, is much more successful. Kirschner, the architect, used here a rather coarse form of German Baroque in a skilful manner, but most of the architects of Francis Joseph seem to have been quite uncertain which way to turn.

In 1856–79 von Ferstel was building the votive church in a very wiry and mechanical Gothic. In 1872–82 the Rathhaus was built "in the Gothic style with Renaissance details"

(Baedeker) by F. von Schmidt. About the same time von Ferstel was building the university in Italian "Mid-Renaissance" manner; and Hansel was building the Parliament House in what was intended to be pure Greek, picked out with the proper colours. Unfortunately, he used an ineffective Corinthian order, and in spite of the ambitious statue of Pallas Athene in front, the whole effect is that of a toy building. To complete the list, the Kunsthistorische and Natural History Museums were built at the same time, from designs by Semper and Hasenauer in "the Italian High Renaissance" style, which meant a merely mechanical design outside, a profusion of gold and marble and scagliola inside, and picture galleries far too high for their purpose. The Austrians are an artistic people, more so than the Germans and Hungarians, but they failed as badly as the French in their buildings erected in the last fifty years of the nineteenth century.

The last piece of good architecture in Vienna seems to me to have been the Burg-Tor, that rather imposing gateway with a Greek Doric colonnade that separates the Burg-Platz from the Ringstrasse and Maria Theresa Platz, and this was designed by von Nobile over a hundred years ago. We are driven back rather more than another hundred years to the really interesting period of Viennese architecture, that brilliant but short-lived episode which began with the advent of the Italians and ended with the death of Maria Theresa.

At the end of the seventeenth century, one of

the great Austrian nobles, Johann Adam Andreas von Liechtenstein, determined to build himself a great house in Vienna, and in 1694 bought from Dominik Andreas, Count Kaunitz, a house in the Minoriten-Platz already partly built, together with all materials and plant. The reason for Liechtenstein's sudden plunge into all this costly building seems to have been his ambition to qualify for acceptance as a prince of the Holy Roman Empire. Some fifteen miles south of the south-east end of Lake Constanz and forty miles west of Innsbrück there is a little principality which at the end of the seventeenth century consisted of two lordships, Schellenberg and Vaduz. John Adam Liechtenstein bought the first in 1699 and the second in 1712, and in 1719 the Emperor Charles VI recognised Liechtenstein as a principality and an hereditary state of the Holy Roman Empire. This curious little state, not so big as Yorkshire, has maintained its independence to this day. It has or had its own stamps and coinage, its 11,000 inhabitants,¹ and its reigning prince, Prince John II, who only died this year, much beloved by his subjects.

Liechtenstein, who was a narrow-minded, arbitrary, and ambitious man, set to work with uncompromising energy. It appears that an Italian architect, Gabriel di Gabrieli, was already in charge of the building, but these Austrian noblemen cared nothing for professional etiquette, or the rights and wrongs of practice, and Liechtenstein brought in over the head of Gabrieli another Italian architect, Domenico

¹ Mr. H. C. Luke in *The Times*, November 13, 1928.

Martinelli, a member of the Academy of S. Luke, who had made a great reputation at Rome and who was then living at Vienna, at the house of Count Harrach.¹ Martinelli prepared his designs, and the work proceeded; but during the architect's absence on one of his other works, Liechtenstein instructed Gabrieli, who seems to have been relegated to the position of clerk of the works, to alter the staircase altogether. On his return, Martinelli protested vigorously, but as he could obtain no redress from his client, took the bold and unusual step of fixing to the gates of the palace a printed statement of his case. After this gallant attempt to vindicate his rights as an architect, he left Vienna and returned to Rome; but he and his client seem to have made up their quarrel, for when Liechtenstein, not content with his town house, determined in 1700 to build himself a summer palace not quite a mile away, he employed Martinelli to design it, with the result that he obtained the finest and most scholarly building in Vienna, designed (except for trifling details) in "the true Roman manner" and not in Baroque at all.

A good deal of misunderstanding in regard to Baroque is due to the promiscuous sweeping into the net of all buildings erected between 1650 and 1750. The air wants clearing, and the fact is that the Italians who came into Austria and Southern Germany at the end of the seventeenth century were of three classes: architects such as Martinelli, architectural draughtsmen such

¹ Some further details of Martinelli's career will be found in my "Note on Baroque Architecture," chap. xiv,

as Andrea Pozzo and Hippolyto Sconzani, and theatre "ingénieurs" such as Burnacini, Antonio Beduzzi, and the Bibiena family. Moreover, the earlier men such as Martinelli and Petrini followed the more or less orthodox classical traditions, whereas the inferior men and all the theatre designers based their design on Borromini, and it was these men who set the fashion so assiduously followed by Austrian and German architects. By the end of the first quarter of the eighteenth century the native architects had mastered their technique sufficiently to stand by themselves, but they took their ideas of architecture not from the Italian architects so much as from the theatre designers, with the result that their design steadily drifted away from architecture to the fantastic caprices of theatrical scenery, and was only redeemed by flashes of humour here and there, and by its vivacity and its intimate harmony with the silks and satins of the ladies of the Court. In fact, Baroque art in Austria and Southern Germany sometimes seems to me not so much the art of the architect as the art of the dressmaker *in excelsis*, and it went out of fashion with the dress with which it combined so admirably.

The Liechtenstein summer palace was built in 1701-2, and is well known for its collection of pictures, but it is also an exceedingly fine house. You enter, through an archway, into a large semicircular forecourt with a *parterre de broderie* in box about 2 feet high, laid out on the carnation pattern. The centre part of the façade is an arcade in five bays, giving access to a

splendid loggia, which extends right through the house for a depth of some hundred feet, and is open on both sides, so that one looks through to the garden beyond. Right and left broad flights of marble stairs, 15 feet wide in single pieces of marble, lead to the first floor, with its galleries arranged *en suite*, and its marble hall, measuring about 90 feet by 80 feet, with red scagliola Corinthian columns 3 feet in diameter, and a ceiling painted by Andrea Pozzo.

The detail throughout is comparatively severe and restrained; it still preserves a relation to formal architecture, and in the modesty of its plaster ornament some reminiscence of Rome. Though quite unlike in design, the exterior somehow recalled to me the modesty of some of the best of our English houses, such as Belton in Lincolnshire. Unfortunately the garden at the back is now a wilderness, but when Belotto painted it there was a broad walk down the centre with parterres, cut yews, urns, and images on either side, bordered by lofty hornbeam hedges and leading by flights of stairs to a stone terrace at the farther end, on which is shown the noble owner, with two ridiculous little dogs begging, and a stocky little negro page. This terrace formed part of the Belvedere at the end of the garden, which was built some years later from designs by Fischer von Erlach. It was destroyed a few years ago, I do not know why, but there is an engraving of it in the fourth book of von Erlach's *Entwurf einer Historischen Architektur*, 1721.

Martinelli also designed Count Harrach's

palace in the Schotten-Platz, and here on the façade he used the colossal Corinthian order, running up from the plinth to the entablature. It is a heavy and uninteresting design, and he was more successful in the country house that he designed for Count Kaunitz at Austerlitz, on a rather curious plan. The forecourt, 200 feet long by 70 feet wide, is formed by wings running out from the main block to pavilions, with quarter circles at the angles next the entrance. The great hall, about 70 feet by 40 feet, with segmental ends, occupies the centre of the main block, with staircases on either side. The garden façade is 185 feet wide, and the total length of the building 300 feet. The Esterhazy Palace in Vienna, also by Martinelli, is a modest building, excellent in its quiet way, and there is a monastery by Martinelli at Kloster-Hradisch, north-east of Brunn, used as a military hospital, which I have not seen, but which appears to be an attractive building.

Martinelli died in 1718. He seems to me to have been an excellent architect—with Donato d'Allio, the best of the Italians who crossed the Alps. He followed Bernini, rather than Borromini, and the impulse that he must have given to Austrian art can be measured by a comparison of the Liechtenstein Palace with the Lobkowitz Palace at Vienna, built, a few years before his arrival, by G. P. Tencala, an Austrian architect. The Lobkowitz Palace shows originality but no great range of technique. The orders are not used at all, and the effect is got by unusual rustications and fairly good proportions. Un-

fortunately this motive was not followed up, and as the Viennese architects also abandoned Martinelli's scholarly methods, the result was a débâcle in Austrian and South German architecture well before the end of the eighteenth century.

The familiar names at Vienna are, of course, Fischer von Erlach and Johannes Lukas von Hildebrandt. Von Erlach, the older man, was the leading architect in Vienna, till he became rather intractable in his old age, and his position was undermined by the smart and pushing young draughtsman Lukas von Hildebrandt. Of the two men, von Erlach was, in my opinion, incontestably the better architect. He was born in 1650, and is said to have studied in Italy. His technique, in spite of all his bizarre experiments, was sound, in the sense that he could, when he liked, use the orders correctly, a rare accomplishment among the Austrian and South German architects of his time. The Corinthian order that he used in the Kollegien-Kirche at Salzburg, bad as that church seems to me in other regards, is not the work of an ignorant man. Von Erlach became surveyor-general to the Crown, and in some respects he resembled the elder Blondel, a scholar, a mathematician, a man of considerable ability, and also a pompous old prig.

Blondel, who was born in 1618 and died in 1686, combined with his professional work as architect that of official instructor to the Dauphin in mathematics, and as professor at the Academy produced voluminous and costly

treatises on architecture. Jean Marot, the engraver, had also produced engravings of his ideas of the chief temples of antiquity. The French example was not to be ignored by the Imperial Professor forty years later, so von Erlach also produced a prodigious folio on the architecture of the world up to date, not excluding designs of his own invention. The Pyramids, the Temple of Solomon, the Tower of Babel, the temples of Jupiter and of Diana of the Ephesians, the Colossus of Rhodes, seventy cubits high and dated 3600 B.C., the Golden House of Nero, shown on a flat site, and reproducing von Erlach's own design for Schönbrunn, a Naumachia, Trajan's Column, the baths of Diocletian, Stonehenge, and temples from Turkey, China, and Siam, all figure in the collection, based on such descriptions as von Erlach could collect and his own imagination. The last book contains his designs for Schönbrunn, the winter palace of Prince Eugène, the Trautson Palace, the Liechtenstein Belvedere, the Kollegien-Kirche at Salzburg, the Karls-Kirche at Vienna, and the imperial stables at Vienna, the only part carried out of an immense scheme which was to provide stabling for six hundred horses, a tilting yard, a watering-place for horses, and an amphitheatre. This book includes a pleasure-house for the Archbishop of Salzburg, and various fancy designs of the author's own invention.

The drawings of the first three books are accompanied by critical remarks by von Erlach, who quotes every conceivable authority—Herodotus, Pausanias, Strabo, Pomponius Mela,

Aulus Gellius, Vitruvius (rarely), Pliny, Suetonius, Martial, Tacitus, Wheler, and Spon, and the R.P. Villalpandi for the Temple of Solomon. I doubt whether von Erlach ever read half the authorities he mentions, but there is an immense parade of erudition and of laborious industry in the preparation of these elaborate plates. They have, of course, not the slightest historical value, except as illustrating what did duty for research in cultivated circles in Vienna at the beginning of the eighteenth century. From the words "cet an 1711" in the Trautson Plate, it seems that von Erlach was compiling his book at that date, and he seems to have amused his old age with completing it, for the book was not published till 1721. Another edition appeared in 1730, with text in English by a secretary of Legation, Thomas Lidiard. The fourth book, with the architect's own designs, is characteristic of eighteenth-century methods of advertisement; but von Erlach was really a modest man, for he omits his most important works, the Schwarzenburg Palace and the superb library of the Hofburg.

The Karls-Kirche, dedicated to S. Carlo Borromeo after a plague in Vienna, was begun in 1716, and completed, after von Erlach's death, by his son, who also completed the Hofburg from his father's designs. It is an extraordinary building for a church. The plan is an oval, with choir and side chapels projecting from the circumference. The consequence is that one is never quite sure how to look at the oval dome, end on or sideways. Moreover, the whole



KARLS-KIRCHE, VIENNA.

building crowds in on one, and in Baroque architecture there is always a hint of nightmare in the background, something vague and ill-defined and not quite wholesome—one always wants to get out again into the open air. Outside the north, south, and east elevations are simple and well designed, but in the west elevation von Erlach let his pedantry get the better of him. A broad flight of fifteen steps leads to a wide landing and ten more steps to the entrance behind a Corinthian colonnade with a pediment, behind which the drum of the dome rises abruptly and much too close to the front. The façade then sets back on a segmental curve to make room for the Trajan columns, and ends up in two-story pavilions with strange gables, terminating in copper-covered cupolas. Then, in the space between these pavilions and the centre façade, von Erlach placed two high columns, carved with figure-subjects from the life of S. Carlo Borromeo, climbing up on a spiral in the manner of Trajan's Column. On the top of the columns are Doric capitals, supporting a sort of stone lantern with gilt bronze griffins on the four angles. The columns are out of scale with the rest of the building, and bear no relation to its architecture. Von Erlach was a man of much technical ability, but of rather commonplace imagination and uncertain taste. He seems to have been unable to make up his mind whether he was designing a church or a public monument, and having seen Trajan's Column in Rome, he was quite determined to reproduce it somehow.

Von Erlach, and later Balthasar Neumann,

could not escape the fascination of that very able design of Bernini's, the oval Church of S. Andrea del Quirinale in Rome.¹ The oval nave of Bernini's church measures 23 paces by 16 paces. The principal chapel is on the short axis of the oval with eight chapels in recesses round its outer side. The oval nave of the Karls-Kirche measures 38 paces by 22 paces, with large deep recesses east and west and north and south, and four smaller recesses on the diagonals. Yet, though a smaller building, the Church of S. Andrea gives the impression of being the more spacious of the two. Von Erlach and all the Austrian architects always overcrowded their interiors and never seem to have known how to leave things out. Moreover, they had little sense of material. In their passion for magnificence they were content to use scagliola instead of marble and stucco instead of stone.

Von Erlach's palaces in Vienna are inferior to Martinelli's. The best of them are the Schwarzenburg and the Trautson (Hungarian Guard). The Schwarzenburg Palace, alongside that of the Belvedere, was begun in 1706. The garden front is an excellent, straightforward design; it consists of a centre-piece in three bays divided by pairs of Ionic pilasters, projecting on a segmental curve, and carried up above the rest of the building, then two bays repeating this treatment

¹ The Church of S. Peter, near the Graben, has an oval plan very similar to that of the Karls-Kirche. If by von Erlach, it was his first attempt at this difficult plan, but it is more probable that it was by Martinelli, and that von Erlach borrowed the idea from him.

on either side, and beyond this four more bays with single pilasters slightly advanced beyond the front. The faults of the design are the wide spacing of the pilasters and the weakness of the angles, but its sobriety is attractive, and there is an element of adventure in the treatment of the centre-piece, with its slight curve backwards above the main cornice, like the stern of a Dutch galleon. There is some excellent garden sculpture in the grounds by Lorenzo Mattielli, whom we have met before on the grand staircase at Melk, and who also executed the admirable carving on the old city armoury in the Amhof at Vienna. The entrances to the forecourt on the north side of the Schwarzenburg Palace are cleverly planned. The two entrance roadways, one on each side of the forecourt, follow an ogee curve, and enter the forecourt at the north end farthest away from the house. The forecourt measures 116 paces wide by 126 paces long from the main building to the parapet at the north end overlooking the public garden. Along the sides are low ranges of buildings containing stables and offices. Altogether this great nobleman's house is rather a splendid affair, but the Schwarzenburg Palace is one of the disappointments of Vienna. It is not shown to the public, and the building leaves a disagreeable impression of stiff-necked arrogance.

The winter palace of Prince Eugène, now the Ministry of Finance, is depressing. It was begun by von Erlach and finished by Hildebrandt. It has three important entrances, with trophies of arms and panels of the exploits of Eugène,

eighteen figures along the sky-line above the balustrade, a low porte-cochère, and off to the right one of those ill-lit, crowded staircases in which the Baroque architects delighted. Four terminal figures carry the first-floor landing. A hideous Hercules confronts you on the half-landing, and narrow flights branch right and left to the first floor. The fact is that both this staircase and the much-admired and rather vulgar staircase of the Kinsky Palace are very badly designed. Hildebrandt was responsible for the Kinsky staircase, and probably for this as well.

Von Erlach was much happier in his design for the Palace of the Hungarian Guard (Trautson). The entrance leads direct from the street into a square hall, divided into nine compartments by groups of four Doric columns. Beyond the side opposite to the entrance is the usual internal court, and on the left, as you enter, a short flight of steps, with sphinxes on low pedestals on either side, ascends to a corridor or lobby at the foot of the stairs, in which muscular figures support blocks of the cornice of the lobby, which act as imposts to the arches under the stairs. It is characteristic of the carelessness of the Baroque architects that this impost-mould entirely ignores the impost-moulding of the hall itself, which ends anyhow underneath it. The staircase proper, with a marble balustrade, rises from the farther side of this lobby the full height of the building.

The Trautson Palace seems to have been one of the last domestic buildings that von Erlach



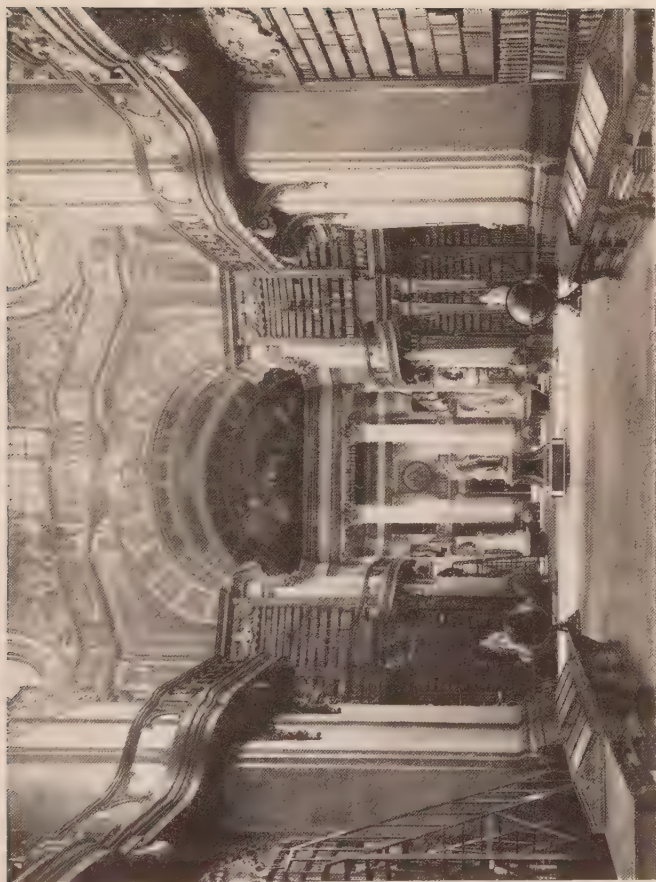
JOSEPH-PLATZ, THE COURTYARD OF THE HOFBURG, VIENNA.
With the monument of the Emperor, Joseph II.

did, and if one compares the façade with the façade of the Ministry of the Interior, which was completed before 1711, it is evident that he was drawing away from the extravagant futilities coming into fashion through Hildebrandt's influence, and was regaining the sense of architectural form and proportion which was rapidly disappearing in Austria and Germany. Except in the rather florid treatment of the pediments above the first-floor windows, there is nothing Baroque about the façade of the Trautson. Compared with the absurdities of the Kinsky Palace and the Belvedere it is well-proportioned, dignified architecture. This applies also to the excellent design of the Reichs-Kanzlei, which was completed by his son after von Erlach's death in 1723. With wider knowledge and experience, von Erlach was advancing in design as he grew older, and the sad thing is that in his old age he went out of fashion, and, like Wren in his old age, was superseded by inferior men.

Von Erlach's masterpiece is undoubtedly the Imperial Library, facing the Joseph-Platz, completed in 1726, far the most satisfactory part of the great assemblage of buildings that go to make up the Hofburg. There is nothing Baroque in the simple rusticated lower story, and the well-proportioned Ionic pilasters that divide the upper stories into bays. The only suggestion of it is seen in the great oval windows in the roof, and the free and audacious treatment of the sculpture over the centre part, the great globe, and the figures on either side of it. The Library on the first floor is, perhaps, the finest room of

its kind in the world. It is planned as a cross with shallow transepts, with an elliptical dome lit by oval windows over the crossing. In the long arms, and at some distance back from the crossing, two detached Corinthian columns screen off the farther part from the centre. The effect is admirable in its suggestion of space and distance and varied light. All the bookcases are in walnut and gold, and the effect of this, combined with the leather bindings of the innumerable books that fill them, is a beautiful glow of subdued colour. From the point of view of a modern library the design would be ridiculous, but it was worth doing two hundred years ago, and it remains a noble monument of scholarship, and of that grand manner which seems to be now a thing of the past.

Von Erlach prepared two immense designs for Schönbrunn, but one was never carried out and the other was remodelled in the middle of the eighteenth century. He seems to me to stand by himself among the Baroque architects of the early part of the eighteenth century, a solid, serious man, not a *fripon* like some of his contemporaries. He was an artist, with ideals, not always wisely chosen, but pursued with sincerity and a good deal of ability. He does not rank among the great architects of history, such as Bramante, Perruzzi, Sansovino, Inigo Jones, Wren, Francois Mansart, or the younger Gabriel, but he seems to me to have been far the ablest of that first generation of South German and Austrian architects who were more or less his contemporaries, such as the elder Dientzenhofer,



INTERIOR OF THE HOFBURG LIBRARY, VIENNA.

Pöppelmann of the Zwinger Palace, George Bähr of the Frauen-Kirche at Dresden, or Hildebrandt, his rival and successor in Vienna. He had, in fact, some historical sense, some reverence for architecture and its great tradition, whereas these men treated the art as a *corpus vile* on which to make their ill-considered experiments.

CHAPTER XI

VIENNA : THE BELVEDERES, SCHÖNBRUNN, SCHLOSSHOF, AND PRESSBURG

IN the latter years of his life von Erlach was cut out by Lucas von Hildebrandt, his junior by some sixteen years. I find it difficult to write fairly about Hildebrandt. My friend Dr. Bushbeck, of the Kunsthistorische Museum, who knows much more about Austrian Baroque than I do, thinks very highly of his work. I, on the other hand, who can only form my opinion from what I have seen, think that he is one of the worst architects whose name has ever reached the pages of history. I also find it difficult to disentangle his work from that of others with whom he is supposed to have collaborated or superseded; such, for instance, as Neumann and others at the Prince-Bishop's Palace at Wurzburg, the Bishop's Palace (Mirabell) at Salzburg, and the great house of Pommersfelden, in all of which he is alleged to have taken part.

Of all artists architects are the least fortunate. The name of one well-known man—Wren, for example, or Robert Adam—is seized on by writers, and applied to all sorts of buildings of his time, and the real architects, possibly as good but less successful, are lost in oblivion. In accounts of contemporary buildings, even in responsible papers, everybody present at the

laying of the foundation-stone is mentioned, and the only person who is forgotten is the architect, the only person without whose brain that particular building would never have come into existence.

Hildebrandt's name has been tacked on to buildings in which it is difficult to find any real trace of his handiwork. On the other hand, there is no doubt whatever that he was the architect of the Kinsky Palace in Vienna and of the Upper and Lower Belvedere for Prince Eugène. The Kinsky Palace has a staircase which is much admired. It leads out of the entrance hall, crawls up a long side wall, till it reaches the first-floor landing. Here there is a fantastic balustrade formed of interlacing scrolls elaborately carved, with pedestals at intervals on each of which two fat children are throwing each other about. In the side wall of the stairs are niches with figures, and much higher up, or at any rate too close to the ceiling, an ugly balcony runs round the staircase. I take it to be on the strength of the fat children that Hildebrandt is credited with the design of the staircase in the Mirabell Palace at Salzburg, where the figures are more attractive; but it is an ugly staircase blocked with great square piers at the angles of each landing, a mistake also made by Dientzenhofer in the staircase of the Prince-Bishop's Palace at Bamberg.

The façade of the Kinsky Palace is chiefly remarkable for the pilasters of the three centre bays. These have composite Ionic caps and taper outwards and upwards from the base;

the lower part is fluted, the upper is panelled, with some silly carving hanging down the face. Hildebrandt evidently regarded this as a great achievement, for he was very fond of these tapered baluster pilasters. To me it seems about as valuable as that other effort in originality, turning the volutes of capitals upside down. The pilasters of the Kinsky Palace run through two stories, and the result is the usual difficulty of the colossal order in domestic buildings. If the order is to include three stories it becomes so large that it is unmanageable. If the normal entablature is used, the space between the top of the second-floor windows and the sill of the third story becomes too great. Hildebrandt adopted the unsatisfactory device of a very deep frieze, with windows in the frieze separated by pairs of trusses above the pilasters. If he had been content to omit the rather futile pediments above his second-floor windows, and had simplified his design, he could have solved the problem without difficulty, as, in fact, it was solved in the Clary Palace (now the Provincial Museum) at Vienna. But Hildebrandt seems to have revelled in a sort of perverted ingenuity, and to have been ready to do anything that would attract attention by seeming to be new. "La Maraviglia" was always the ideal of the Baroque.

It seems that Prince Eugène, the greatest man in Austria, quarrelled with von Erlach, and brought in Hildebrandt to finish up his winter palace in Vienna, begun from von Erlach's design. Von Erlach was obstinate and the Prince im-



THE LIECHTENSTEIN SUMMER PALACE, VIENNA.
From the picture by Belotto.

perious. Moreover, like Marlborough, he was determined to have a new palace that should be as famous as his victories, regardless of cost, convenience, and common sense. The prodigality of these Austrian princes and noblemen is incredible. Liechtenstein had no sooner finished his town house than he began his summer palace scarcely a mile away, though he already had two other country houses at some distance from Vienna, and Prince Eugène, not content with his sumptuous house in the Himmelfortgasse, got possession of a splendid site on rising ground 900 metres long by 125 metres wide, about half a mile away, and here he built the Upper and the Lower Belvedere and laid out a really admirable garden. Immediately next to it on the west is the Schwarzenburg Palace and its gardens, by von Erlach, quiet and even sombre in design. Hildebrandt saw his chance of finally eclipsing his rival, and so on the high ground above he produced the Upper Belvedere, I imagine the most vulgar building of its kind in the whole range of architecture. The only redeeming parts of the Belvedere design are the forecourt on the east side and the garden sloping down to the Lower Belvedere, with its plain grass lawns, its water-pieces, its sculpture, and its parterres of horn-beam in the lower part of the garden. From the terrace of the Upper Belvedere, looking northward over the garden, there is a beautiful view, much as Belotto painted it, with the dome of the Salesien Nunnery to the right, S. Stephen's in the centre, the Karls-Kirche to the left, and in the

far distance the northern spurs of the Wiener Wald, rising above the valley of the Danube.

The exterior of the Upper Belvedere suggests a casino or a nineteenth-century station hotel. It is at once monotonous in its repetition, and restless. The north or garden façade has engaged octagonal pavilions at the ends, then comes a two-story building in four bays. Then the building jumps up another story for five bays. Then it projects outward for three bays with canted sides in the centre; after this the rest as before. Each part has its separate roof, so that the silhouette is badly broken. The detail throughout is trivial and vulgar, and the whole design seems to me flimsy and even ridiculous. The south front is in better proportion; owing to the rise of the ground it has one story less, and it is partly redeemed by a fine water-piece opposite the entrance, and the skilful management of the grounds which narrow down till they reach the entrance gates at the extreme south end of the side. The inside is a prodigious effort in turns and twirligigs, all in stucco, with a "golden room" all gilt, and a "marble hall" all in scagliola, with ill-proportioned Corinthian pilasters and not a plain piece of wall anywhere for the eye to rest on.

Want of reticence was always the besetting sin of these Baroque architects; they could never stay their hand, and seem to have thought that they could make their point by saying the same thing twenty times, and that if a thing was repeated often enough it must be right. I noted the same misconception of art in the succession

of anticlimaxes that disfigure the last scene in Strauss's *Rosen-Kavalier*, and, still worse, the series of starts and shrieks in his *Egyptian Helen*. No one doubts Strauss's ability as a musician. There is much beautiful music in the *Rosen-Kavalier*, and well-considered repetition is a recognised resource of art; but there is a limit to one's powers of endurance, and shock tactics are not the only or the most attractive way of appealing to the emotions. As for Hildebrandt, his designs inside and out never stop shouting at you, and they shout on a very commonplace and unattractive note.

The Lower Belvedere is less flamboyant than the Upper, and in consequence more attractive. It has the merit of being long and low, and there is a well-adjusted balance between the simple treatment of the wings and the elaboration of the centre-piece. It is now the Baroque Museum, and contains some interesting things: the Venus of Penzing, a rather charming figure with a dolphin carved in coarse stone by C. W. Beyer, and the original lead figures of the fountain in the Neue Markt by Raphael Donner, 1739. These figures are cast in lead of a very fine quality, so hard that I think it must have some alloy. In the "Marmor-Galerie" of the Baroque Museum there are figures of Francis I of Austria and Maria Theresa, also in this hard "lead," by Messerschmidt and Balthazar Moll, and of much the same date as Raphael Donner's fountain. In the Dom-Platz at Salzburg, opposite the west front of the cathedral, there is a very large monument, known as the "Column of the

Virgin," by Hagenauer, 1771. A lofty pedestal, with figures over life-size at the four angles, supports a mass of clouds with amorini. On the clouds is a globe, and standing on the globe a large figure of the Virgin. The whole of this is in lead. Cast in pure lead, like our English eighteenth-century garden figures, some part of this memorial would certainly have collapsed; but I saw no sign of failure in any part of it.

In the Spiegelsaal there is a most characteristic group by Balthasar Permoser, the sculptor of the Zwinger Palace at Dresden. The subject is the apotheosis of Prince Eugène. Now Eugène, first-class fighting man as he was, was, in fact, a small man, of poor physique. Here he is shown a little larger than life, a long, lean, hard-faced warrior in perruque and armour. One foot stands on the back of a man, presumably a Turk, the other is upheld by a woman blowing a long horn, the end of which is modestly stoppered by the Prince with his left hand. His right arm uplifted rests on a club. Another winged figure upholds a sun of glory, and any odd spaces are filled up with amorini. The sculptor was so intent on his symbolism that he forgot all about his composition, and the silhouette presents a series of bays and promontories, and unless one examines it close at hand is unintelligible.

Except for the Lower Belvedere and its contents and gardens, the world-famed Belvedere hardly seems to me worth the serious attention of an architect. The planning and façade of the Salesien Nunnery, just outside its entrance, are

worth both the Belvederes put together.¹ Hildebrandt was born in 1666, at Genoa, where his father, an officer in the Engineers, was stationed, and he seems to me to have picked up all the worst qualities of Italian late seventeenth-century design, and to have made them worse by his facility as a draughtsman and total absence of taste. As for the great and permanent elements of architecture—fine planning, bold construction, mass, silhouette and proportion, care and refinement in detail, the subtle art that conceals itself—Johannes Lukas von Hildebrandt seems to have been unconscious that any such things exist. I could find no trace of his work at Pommersfelden or at Wurzburg. Extravagant as much of the detail of the palace at Wurzburg is, it seems to me that the only contribution he might have made are the florid pediments above the windows, the pierced and carved balustrade above the main cornice of the centre partition of the garden front, and the uncomfortable plan, twisted columns, and bad proportions of the chapel.

Hildebrandt died in 1745. He had survived his rival von Erlach by some twenty-two years, and had succeeded in heading off the lead that von Erlach might have given to Austrian architecture. His death closes the most brilliant period of Austrian Baroque. It only lasted some

¹ The church and convent of the Sisters of S. Francis de Sales was built from the designs of Donato Felice d'Allio in 1717–30. The Karls-Kirche by von Erlach was begun in 1716 and finished in 1737 by his son, so that the two buildings are almost exactly contemporary.

fifty years, and Hildebrandt seems to me to have contributed more than anyone to its disintegration and final disappearance. By the middle of the eighteenth century the tide was turning, and one has to look for its continuance in Germany, where it had spread widely and rapidly and became more and more fantastic and exaggerated. The interiors of the churches of Steinhausen and Gunzburg by Dominicus Zimmermann, and of Ottobeuren and Zweisäulen by Michael Fischer, have lost all semblance of religious service, and would be far more suitable as music halls or casinos. The theatrical designers had won the day in Germany when they lost it in Austria.

The great Palace of Schönbrunn shows the change of direction. In its present form it was completed from designs by Niccolò Pacassi in 1744. Von Erlach had prepared a design for Joseph "*pour lui servir de maison de chasse.*" The work was begun in 1696 but abandoned after a few years, owing to the War of the Spanish Succession, and probably also on account of its enormous size, and the work was not resumed till 1744. It appears, however, that, with the exception of tiled roofs instead of the flat roofs shown in von Erlach's plate, his designs for the exterior and the forecourt were followed, and, to a much less extent, his proposals for the garden. Von Erlach had designed an immense colonnade on the site of the Gloriette, and parterres leading up to it, but his parterres extended interminably on both sides of the central garden, and when the grounds were laid out in the middle of the eighteenth century, bosquets of hornbeam



SCHÖNBRUNN FROM THE GARDENS.
From the picture by Belotto.

with pleached avenues were very wisely planted on either side of the central parterre. Maria Theresa had hitherto resided at Kloster-Neuburg, but soon after she came to the throne, she decided to complete the Palace of Schönbrunn, and this seems to have been actually done within a very few years after 1744, for Belotto's view, painted about 1750, shows the palace and its grounds very nearly as they are to-day.

There is one notable difference, however. Schönbrunn in 1750 was well out in the country, some three miles distant from Vienna, with open fields between. These are shown in Belotto's view, with S. Stephen's spire and the Karls-Kirche well away to the right. The Gloriette did not exist at that date, neither did those deplorable fir trees above the great water-piece at the upper end of the garden, which shut off the grass slope leading up to the Gloriette and go far to destroy the effect of this beautiful eighteenth-century garden.

In the completeness of the harmony between house and grounds Schönbrunn is one of the most satisfactory of all Royal palaces. Outside, it is scarcely Baroque at all, except for certain solecisms in detail, such as the piers on the ground-floor loggia, which incline inwards. Otherwise it is a straightforward classical building, well blocked out if a little monotonous, and the low wings which form the sides of the forecourt are very well designed in relation to the main building. The interior is interesting as a completely preserved example of decoration in the middle of the eighteenth century. There is a

small boudoir with silk panels in gilt frames on white; a Chinese lacquer room with black lacquer and gilt on white; a vast gallery with mirrors about 150 feet by 30 feet wide; a room with oblong and oval panels and Chinese paper in which the figures are shown with white faces on a light indigo blue; another black lacquer room, in a setting of brown and gold, the lacquer probably European; a room all white, with pale blue ornament in relief on white shaded with blue; and then there is the "Million-dollar Room," as they call it, Oriental drawings framed in twirligigs carved and gilt, with veneering said to be of Chinese rosewood. The Göess room is an interesting example of a room in which the painted decoration starts from the dado and spreads all over the walls and ceiling, without any break or particular regard for architectural form. In this case it is a garden scene by Joseph Bergl, the artist who carried out a similar scheme of decoration in the garden-house at Melk in 1763, where he made it far more interesting by introducing Indian figures and his idea of Indian animals, camels, elephants, and crocodiles.

Schönbrunn suffers, as do nearly all these Austrian and South German eighteenth-century buildings, from being built of bricks covered with stucco coloured a rather acrid yellow, which is supposed to reproduce the original colour shown in Belotto's pictures. It has no sort of resemblance to Versailles, with which it has been compared. It is, in fact, a purely Austrian conception of a palace, and taken as a whole with its forecourt, and the parterres and statues



Schönbrunn Fountain. Reginald Blomfield
Oct 1925.

SCHÖNBRUNN FOUNTAIN.

and hornbeam walks of its garden, it is a fine version of the grand manner. The figures of gods and goddesses set in niches cut in the pole hedges on either side of the garden are not shown in Belotto's view, and are probably rather later, and there are some plump and attractive mermaids in the basins with stone curbs, which are set in the avenues radiating from the palace. There is an excellent sham Roman ruin in brick tucked away among the trees which might have been designed by Piranesi himself, and was probably inspired by the series of his etchings and engravings issued in one great volume by Bouchard at Rome in 1753. There is also some attractive trellis-work, and a menagerie of the same date as the palace, which houses some very unhappy-looking animals.

The really fine thing about Schönbrunn is its scale, and the straightforward simplicity of the design of house and grounds as a whole. The forecourt measures some 243 paces by 198 paces. You enter between two obelisks supporting gilt eagles, cross the forecourt, pass through the building under low elliptical vaulting to the gardens. Right and left, hornbeam avenues, laid out on a "patte d'oie" design, disappear into the distance, with the Mermaid fountains very well placed half-way down, and in front of the palace is the garden, some 450 paces by 200 paces, with a broad walk down the centre, and *parterres de broderie* on either side. Then the ground rises to the water-piece and its fountain, and continues up to the Gloriette, far away on the sky-line, rather thin and gaunt, yet

completing, not ineffectively, a great theatrical scheme. One notes in the gardens at Schönbrunn, though on a more imposing scale, something of that friendly, intimate touch which makes the gardens of Nymphenburg so attractive. They are not on the monstrous scale of Versailles, yet they have a quiet dignity of their own, and avoid that parade and obvious effort which may lead one to regard Versailles with admiration but never with affection.

Maria Theresa had a summer palace at Laxenburg, near Mödling, some ten miles south of Vienna. It is a large, rather dull building with a park laid out in 1782 in what was supposed to be the manner of an English park. Baedeker pronounces it to be "one of the most successful creations of its kind in Europe." It may be so. I can only say it is not in the least like any English park that I have ever seen. And any possible illusion of an English park is destroyed when one reaches the lake, and is confronted by a building on the opposite bank called the "Franzenburg," erected early in the nineteenth century in a "modern Gothic style." Laxenburg is not very interesting, except for the eighteenth-century village lying near the great house, and the utterly astonishing curves and convolutions of the tower of the village church.

In the Belotto room of the Vienna gallery there are three views of another "kaiserliche Lustschloss" named "Schlosshof." I have run this place to earth, and find it to be an enormous barrack of a house some thirty miles east of Vienna and three miles south of Marchegg, the frontier



SCILLOSSHOF FROM THE GARDEN.
From the picture by Belotto.

station between Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. It is now used as a cavalry training school. In Belotto's view the house is shown with three sides of an oblong court, rather in the manner of the plan of Austerlitz. This was entered from a large forecourt of unusual and attractive design. As shown in the picture, the entrance-way winds round the sides of the basin of a large fountain, with balustrades on either side, following the curves, and continued round transepts to right and left of the house. The really remarkable thing about Schlosshof was its garden, now of course falling into decay.

The house stood on rising ground above the River March, and the designer of the gardens led down from the house to the lower ground by a series of bastions, terraces and steps, pleached alleys, pergolas, garden-houses, temples of trellis-work, fountains, and water-pieces, which must have made the Schlosshof garden, when Belotto painted it, one of the most complete formal gardens in the world. It must have wanted an army of gardeners to keep it in order, but in the first half of the eighteenth century labour was cheap and cost was not regarded in these matters. Moreover, the garden at Schlosshof must have been one of the last of the great formal gardens of the eighteenth century. Even at the immense house of Pommersfelden, of much the same date, there is a park, but no formal garden. Schlosshof is an instance of a formal garden in the grand manner, just as the delightful garden of Veitshöcheim, near Würzburg, is of the more intimate treatment of the garden of a

small country house. Both are characteristically Austrian, racy of the soil, not based on French or Italian models.

There has been an unfortunate tendency in writers to ascribe the art of continental peoples to one or other of these sources. Of course, since the early days of the Renaissance the influence of Italy was inevitable; the point is that that influence was assimilated at different dates and in different degrees by other countries—England, Austria, and Germany, as well as France or Spain, each country producing its own individual version, and this appears clearly in formal-garden design. That delightful manner was swept away by the Romantic movement, with its absurd and usually insincere sentimentalising about “Nature.” In the ridiculous words of Horace Walpole, “Kent leapt the fence and saw that all nature was a garden,” in which case, why make a garden at all? This conclusion was actually reached in many cases. I recollect a big eighteenth-century house near Kelso, where the grass of the policies came right up to the walls of the house, and there was no garden at all, except a walled-in kitchen garden well away from the house. There is no garden near the house at Laxenburg. One never seems to come to the end of the mischief done by the muddle-headed enthusiasm of the Romantic movement in the latter part of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries.

Just across the border, a few miles east of Schlosshof, is Pressburg, once the ancient capital of Hungary. It is now rather a depressing

place, in spite of its position on the banks of the Danube, and its romantic past—for it was here that the Hapsburg kings were crowned, and here that, in 1744, the Hungarian nobles professed their willingness to die for Maria Theresa, when, little more than a girl, with enemies on every side, she succeeded to the throne. There is the shell of a great eighteenth-century castle on the hill above the town, a good gateway tower, a few old houses, and the Archbishop's Palace, the "Primatiale." Otherwise, it is rather untidy and wholly provincial.

I went there to verify a story in Casanova's *Memoirs*. According to his own account, Casanova was received in the highest circles in Vienna, not even excepting Maria Theresa, her husband Francis I, and their son, afterwards Joseph II. Casanova describes how he nearly died of overeating at a picnic at Schönbrunn, and only saved his life by firing his pistol at the apothecary who was proceeding to bleed him, and then drinking gallons of water. Having acquired some reputation thereby as a dashing fellow, he was invited by a certain Baron de Vais to join him in an expedition to Pressburg with two ladies of the Baron's acquaintance. At Pressburg they fell in with a Chevalier de Talus, who persuaded them to go to a ball given by the Prince-Bishop in his palace, though they were total strangers in Pressburg, but this seems to have made no difference to the adventurous gate-crashers. They boldly entered the palace, and after going through the rooms, found themselves in a salon where the Bishop was cutting at pharaoh.

At his invitation, the Chevalier staked his card on the bank, won his stake, and swept the money into his pockets, and when the Prince-Bishop asked him what he would have done if he had lost, he replied that that was his affair and left the room. Casanova caught him up on the stairs and relieved him of one hundred sovereigns, and on his return to the room informed everyone that he was merely recovering a debt. On returning to the inn, the Baron and his party found that the Chevalier, whose only luggage was a nightshirt, had fled "*à franc étrier*," and Casanova, who returned next day to Vienna, found it convenient to beat a speedy retreat to Italy.

Maria Theresa's zeal for virtue "*cramped his style*," as the phrase is, and he gives an exceedingly interesting description of the methods of the police in Vienna in the eighteenth century: "*Tout à Vienne était beau ; il y avait beaucoup d'argent et beaucoup de luxe : mais le bigotisme de l'impératrice y rendait les plaisirs de Cythère extrêmement difficiles, surtout pour les étrangers. Une légion de vils espions qu'on décorait de beau nom de 'Commissaires de Chasteté,' étaient les bourreaux impitoyables de toutes les filles.*" Maria Theresa regarded immorality as the only one of the deadly sins that really mattered, and anyone who misbehaved was packed off to Temesvar at the other end of the kingdom.

Casanova's stories are regarded with some scepticism ; he wrote them in his old age to while away the deadly tedium of his post as

librarian to Count Waldstein at Dux, in Bohemia, and there is no doubt that he drew freely on his imagination. All the same, there was a basis of fact for his tales. The Primatiale is there all right, an imposing stone building in four stories, facing a little square. A porte-cochère with Doric columns leads to an inner court about 70 feet by 60 feet, and an ugly grand stairs leads to a suite of rooms where the Bishop held his bank, and there is also a small private staircase with marble balustrade for his more intimate visitors. An inscription on the front states that the palace was built at the private cost of Joseph Bathyany (1727-1799), cardinal, Jesuit priest, and prince, and in one of the rooms now used as municipal offices is a portrait of Joseph Bathyany, a man with a narrow forehead, long nose, and heavy jowl, evidently a *viveur* of enthusiasm, who probably hoped to meet the cost of his new palace by means of his gaming-tables. The building, which is hardly Baroque in design at all, was probably completed just before the date of Casanova's visit in 1753.

Casanova visited Vienna again in 1767, and in spite of his indignant protests that he was "assassiné, insulté par des coquins de toutes les sphères," was summarily expelled. By 1767 he had established a European reputation as the complete scoundrel. On both occasions when at Vienna, Casanova found the place full of Italian dancers and actors with their wives and mistresses. The Court was closely connected with Italy, and though Viennese architects had fully established their position in the capital, Maria

Theresa called in Pacassi for Schönbrunn. The Galli Bibiena family were producing their amazing drawings and designs and all their cunning devices for the stage. Metastasio was at the height of his reputation as playwright to the Court, and when Casanova was at Vienna in 1767, Vestris was dancing at the theatre, summoned from Paris by the Emperor himself. Notwithstanding Casanova's complaint, Vienna must have been a delightful place in the earlier years of Maria Theresa's reign before her husband's death, and though it has changed sadly, the spirit of the eighteenth century still lingers among its palaces and churches.

Baroque architecture has no pretension to heroic greatness; indeed, I sometimes doubt if one should regard it as architecture at all; but if one takes it in its own spirit and within the limits of its own intention, one can still find something of the charm of this fantastic and irresponsible art, some suggestion of that strange eighteenth century of Southern Europe, so heartless and egotistical in some ways, so exquisitely accomplished in others. In spite of wars, excursions, and alarms, the eighteenth century was in some ways an age of a leisurely enjoyment of life which is now almost inconceivable—the pace is too great, and modern Austrian architects have definitely turned their back on the art of the eighteenth century.

Buildings erected since the war—the Villa Skywar by Joseph Hoffman, the Jodl and Reumann buildings, the Amalienbad designed by Joseph Biltner for the municipality of Vienna,

are all at the opposite pole of Modernism. The Amalienbad, an immense public-baths establishment, has some projecting bay windows on the first floor, with detached figures on corbels between them. Apart from this it is a plain, straightforward building, finely conceived both in mass and silhouette. The Crematorium, built in 1922, is a strange-looking building suggesting a Moorish fortress more than anything else, and it is impossible to imagine anything more remote from the aims and ideals of Baroque than this building. But most of these recent buildings show thought and some respect for the permanent and essential qualities of architecture. They are a good deal better than the much-advertised efforts of Modernists in France and North-west Europe. In contemporary architecture we, the Swedes, and the Danes stand rather aloof from the latest continental crazes. Leaving the two latter peoples apart, the Austrians still seem to me to be the most artistic of all the continental peoples. The formal expression has altered, but the Austrians have not lost entirely that fanciful invention and lightness of touch which once made their Baroque the most attractive version of it north of the Alps.

CHAPTER XII

BAMBERG, POMMERSFELDEN, BANZ, WURZBURG

BAMBERG is the north-eastern point of a triangle of which Nuremburg is the south-eastern and Wurzburg the western point. It is a picturesque place, straggling about over several little hills, with two branches of the Regnitz crossed by a bridge with a most audacious Baroque gatehouse, and a rather attractive river-side, known as "Little Venice," to which place it bears no sort of resemblance. Bamberg possesses a Romanesque cathedral with the unusual features of four towers, and raised chapels with altars at both the east and west ends of the nave, so that the small nave below looks like the hold of a ship. In the centre of the nave is the tomb of Henry II and his wife Kunegunde, both of whom died in the eleventh century. The tomb was executed by that remarkable sculptor Tilmann Riemenschneider, between 1499 and 1513, and he clothed the two large recumbent figures in the dress of his time. The sides of the tomb have panels in relief of the Empress walking on red-hot ploughshares to prove her innocence, of the Empress paying the workmen, of the Emperor cured by S. Benedict, of the death of the Emperor, and of S. Michael weighing his soul.

Other rather gruesome memorials of the Emperor and his wife are their skulls richly

mounted and preserved in the cathedral treasury. High up on a pier close by is a large equestrian figure, supposed to represent either the Emperor Conrad III, who died in 1152, or Stephen, King of Hungary, or one of the Magi, from which I conclude that the industrious Germans have not the least idea whom he was meant for. The figure is that of a handsome young man sitting his horse like a gentleman. The right hand is raised and holds the strap of his cloak in a casual sort of way by one finger; the left hand probably held the reins. The face is that of a good-looking young German of the thin-faced type, with deep-set eyes rather far apart, a rather large mouth, and a resolute chin with a cleft in it. On his head is a queer sort of metal cap with bosses. The artist is not known, but it is clearly German work and is said to date from 1240, the date assigned to the figures on the three main entrance doors of the cathedral. To me it looks later, and might even have been executed by Riemenschneider, a sculptor scarcely known in England, but a very able artist, who by the end of the fifteenth century had broken away from merely conventional types and came out into the open with direct and unhesitating realism.

The portrait of Rudolph von Scherenburg, the Prince-Bishop of Wurzburg, in the cathedral, is a masterpiece. So in their way are the two naked figures of Adam and Eve in the Luitpold Museum at Wurzburg, tall slender figures with faces that suggest not the sorrow of the parents of mankind for a hopeless act, but the regret of

two rather innocent young people. They remind one of the two figures of Adam and Eve on the doorway at Bamberg, but the latter are far more severe.

The cathedral at Bamberg is famous for its sculpture. There is a great quantity of small carved figures of which the Adam and Eve on the jambs of the left-hand entrance door appear to be almost the only ones left alone when the church was "restored" under Prince-Regent Luitpold. The restoration was so drastic that almost every detail of the building is open to suspicion. Altogether it is a misleading and disappointing building.

There are a good many early eighteenth-century houses in Bamberg, one of them the "Concordia" (1720), a pleasant building, which owes much of its attractiveness to its position on the river and its little terrace garden—but to describe it as great architecture is playing with words. Another building, the Böttinger Haus, is attributed to Maximilian Welsch. It shares with the Haus zum Falken at Würzburg the distinction of being probably the most barbarous example of Baroque to be found in Germany. The fact is that there is no architecture in Bamberg of anything approaching first-rate quality.

There are several churches, none of them good, the most interesting being S. Martins-Kirche in the Grüner Markt, and S. Maria Hilfe, both churches built just before the appearance of Baroque. S. Maria Hilfe was designed by Bonalini and built in 1678. It is just a big classical church of simple cruciform plan with

a colossal Doric order outside, treated much as Hawksmoor might have treated it, an excellent, simple design with little attempt at ornament except some gilding to the walnut-wood panelling of the choir. The older tower at the west end was embodied in the building without any attempt to alter its design. S. Martins-Kirche is a more elaborate affair. It was built in 1686-93, and is not Baroque at all. The architect made an heroic attempt at a new and original treatment of the west façade. A Doric order with a fairly correct entablature runs round the north and south sides and part of the west front, with an Ionic order above, but in the centre of the west front he interrupted his orders, and broke out into an entirely different motive—a large recess with semicircular head, flanked by pairs of Corinthian pilasters supporting sections of an entablature and a triangular pediment. It was a bold venture, but the design does not hang together, and the architect overdid the motive of the recess. There are no less than six recesses on the west front, two large and four small. Still, it is the work of a man who knew his technique, and who followed the older traditions of architecture and suggests the hand of an Italian architect, probably Petrini. The plan of the interior, the wide nave with shallow side chapels, is the usual Jesuit plan. Our old friend, Andrea Pozzo, S.J., the master of perspective, painted the sham architecture of the shallow dome over the crossing, and he is known to have designed the high altar here in 1708.

Pozzo undoubtedly knew all about perspective,

but, unfortunately, perspective cannot translate flat surfaces into solids. In 1705 he decorated the vaulting of the old University Church at Vienna, and painted a sham coffered cupola in perspective on the elliptical vault of the second bay of the nave. The illusion as one enters is astonishing, but as you come down the church from the east end and look westward, the effect is that of a beehive upset on to its side. Pozzo had published at Rome in 1693 a remarkable treatise on perspective for painters and architects in Latin and Italian, afterwards translated into English by James of Greenwich, in which he claimed that the only way to get the right effect was to use one point of sight only; but he was attempting the impossible. The perspective only looks right from the point of view from which it is drawn, and even in that wonderful room in the Palazzo Labbia at Venice the effect is only right from one point—the centre of the room. From any other the architecture is distorted to an extent that even the genius of Tiepolo could hardly redeem.

Antonio Petrini is also supposed to have designed S. Stephans-Kirche (1677–82), with the assistance of Jacopo and Antonio Travelli as “Stuckateuren.” These Italian craftsmen always seem to have run in couples, if not in whole families, and Italian stucco-workers were famous throughout Europe in the eighteenth century. They even penetrated to Oxford, where Artari and Bagguti did the stucco-work of the Radcliffe Library for Gibbs.

To the west of the cathedral a stone archway

leads into the courtyard of the "Alte Residenz," the old episcopal palace built about 1570. It is a picturesque collection of buildings with external galleries and staircases of wood, but it was too old-fashioned for the lordly prelates of Bamberg, and at the end of the seventeenth century Lothar Franz, Graf von Schönborn, the reigning bishop, decided to have a new palace suitable to his station in life. One might have expected to find the Italian architect who designed S. Martins-Kirche called in to design the new Bishop's Palace at Bamberg, but the Bishop called in Johann Dientzenhofer, who afterwards designed the house of Pommersfelden. The result was not very successful. The Residenz, which occupies two sides of the cathedral square, is a great barrack of a place, without a single really fine room, and with a good deal of very bad ornament. There is a dull staircase, blocked up with oblong piers at the angles, where any French mason of the time would have constructed one of those wonderful stone staircases which run from the ground floor to the top without any obstruction or anything to support them but the walls and the use of a continuous arch. Dientzenhofer was a clumsy fellow, and the only redeeming feature of the place is a charming rose garden on a terrace above the town, with pleached lime trees laid out in formal plots, bounded on three sides by buildings and on the fourth by the balustrade of the terrace. The most interesting thing that I found in the palace at Bamberg was a room full of portraits of the bishops from 1693-1777, tremendous persons,

most of them noblemen in their own right. The Schönborn family in particular were colossal pluralists. They were credited with possessing what was known as the "Pfaffengasse," a street or corridor of bishoprics extending from Mainz to Bamberg and including Mainz, Treves, Spire, Worms, Constanz, Wurzburg, and Bamberg. To judge by their portraits, they were arrogant, overbearing men, narrow in forehead and heavy in the jowl, of rather low intelligence, without the least affectation of spirituality and a suggestion of the "fed horses in the morning" of the Prophet Jeremiah. The man who begins the series was Lothar Franz, Graf von Schönborn, a great fat fellow in a red robe and ermine cape, apparently a man of vast wealth, for while his episcopal palace was being built at Bamberg, Dientzenhofer, his architect, was also at work on an enormous house on his private property at Pommersfelden some ten miles south of Bamberg.

The road to Pommersfelden crosses the marshes, passes the site of an old castle at the entrance to the village, and winds up the low rising ground to the great house, which stands in lonely splendour with a few cottages clustered at its gates. The road passes through imposing piers to the base-court, and thence to the forecourt closed in on one side and part of the two ends by the main block of the house and its wings. The road passes on, and the side opposite the house is completed by the stables, of some stateliness on the side facing the forecourt but indifferent appearance behind. The forecourt is some 120 paces long, the full length of the

house, by 73 paces from the projecting centre pavilion to the stables opposite. One may quarrel with the design of Pommersfelden in almost every detail, yet the spaciousness of its forecourt, the fine scale and bold composition of the house, give it a dignity and impressiveness of its own as a great nobleman's house. The general plan is very simple, a long *corps de logis* with lofty mansard roof and projecting wings at the end, and an important pavilion in the centre with a colossal Corinthian order, carried up one story higher than the rest of the building. Inside there is a prodigious staircase, some 70 feet by 60 feet in plan. A double flight of stairs reaches a corridor on the first floor 9 feet wide, which runs all round the staircase, with Corinthian columns next the stairs, supporting a similar corridor on the upper floor. The upper floor has an arcade, with terminal figures on the side next the house. The painted ceiling was the joint work of an Italian, Giovanni Marchini, for the architecture, and a Swiss artist, Bys, for the figures. The staircase was completed in 1711. It suggests the grand stairs of an opera house, and if, as has been suggested, Hildebrandt was consulted as to the internal decorations of the house, it is just one more iniquity to be added to his long list of offences against "le bon Goust"; but I doubt myself if Hildebrandt had anything to do with its design. It is altogether inferior to the splendid stairs of Kloster-Neuburg or the fine scenic staircase at Schleissheim.

There is a family resemblance between these South German palaces. No great nobleman con-

sidered he was properly housed unless he had his "Treppenhause" or grand staircase covered with stucco ornament and paint, his marble hall (most of it in scagliola), a great suite of apartments, including one or two very precious rooms with mirrors set in gold filigree, or panelled with choice walnut with inlays of other woods, or a China room, gilt and white, with little Oriental vases on gilt brackets. All these are to be found at Pommersfelden, together with a large grotto room under the marble hall, formed with pieces of granite, felspar, glass-slag, and shells fixed in a cement ground, a good deal of which has fallen off. The pictures which fill the suite of state rooms on the first floor are mostly Italian of the seventeenth century, and they are interesting, not only for themselves, but also as illustrating the taste of the Prince-Bishop of the time. His predilection was for the fleshly school, and the collection contains an abundance of ladies of ample proportions, or, as the French would say, "planteuses," and scanty clothing.

As originally designed, there was to be a terrace 100 feet wide on the garden side of Pommersfelden, with flights of steps leading down to the gardens, which were formed in two levels with grass banks instead of retaining walls. On the two upper levels there were parterres and bosquets, below there was a "boulingrin" and two "étangs" (oblong water-pieces) 450 feet by 300 feet. The total area of the garden, exclusive of the terrace, was some 1,150 feet long by 700 feet wide. A reproduction of an old plan and section is given in Bruno Grunschitz's

J. Lukas von Hildebrandt. The whole of this garden has disappeared, and it is now just a grass field; when we saw it, the field was occupied by two horses, a few deer, and an emu.

Dientzenhofer belonged to a family of architects, and the profession seems to have been hereditary. There were four Dientzenhofers, Johann, Kilian, Ignaz, and Leonard; two Asams, Cosmas Damian and Egid Quirin; and two Thumbs, Michael and Christian. Two of the Dientzenhofers were employed at the Benedictine Abbey of Banz, about twenty miles north of Bamberg. This famous abbey, founded in 1069, was entirely rebuilt at the end of the seventeenth century. It stands on high ground above the Main, with a fine terrace overlooking the valley. The main building was designed by Leonard in 1698-1701. The church, designed by Johann 1710-18, has some fantastic and deplorable decoration inside, and a lofty west front, much too narrow for its height. The fact was that the Dientzenhofers were industrious and conscientious men, but not first-rate architects, and this seems to have been the opinion of Johann Philipp Franz, Graf von Schönborn, another member of that powerful house, who became Prince-Bishop of Würzburg in 1719 and held the see till his death in 1724, for he dropped Dientzenhofer, employed Balthasar Neumann to draw up the plans of the new Residenz at Würzburg, and called in Boffrand from Paris to design the elevations and interior. It appears that an earlier bishop, von Greiffenklau, had already had

a residence built for him from the designs of Petrini, but this was not good enough for the new Prince-Bishop, who determined to build himself a magnificent palace, and employed Balthasar Neumann, then an engineer-lieutenant, to prepare the plans; but there seems to be a good deal of uncertainty as to the elevations. Maximilian von Welsch and Hildebrandt of Vienna are said to have been consulted in connection with the Residenz, but the account given by Boffrand is authoritative. This famous French architect, who specialised in the design of vast palaces that were never built, was invited to come from Paris to advise in 1724—ten years before Cuvilliers designed the Amalienburg, near Munich. In his great folio on architecture, illustrating his own designs for various potentates, Boffrand says: “Le projet général de ce palais a été formé en premier lieu par S.A. Mgr. l’Évêque de Wurzburg, Prince de Franconie et par M. Neumann, habile architecte. Sur lequel projet le Prince me proposa d’aller en 1724 sur les lieux où j’ai rédigé et fait les plans, élévations et profils de ce palais.” He gives a full description of the palace as 100 toises (fathoms) long by 50 toises wide, refers to the “jardins placés sur les bastions et fortifications de la ville,” and gives six plates illustrating the building.

It would seem from this that Balthasar Neumann, at any rate, had given the plan of the building, but Neumann, who began as an engineer, seems to have been held up at this stage. Boffrand was called in to advise on the elevations and internal treatment, and prepared the designs

shown in his book. They differ materially from the building as executed. Boffrand, working on Neumann's plans, had proposed a centre to the façade in three stories, with orders above orders, a triangular pediment and a domed roof, with lateral extensions at the third-story level, set back from the main front. For the forecourt front he shows a Doric order and entablature with an Ionic order above, and in each bay an arched opening with a square opening above it. These designs were not carried out, and the reason is given by Boffrand himself, who says that on the death of the Prince-Bishop in 1724 his connection with Wurzburg came to an end. Twenty years later he published his designs in his *De Architectura Liber* (Paris, 1745). The Doric order of the lower story was probably taken from Boffrand's design, but spoilt in execution, as the metopes are all sorts of sizes instead of being square. In Boffrand's plan two grand staircases are shown right and left of the entrance hall, with columns on the first-floor landing. Only one of these, that on the left, was carried out, the columns on the first floor were omitted, and the incongruous and rather vulgar chapel substituted for the second grand staircase.

Boffrand's design overreached itself in its effort for great scale, but his exterior would have been very much finer than the existing building, which is commonplace and unscholarly, designed by an engineer, and possibly embellished by Hildebrandt. I can find no trace of that "beautifully dignified work" which Mr. Sitwell sees in Neumann's work at Wurzburg. Hilde-

brandt's characteristic touch is shown in the horrid little pilasters tapering upwards and outwards, the meaningless pediments formed with reversed ogees in the centre bay of the garden front, and the hopeless discrepancy between the Doric on the ground story and all the confectionary that comes above it. The Prince-Bishop's Palace is a delightful place, but its architecture seems to me its weakest point. It is not fine architecture or dignified architecture, yet it holds one by its associations, by its suggestions of the strange half-royal life of these tremendous prelates, by its Baroque decoration, over-sumptuous as it is, yet not without a certain fastidious delicacy of its own, and most of all by the glorious frescoes of Tiepolo. Even the partial transformation, so dreary and precise, made as usual to please the first Napoleon, scarcely affects the impression the palace gives of the full-blooded enjoyment of life that once prevailed within its walls.

The Prince-Bishop died in 1724. Boffrand's connection with the Residenz came to an end, and he returned to Paris. Von Hutten, who succeeded to the bishopric, died in 1729, and was succeeded by Friederich Karl von Schönborn (1729-46), under whom the building was completed by Balthasar Neumann, possibly advised or impeded by Hildebrandt. The works were sufficiently advanced for the Prince-Bishop to come into residence in 1737. Antonio Bossi, the stucco modeller, and Auvera had completed their work, including the mirror room designed by Auvera, with its gorgeous effect of walls



THE RESIDENZ (PRINCE-BISHOP'S PALACE), WURZBURG.
Detail of the Garden Front.

covered with mirrors set in chased gilt frames at a cost of 200,000 Gulden.

Von Schönborn died in 1746, was succeeded by Anselm Franz von Ingelheim, who died in 1749, and was succeeded by Karl Philipp von Greiffenklau II, who brought in Tiepolo to paint the frescoes in the dome of the Kaisersaal, and the vaulted ceiling of the grand staircase, by far the most splendid thing of its kind ever done. The staircase is some 33 paces long by 20 paces wide out to out. A single flight of stairs leads to a half-landing, from which two flights ascend to the first-floor landing, which continues all round the wall of the staircase, with a balustrade next the stairs and figures on the pedestals by Peter Wagner. The stairs are carried by arches of varying height, springing from blocks of an architrave, which rest on Doric columns, all very badly designed. The effect of these arches, jumping about at different levels under the strings and balustrade of the stairs, is very bad. No doubt the object was to let light through the passage-ways on either side of the lower flight, but it was an attempt to do the impossible, and an architect with a keener sense of monumental design would never have made the attempt. The effect would have been much more dignified if, instead of all this restless work, Neumann had been content with plain walls on either side of his stairs; but the South German Baroque architects were always trying experiments in dealing with the walls under the staircases and never succeeding.

The design of the walls round the first-floor

landing of the stairs is a good deal better, and it is here that the genius of Tiepolo shows itself, not only in harmonising his colour scheme with the warm tint of the wall below, but in making Bossi's or Auvera's figures in the angles of the vault actually part of his composition, by carrying his painting right up to the figures themselves and making the figures an integral part of the design. Above the shell supported by two figures in stucco in the north angle is a black slave holding a lighted crescent, a stork turns his head towards the nearest figure, behind it is a background of rushes, and to the left a group of figures, one with a sunshade and an extraordinary hat, and another with a head-dress such as Rembrandt painted on his Rabbis. The design almost starts with the stucco figures as its basis and then proceeds to develop itself on its own lines. One never has the feeling that the painting and the plasterwork are separate and unconnected units.

The genius of Tiepolo bound the whole of the decorations from the floor of the landing to the crown of the vault into one great, consecutive scheme. The amazing thing about Tiepolo's work, and particularly this ceiling, is its inexhaustible vitality that keeps bubbling up like a spring of water, crystal clear and never failing. It is completely spontaneous, in the sense that Tiepolo never repeats himself, and his imagination never flags. His subject is Olympus and the four continents; not the Olympus of classical mythology, but Olympus as Tiepolo conceived of it. High up in the centre the figure of a man



THE RESIDENZ, WURZBURG.
The Grand Staircase.

with flying drapery steps outward from a sun which rises behind a circular temple almost hidden by the clouds. Through a rift in the terrific sky, strange, incomprehensible figures are shown sitting about on the clouds. A cherub holding a wreath flies across the space ; there is a faint suggestion of the belt of the Zodiac showing through the clouds, and a white dove flies across a menacing grey cloud. Below, ranged along the sides of the vault above the cornice, are the four continents—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, the latter, as usual in the eighteenth century, represented by an extremely attractive lady with a feathered head-dress without the slightest relevance to America as it was or is. Mr. Osbert Sitwell has described it with characteristic eloquence and inaccuracy in his *Discursions* : “ America is shown a world as it would have been without the civilising influence of the Inquisition in the South, and of the Nonconformist conscience in the North, a civilisation akin to Venice and the East, a land of dusky figures with high plumes looking unafraid into the golden mirror of the future, against its ancient background of obelisks, pyramids, and Cyclopean buildings.” Mr. Sitwell has caught admirably the spirit of Tiepolo, but the actual background of America is the open sky, with the head of a reindeer low down on the left. What might be called an obelisk or a pyramid appears in the composition of Asia, and what at first sight might appear to be Cyclopean buildings is in fact a tent or wigwam, and appears in that of Africa.

Asia is symbolised by an extraordinarily impressive group of traders, one with a sunshade, the fallen image of a many-breasted goddess, and in the far distance two crosses on a lonely hill.

Africa is represented by a group of mulattoes, one seated on an enormous camel, on the right of which an ostrich or emu struts along the foreground with a monkey pulling the feathers of its tail, and on the left is a group of three figures, one seated on bales of merchandise, the centre figure a bearded merchant of immense corpulence in a striped blue and yellow gown and a turban.

Europe occupies the end opposite the top of the stairs, and here the groups represent the arts and the building of the palace. A standing figure to the right, in a light-coloured cloak, is said to be Jacob van der Auvera, the modeller, a far more imposing figure than he is as shown in his portrait, where he appears as a crapulous old person with a bulbous nose, an unbuttoned shirt, and a cap on one side of his head. The figure to the left of him in a military uniform, with a boarhound beside him, is the architect Neumann, dressed as an officer of artillery and chief engineer. Above, in a medallion supported by a winged figure of Fame blowing a trumpet, is the portrait of the Prince-Bishop himself, in ecclesiastical dress and full-bottomed wig, with Envy as a dragon writhing helplessly underneath. Above him a winged Mercury flies from continent to continent announcing to the world the magnificence of the Prince-Bishop's Palace. Finally,

tucked modestly away in shadow in the left-hand corner is a full length of a man who is probably Tiepolo himself. The recumbent female figure, with a bull to the right and to the left a mitre and an acolyte holding the Bishop's crozier, might symbolise anything: the Virgin Mary, the Church, or Europa.

Tiepolo was perfectly reckless in his symbolism, and regarded it as a matter solely conditioned by the requirements of his art. The whole of this immense area is full of life and movement and beautiful colour. Tiepolo seems to me the only painter who can convince one that his figures really fly, and that the empyrean in which he sets them is infinite. His other great painting here, the decoration of the Kaisersaal, is not quite so interesting, because here he was set definite historical subjects; also the decorators and the stucco-men had indulged themselves with such exuberance that the painter was compelled to work to all sorts of awkward spaces. One of the subjects, for example, is the wedding of the Emperor Frederic and Beatrice of Burgundy in 1156. The upper part of the space for this is cut off by the folds of an enormous looped-up curtain, which is modelled in stucco and painted, and has little bits of looking-glass let in to suggest the open air.

Tiepolo gave his figures the ceremonial dresses of his time without any affectation of archaeological accuracy. He very properly considered the architectural setting of his painting far more important than historical correctness. This fresco is signed and dated 1752 and is probably the

last work that Tiepolo carried out at Wurzburg. During his stay at Wurzburg, Tiepolo had been given board and lodgings, the cost of his materials and payments from time to time, such as 2,000 florins in 1750 on his arrival, further sums of 10,000 florins and 12,000 florins, and a "douceur" of 3,000 florins in 1753 when his work was finished. Tiepolo, with his sons, Lorenzo and Domenico, moved on to Madrid, where he died in 1770.

The reigning Prince-Bishop died in 1753, and his successors turned their attention to the completion of the gardens and the forecourt. I am unable to find the "miles of fine iron railings" or the continual views all through the town of statues, green glades, and tall trees that Mr. Sitwell describes. The palace, in fact, was built near the old city wall, with sufficient space for a small garden at the back. Through the gate to the north of the palace there is a view of the trees of the public gardens. South of the palace there is the old Hofgarten, much altered from the original design, and this is enclosed on one side by plain iron railings for a length of some 200 metres. Standing in front of the palace one sees nothing but the buildings of the town, with a modern fountain in the foreground. The forecourt measures some 280 paces by 150 paces, and was completed, after Frankenstein's death, by Adam Friederich von Seinsheim, who added the building on the south side (now the Finance Office), and completed the north and south sides of the forecourt in 1770 by the colonnades with the large columns at the ends. The famous iron

gates by Oegg on either side of the palace are a little earlier.

In 1773 von Seinsheim instructed his garden architect, Johann Procop Mayer, to prepare designs for the completion of the gardens already partly laid out to an older design. Mayer set to work with much enthusiasm, and although by this date the "jardin anglais" was all the fashion on the Continent, he deliberately designed the gardens on formal lines, more or less in the manner of Lenotre, modified by the inveterate Baroque instinct for intricate and abnormal curves. Mayer, in his work on gardens, justified himself by saying that his garden was to be no rustic maiden, but a stately lady arrayed in all the magnificence of the Court, and fit company for the palace.¹

The east garden between the garden front of the palace and the ramparts had already been laid out. Its main lines had been determined by the ramparts of the existing fortifications. These consisted of a series of large triangular bastions with deep recesses between, in Vauban's manner. Only two of the old bastions remain. The moat which surrounded them has gone, and the grounds to the east of the bastions are now attractive public gardens, for once in a way laid out in the landscape manner without offence. The east garden of the palace was formed within the north bastion. Its axis line is at right angles to the palace, and intersects the salient angle of the bastion. Sloping ways on either side, with *berceaux* of trellis and flights of steps, lead up

¹ Dr. Hekler, *Hofgarten zu Wurzburg und Veitshöchheim*.

from the lower level of the garden to the top of the ramparts, and a water-piece and fountain form the central feature of the garden. This general scheme was preserved by von Seinsheim, but his architect introduced some vulgar balustrading, and Wagner his sculptor some unconvincing figures of children, which go far to spoil the gardens.

A broad walk runs along the garden front of the palace, with steps at the south end giving on to an avenue, which continues southward with paths leading to the south-east bastion and to the west garden, to the south of the palace and the forecourt. In his design for this west garden J. Procop Mayer fairly let himself go. He divided the ground into two oblong plots, surrounded them with tall pleached hedges, and divided up the ground within them into complicated compartments. These were to contain such details as a temple of Flora, a ruin, a hermitage, a temple of Bacchus, a Gothic ruin, a thatched hut ("congestum cæspite culmen"), and other favourite fancies of the latter part of the eighteenth century. One is reminded of "the beauties of Stowe," where Kent was considered to have shown his genius by providing in the grounds a temple of ancient and modern virtue, a Grecian temple, a Gothic temple, an Egyptian pyramid, and S. Augustine's cave built of roots and moss and adorned with indecent inscriptions. Mayer was less fortunate than Kent, for his ideas were never realised, except for the two fountains by Wagner. Franz Ludwig von Erthal, who succeeded von

Seinsheim in 1779 as Prince-Bishop of Wurzburg, was a man of simple tastes and a strict economist. He contented himself with a plain wall and simple iron railings, and instead of Mayer's parterres, planted the grove of trees which fills the plot next the Hof-Promenade. The final vulgarisation of the gardens was due to Ferdinand of Tuscany, who was appointed Grand Duke of Wurzburg by Napoleon in 1805, and held that position till 1814.

In spite of their gradual deterioration, there is still something attractive about these gardens. They are quiet and restful, the favourite haunt of children and nurses, and friendly old people who wander about and gossip with their neighbours through the long summer afternoons. The great palace looms in the background, and I do not know whether it is due to some peculiar quality of the water at Wurzburg, but the moss on the fountains is the loveliest of vivid greens.

Balthasar Neumann, who seems to have been responsible for the general design of the Residenz, and certainly was the architect in charge of the building, was born in 1687, at Eger, a little town some thirty-five miles north-east of Bayreuth, the scene of Wallenstein's assassination in 1634. He was the son of a tradesman in the town of Eger, and studied painting and clockmaking as a lad. He appears to have made his way west to Wurzburg at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in 1712 he served in the artillery in Hungary against the Turks. After this he travelled in France and Holland, and on his return to Wurzburg had the good fortune to

attract the notice of the great house of Schönborn, became their house carpenter and in due course their architect, and was employed by the Prince-Bishop, not only on his new palace at Wurzburg, but in the latter years of his life on many churches in and about Wurzburg. In Herr Pinder's *Deutsches Barock* he is credited with the designs of churches at Schöntal, Vierzehnheiligen, Heresheim, a fine summer palace of the Bishops of Wurzburg at Werneck, between Wurzburg and Bamberg, now a lunatic asylum, and a very ornate staircase at Bruchsal, another of the Bishop's palaces between Heidelberg and Stuttgart.

Several parish churches are also attributed to Neumann: Wiesentheim, with an architectural perspective by Marchini falling about in the vault, Steinbach, Etwashausen, Gaibach, Werneck, Limbusch, and the Augustiner Kirche, and the Kppele at Wurzburg. The Kppele is that series of steps and courts, with fourteen stations of the Cross, that climbs the hill of the Nikolausburg to the votive chapel, with its double towers. From what I have seen of these buildings I am more impressed with Neumann's skill as an engineer than with his ability and invention as an architect. His buildings are always ingenious, never beautiful, and, in common with all the Baroque architects, he never learnt to let well alone. In his portrait he is shown in armour, a solid, capable sort of man, with a plan of a fort in his right hand, his left hand pointing to a corner of the Prince-Bishop's Palace. When he died in 1753, he was still chief engineer and an officer in the artillery, and my impression is that

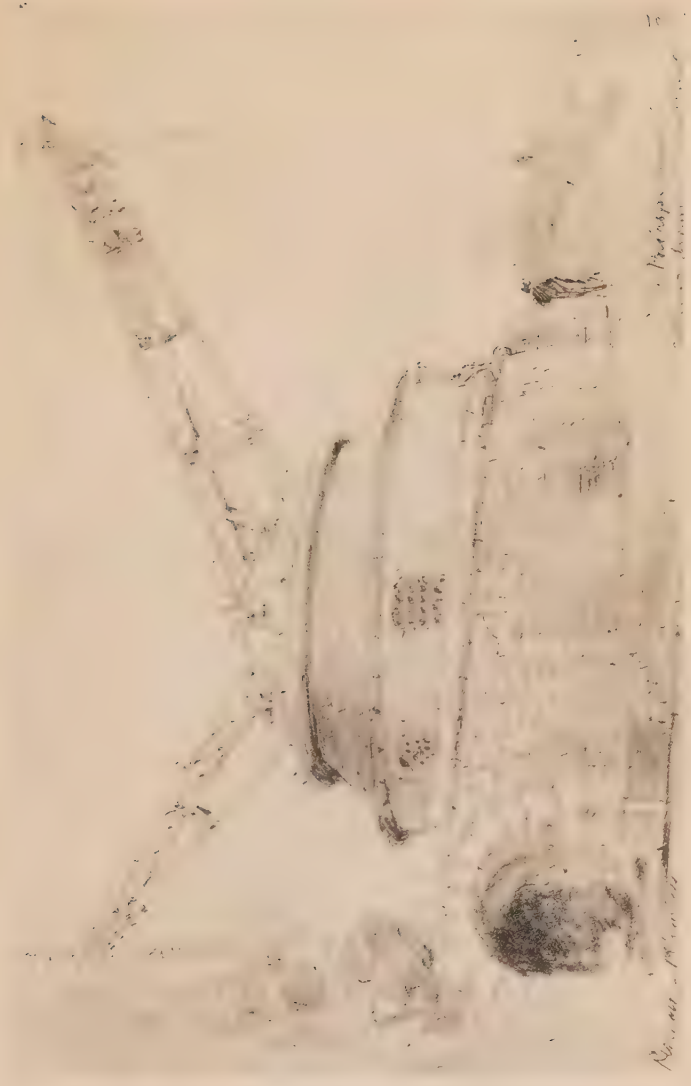
his instincts as an engineer were at war with what he was compelled to do to please those lordly prelates. Neumann must often have looked at the great bastions and ravelins and escarpments of the Marienberg with admiration and regret that it had not been his good fortune to carry them out, but it seems they were completed at the end of the seventeenth century from designs by Petrini.

CHAPTER XIII

WURZBURG AND VEITSHÖCHEIM

WURZBURG is one of the most attractive towns in Germany. It lies in a fold of the hills on the banks of the Main; the greater part of it is on the right bank, within a ring of pleasant public gardens, which start from the river at the south end and follow the circuit of the old city walls till they meet the river again at the north end by the Leopold Bridge. A fine broad quay runs the whole length of the town from the Leopold Bridge at the north end to beyond the Ludwig Bridge at the south. In the centre is the "Alte Brücke," the old bridge, and between this and the Leopold Bridge is the most attractive part of this peaceful old place, first the mill and the weirs below the old bridge, then a wide open space between the river and the picturesque old houses on the east side; then the quay narrows, and Bishop von Seinsheim's crane, of massive wood all sheathed in copper, rises out of its stone round-house, and behind it are the warehouses that the Bishop built for the town in a snug walled enclosure of their own.

The town is full of interesting buildings. In addition to the Residenz and the Hofgarten, it has a large cathedral dating from the eleventh and twelfth centuries, with its interior entirely transformed in the Baroque manner by a certain



"The Bishop's Court, Würzburg"

Pietro Magno in 1701, and the exterior most unfortunately restored in 1879-95. It has also at least five important churches, a huge eighteenth-century hospital, and the modern buildings of the university. On the hill across the river is the old fortress palace of the Marienberg, 425 feet above the river, and away to the left the K ppele, with its stairs and its stations of the Cross. But it is the restfulness of the place that makes it so attractive. There appear to be no taxis and very few motors. One's luggage is transported on hand-carts. Indeed, the only objection to the place is that if you arrive at Wurzburg in the evening with luggage registered from Vienna, you have to wait till next morning for the luggage to be passed by the Customs ; and the luggage is not passed at the station, but wheeled to the Douane some three-quarters of a mile away, next the dock by the Leopold Bridge, and then wheeled back to the hotel, the process taking about an hour. But one can pass over this small inconvenience.

The charm of Wurzburg is not only its position on the river, and the exceptional interest of its art (the Tiepolos alone are worth the journey to Wurzburg), but the air of quiet orderliness that pervades the whole place, so remote from the noise and hustle of successful modern towns. It is as if the spirit of the old Prince-Bishops still held Wurzburg in its thrall—not the arbitrary and oppressive will of the medi val Bishops, but the humanism of those pleasure-loving but not unintelligent prelates of the eighteenth century. One would like to know more of these men, with

their vast wealth, their bishoprics, and a secular power not inferior to that of any elector or reigning prince.

It is possible to get some idea of the earlier bishops from their effigies in the cathedral at Wurzburg. All along the piers of the nave of the cathedral at Wurzburg there are memorial effigies to the Bishops, and there are three in particular that give some insight into their character. The first is on the north pier of the nave next the north transept. It is apparently of the thirteenth century, a tall, austere figure with beautiful drapery; the other two are on the south side next the pulpit, the effigy of Rudolf von Scherenberg, Prince-Bishop of Wurzburg, who died in 1495, and that of Lorenz von Bibra, who died in 1519, both carved in Salzburg marble by Tilmann Riemenschneider. Von Scherenberg, with mitre and full vestments, with two lions at his feet, stands under a canopy of late German Gothic tracery. His right hand rests on the hilt of a great two-handed sword, his left holds the crozier. Two little angels support the inscription tablet below. It is an admirably skilful work, and the face is probably unique in work of that time in its unflinching realism. It is that of a thin-faced, square-jawed, elderly man, with a sad, almost tragic look about the eyes, and a fine-drawn, resolute mouth, the face of a man who would rule his diocese wisely, on the whole, but one who would stand no opposition or shrink from inflicting the "*peine forte et dure*" on any rebellious burgher.



RUDOLPH VON SCHERENBERG BY RIEMENSCHNEIDER.
In the Cathedral, Wurzburg.

On the next pier, to the west of von Scherenberg, is the effigy of a bishop of quite another type; handsome in a florid sort of way, but arrogant beyond endurance; and many an oppressed townsman of Wurzburg must have longed to stamp on that insolent, sneering face. The name of this bishop was Lorenz von Bibra, who held the see from 1495 to 1519, and by his tyranny paved the way for the Peasants' War that broke out five years after his death. From early days till the end of the sixteenth century the relations of the Bishops of Wurzburg and the town were almost openly hostile. The bishops had originally occupied a large walled-in space in the middle of the town near the cathedral known as the Bishop's Court. Soon after the middle of the thirteenth century the townspeople began their long struggle to throw off the control of the Prince-Bishops and obtain the right to govern themselves, and the Bishops found it prudent to retire from the town to the strong position on the hill across the river. Here they lived for the next four centuries, constantly adding to the defences of what was, in fact, a fortress rather than a bishop's palace. Von Scherenberg enlarged and fortified the old castle on the hill, and built the Scherenberg entrance tower on the inner side of the moat. Lorenz von Bibra's contribution appears to have been the newel staircases, excellent examples of late mediæval German masonry.

Von Bibra was succeeded by Konrad von Thüngen, who in 1525 was driven out of Wurzburg and had to take refuge at Heidelberg. For a

time the rebels were successful and overran the country, but they were unable to take the Marienberg, held by Sebastian von Rotenhahn, "the Golden Knight," and when the Swabian League came in on the Bishop's side the revolt was broken. Von Thüngen returned in triumph to Wurzburg, and avenged himself in the approved manner of the Bishops by banishing or beheading all the people he most disliked and confiscating their possessions. Tilmann Riemen-schneider was one of the leaders of the rebels in the Peasant War, but was spared for his great ability as an artist, for he did not die till 1535.

The Marienberg was again attacked in 1552 by a margrave of the sonorous name of Albrecht Alkibiades, its defences were again strengthened, and considerable additions made by a famous bishop who held the see for forty-four years, from 1573 to 1617, Julius Echter von Mespelbrunn. His successor, Johann Philipp I von Schönborn, built the outer gateway, which bears his arms, and the long tunnelled entrance. The inner gate bears the date 1649. The existing fortifications below the buildings were carried out by Petrini at the end of the seventeenth century, when it was converted definitely into a fort. The arsenal was built in 1711, and the hospital, with its remarkable entrance 9 feet wide and only 7 feet 6 inches high, was built in 1713. The last shell that hit the Marienberg was fired by the Prussians under Manteufel in 1866.

By the end of the seventeenth century the Bishops and the town had come to terms, and in 1684 it was decided to build a new Residenz in



The Marienberg, Würzburg

the town on the other side of the river. Petrini prepared a design in 1700 for a building on the Rennwege, to the north of the existing palace, and finally the existing "Hof-Residenz" was begun by Johann Philipp von Schönborn in 1720 and completed by Karl Philipp von Greiffenklau in 1752.

The road to the Marienberg crosses the river by the old bridge of seven arches. A bridge had been built here in the twelfth century, but was swept away by a flood in 1342. The existing bridge appears to have been begun in 1474, and the stone arches were not finally completed till 1607. On each of the bastions above the cut-waters is a large stone figure of a saint or hero put up at the cost of Bishop Franz von Hutten (1724-9) and Friedrich Karl von Schönborn (1729-46). Charlemagne is one of the heroes, and among the saints figure S. Kilian, a favourite saint at Wurzburg, and S. John Nepomuk. S. John Nepomuk, by the way, is, I find, a relatively modern saint, and was only canonised in 1729, the probable date of his statue on the bridge. He was born at Nepomuk in Bohemia, some forty miles south of Prague, and was slain by Wenceslaus in 1393. As Vicar-General he withstood the perpetration of gross abuse of patronage by the King at the Benedictine abbey of Klachau, whereupon the King had him tortured, led in chains through the city, and thrown into the river Moldau, with a block of wood in his mouth. Thus another belief of childhood is shattered. Wenceslaus, at any rate this Wenceslaus, was not the "good King Wen-

ceslaus" of the carol at all, but a nasty, tyrannical old man; or, according to another story, he was a young prince living in the tenth century who was killed by his brother because he was a Christian.

After leaving the bridge the road climbs round the hill to the entrance gate, the Neutor, with its winding tunnel, built in 1649-50 in the old German Renaissance manner, then up a long stretch below the walls of the fort to another gateway and tunnel, and then up again to the outer gate, the Echter-Tor, built by Julius Echter von Mespelbrunn, with its pairs of stumpy columns and strapwork, which suggest the designs of that disastrous pattern-book maker, De Vries. Inside there is a lofty round tower, a not very interesting church, a well some 500 feet deep, and a magnificent view up and down the river to be got from the tower at the south-east corner and not much else. Indeed, except for its historical interest as a residence of the bishops from time immemorial, there is little of interest in the Marienberg.

The Prince-Bishops became much more amiable after they had come down from the hill, and all of them made some attempt to do something for the town. Von Greiffenklau began the Julius Hospital at Wurzburg with some buildings designed by Petrini in 1705. Johann Philipp Franz von Schönborn only held the see for five years, during which he began the new Bishop's Palace. Christoph Hans von Hutten (1724-9) adorned the old bridge with figures, and the series was completed by his successor, Friederich Karl von Schönborn, under whom the building of the

palace was finished, with the exception of Tiepolo's paintings. Freiderich Karl also did what he could to help the trade of the town. Von Ingelheim (1746-9) was only there for three years, and Karl Philipp von Greiffenklau II for five years (1749-54), but the latter had the supreme merit of having employed Tiepolo to paint the frescoes in the palace. His successor, Adam Friederich von Seinsheim, seems to have been the most genial of all the Prince-Bishops, a fat, comfortable, kindly man as he appears in his monument in the cathedral. He built the warehouses on the quay, and the crane, that strange-looking object, with two arms sheathed in copper, which emerges from the round house-containing the two wooden wheels that work the crane, exerted himself to help and encourage the trade of Wurzburg and made the gardens of Veitshöcheim. Franz Ludwig von Erthal, the last of the prince-bishops, and an admirable man, turned his back on these traditions of magnificence, and devoted all his energies and resources to the development of the university. The Bishops were, in fact, justifying themselves and their position when they were swept into space.

From the beginning of the eighteenth century on they initiated a great deal of church building in Wurzburg. The interior of the cathedral was transformed into absurd Baroque in 1705, and about that time Petrini was called in to complete the great red stone tower of the old university church and the Carmelite church about the same time. In 1716 the reigning Bishop, von Schönborn, built the Baroque façade to the

Neumünster-Kirche, all in stone, a successful Baroque design by Joseph Greising, full of contrasting curves in plan. Greising also designed the Church of S. Michael in the same year, except the west front, and the Church of S. Peter. The interior of the latter church is interesting from its very effective lighting. The nave is in three bays, with a barrel vault, with no side chapels, but aisles with galleries over. The only light in the nave comes from the side-lights of the aisles, but the light is concentrated on the altar, so that as one enters one looks through the half-light of the nave to this brilliant light, a modest version of what was done on a great scale in the Cathedral of Barcelona. The only colour is that of the high altar, and an elaborate pulpit against the first pier from the east end, in black and white and silver and gold.

The best of the Wurzburg churches is the Stift-Haug, built from the designs of Antonio Petrini between 1670 and 1691. This church is said by German writers to have been suggested by the Church of the Jesu in Rome, but there is nothing in the external elevation to suggest Vignola's design of the Jesu, or any Italian design. The two towers of the west front, with their lofty lantern spires and the queer façade between them, suggest another hand, probably German. On the other hand, the spacious interior is the finest in Wurzburg. The gilt and stucco, the flying angels, and interminable twirlings of early eighteenth-century Baroque become tiresome after a time, and the fine proportions and plain white walls of the interior of the Stift-

Haug are a welcome relief. Moreover, by reason of this restraint and reticence, the elaborate altar-pieces in gilt and brown, and the choir stalls in oak touched with gold, tell splendidly against the simple white background.

This church is not only the best but also one of the largest of the Wurzburg churches. The entrance at the west end leads into a narthex, with the organ above it. The nave is in three bays, with transverse arches and quadripartite groining. There are no aisles, but side chapels between the abutments in the Jesuit manner. The transepts have two bays each, the choir three bays with a half-decagonal apse, and over the crossing is an octagonal dome. A single Corinthian order, with very deep and heavy entablature, rises from the plinth to the springing of the vaulting. High up under the arch to the choir is a great crucifix admirably placed for effect; they are usually hung too low.

All these early eighteenth-century churches in Southern Germany and Austria contain immense altar-pieces, often reaching up above the springing of the vaulting, and pulpits of most amazing elaboration. To anyone trained in a severer school there is something repellent in their theatricality and their extremely material view of the mysteries of religion. Angels balance gracefully on one foot, or drop a naked and well-shaped leg from the top of a cornice, with amorini popping up out of any odd corner. The pulpit in S. Peter's Church at Wurzburg is a characteristic example; with its baldachino it extends from the floor to the entablature under

the vaulting, and one attractive angel with very scanty drapery thrown across the upper part of an elegant leg is hanging on precariously to a piece of Baroque foliage. In the Augustiner Kirche, as you enter you are faced with a whole series of fantastic altar-pieces backed against the piers of the nave on both sides. The earlier Italian architects, such as Petrini, had observed a certain restraint and order in ornament. When once that order was relaxed, these makers of pulpits and altar-pieces let themselves go in a perfect orgy of designs more suitable for a casino than a church; but one must also admit the astonishing technical ability of these modellers and sculptors, men such as the Auveras, Jacob (d. 1760), Wolfgang (d. 1756), and Lukas (d. 1766), or Antonio Bossi, and also the picturesque effect that they obtained with their fantastic forms and their marble, scagliola, stucco, and fine woods, and prodigal use of gold and colour. The effect appeals, perhaps, more to painters than to architects. It is all bravura work—slashing curves, such as a clever draughtsman can dash off with his crayon, or a modeller with a sweep of his thumb in the clay—but one undoubtedly comes across schemes of colour which glow against the white walls of these strange churches with an intensity denied to the more precise and severe methods of mediæval art.

For anyone who wishes to study the development of Baroque art in Southern Germany in the first half of the eighteenth century, Würzburg is the *locus classicus*. It reveals itself not only in buildings and their adornment, but in the

gardens which these lordly amateurs loved to add to their palaces—gardens quite distinct from the French or English or Italian garden of the same date. The old garden of Veitshöcheim is one of the most charming examples of this in existence. Mr. Sitwell compares this garden, the name of which, by the way, is wrongly spelt in his *Discursions*, to the gardens of the Villa d'Este and the Villa Lante. I think his memory must have failed him, for in point of fact Veitshöcheim does not bear the remotest resemblance to either of these gardens, and the point of view of the respective designers of these gardens and the effects at which they aimed were radically different. The Villa d'Este, with its cypresses, its flights of stairs, its stucco temples and terraces, its banks, and its fountains, is on rapidly falling ground—Veitshöcheim is all on the flat. In the gardens of the Villa Lante at Bagnaia, Vignola seems to have tried to see how much architecture he could crowd into a garden of no very great extent—terraces, staircases, obelisks, fountains, tanks, villas, and cascades.

At Veitshöcheim there is little or no architecture except the modest old German house. It is all cut hornbeam hedges, grass and gravel paths, long vistas, water-pieces, and some very delightful garden sculpture. The idea that all good things in architecture come from Italy is one of the standing mistakes of amateurs. The house at Veitshöcheim was built in 1680–82 as a summer residence for the Bishop. Its design is in the old German manner, with the ogee curves of its slate roofs, and no great pretension in

detail ; but soon after the middle of the eighteenth century Bishop Adam Friederich von Seinsheim determined to complete the garden begun by his predecessor. The house itself stands on a square plateau raised a few steps above the rest of the grounds, with formal beds and four fountain basins. Apart from these beds, there are no flowers in the garden, the whole effect being obtained by tall pleached hedges of hornbeam, dividing the ground into geometrical plots filled with fruit trees, one large water-piece and several smaller, pergolas, garden-houses, urns, termes or Hermes, and some of the most attractive garden statuary I have ever seen.

The gardens, with the house, occupy an oblong piece of ground some 1,400 feet long by 700 feet wide. The general plan is quite simple. The ground is divided into three main plots divided by long straight paths between lofty hornbeam hedges running north and south. The principal plot on the west side is as large as the other two put together, and contains the large water-piece 400 feet long on its long axis by 200 feet wide. This contains the fountain in the centre known as the "Home of the Muses." Beyond this is a smaller water-piece, oblong in plan, in a compartment by itself. The two other plots are divided into compartments by tall hedges, and the termes, urns, and figures are placed in recesses in the hedges on either side of the paths. There is a garden theatre, a grotto, and there used to be a labyrinth, which has disappeared, and a "Chinese" house.

Compared with the garden of the Nymphen-



1894
America Veitshöchheim Gardens
Howard Bromfield - J. J. J. J.

"America" Veitshöchheim Gardens

burg or Schleissheim, the garden of Veitshöcheim is quite a small affair, on about the same scale as the Mirabell garden at Salzburg; but perhaps for that very reason it is the more attractive, more intimate and kindly. It has none of that dreary inhumanity which makes Versailles a melancholy place, in spite of its prodigious effort and the great ability of the artists employed there. There is a homely, humorous quality about the sculpture at Veitshöcheim which makes it more attractive than more ambitious works. Three sculptors seem to have been employed at Veitshöcheim: Wolfgang or Lukas van der Auvera did the figure of Pastoral Poetry, the figures on the terrace in front of the house, the Swiss guards, and the urns near the house. J. P. Wagner, who had already carried out the unsatisfactory children's figures in the Bishop's garden at Würzburg, was commissioned to execute some rather better ones at Veitshöcheim. The third man, Ferdinand Dietz, had been imported from Bamberg by the bishops, and was in my opinion much the most attractive and original artist of the three. Dietz carried out the "Home of the Muses" in the centre of the great water-piece, the sphinxes with their hair curled and feathered and their laced chemises, and the delightful figures set in niches in the hornbeam hedges.

These figures deserve a separate study. America is a girl with scanty raiment and the usual feathered head-dress, holding a macaw, and ogling a lad across the way with even more scanty raiment. Summer is represented by two

figures, one seated with a loose dress, the other standing with nothing on but a wreath of roses, and a hat with a brim like an exaggerated jockey's cap. Dietz was rather fond of this semi-nude motive. In the museum at Nuremburg there is a small model, by Dietz, of Athene. The goddess is sitting comfortably on a rock with nothing on but a helmet. Dietz was evidently a man with an excellent and cheerful sense of humour. The two dancers are in the dress of the time, the man with his hand on his hips, and showing a leg with the utmost elegance. There is a shepherdess with a Dolly Vardon hat and some strange instrument, and a gorgeous figure in knee-breeches balanced on one leg and blowing his inside out on a serpent.

Dietz's masterpiece was the "Home of the Muses," or Parnassus, set in the middle of the "Grosser See" (the large water-piece). Various females dressed as shepherdesses sit and stand on an eccentric pedestal, half architectural below and full Baroque above, surmounted by a prancing Pegasus which was originally gilt and was provided with chimes in his inside, which were stolen in 1778. There are other works by Dietz in these gardens not less admirable, and these figures seem to me just what is wanted in garden sculpture, absolutely of their time, playful, exceedingly humorous, and very skilfully executed. It seems to me a mistake in a pleasure garden to have too serious subjects. In the Nymphenburg gardens there are rows of gods and goddesses on pedestals, good of their kind and effective in their gleaming whiteness

against the background of trees, but they are just a little too serious and sentimental. In the gardens of the palace at Wurzburg there are some elaborately playful figures of children by J. P. Wagner which are forced and sentimental; there are also two large groups of the Rape of Europe and the Rape of Proserpine, in both cases most respectably presented. Four detached female figures turn their backs on the deplorable proceedings going on behind them. Pluto is not in the least amorous, but distressed at having to be so violent. I prefer the groups in the Mirabell gardens at Salzburg. Here there is a terrific Hercules demolishing a scarcely less muscular Antæus, and an extremely robust Pluto carrying off a Proserpine of such exceeding plumpness that his fingers are shown sinking into her thigh.

The Bishop of Salzburg was evidently a man of liberal tastes, and in the west garden near the river there are eight admirable dwarfs, not so elegant but not less humorous than Dietz's shepherds and America and dancers. At Veitshöheim Adam Friederich von Seinsheim was more scrupulous, but I think he must have been a humorous and kindly old gentleman to appreciate the humour of the figures in his garden at Veitshöheim. He lived just long enough to see his gardens finished. His successor, von Erthal, was interested in other things than palaces and gardens; and so they remain to this day much as von Seinsheim left them.

I think the sculpture at Veitshöheim and its garden represent the best, anyhow the most

human, side of the Baroque in Southern Germany. Its art was inspired by a cheerful view of life, a genuine enjoyment of living, and a real sense of humour. It is no use expecting from Baroque art more than it set out to do, and the tragic or the heroic was the last thing in the world that it aimed at; but one cannot hope to live always at the high level of the master minds of the world. These men of the eighteenth century were leisurely, unhurried, not given to distressing themselves about the problems of life. They enjoyed living, and out of the abundance of their enjoyment they created their irrelevant, illogical, irresponsible yet attractive art. In these days of ultra "efficiency" and perpetual hustle there is still something to be learned from what they have left us.

NOTE.—It is rather difficult to disentangle the various Prince-Bishops of Wurzburg in the eighteenth century. The following list is taken from Dr. Hekler's account of their gardens at Wurzburg and Veitshöcheim :

Johann Philipp Franz von Schönborn . . .	1719-24
(Began the Residenz and called in Boffrand.)	
Christoph Hans von Hutten . . .	1724-9
(Placed the statutes on the old bridge.)	
Friederich Karl von Schönborn . . .	1729-46
(Completed the palace.)	
Anselm Franz von Ingelheim . . .	1746-9
Karl Philipp von Greiffenklau . . .	1749-54
(Employed Tiepolo.)	
Adam Friederich von Seinsheim . . .	1755-79
(Crane, warehouses, and Veitshöcheim.)	
Franz Ludwig von Erthal . . .	1779-95

CHAPTER XIV

A NOTE ON BAROQUE ARCHITECTURE IN AUSTRIA AND GERMANY

BAROQUE architecture, which used to be regarded as beneath contempt, has in the last few years attracted a good deal of enthusiastic if somewhat misguided admiration, but it is worth considering, if only as the opposite pole to the equally misdirected enthusiasm for mere "efficiency." Except in a very few cases, I do not myself think highly of it as architecture. Some of it is simply foolish, an effort at eccentricity for its own sake, without the least regard for the possibilities of materials, and very little for those old but still vital elements of all great architecture, composition, outline, reticence, and proportion. At its lowest level Baroque is almost incredibly vulgar. On the other hand, some of its planning is skilful and ingenious. The technical ability of its craftsmanship is undeniable, and there is a certain cheerful and vivacious irresponsibility about the best of its decorative art which will always attract certain minds. Cuvillies' decoration of the interior of the Amalienburg must, I suppose, be regarded as in the Baroque manner, and whatever view may be taken of Baroque design, the Amalienburg is certainly a very beautiful and accomplished work of art. Baroque has been called the architecture of Humanism.

It is human enough in its appeal to the incurable desire for amusement, but Humanism rightly understood has a wider outlook than ever came within the range of the architects and decorators of the Baroque. I have put together these few notes to clear the air as to its rise and fall in Middle Europe.

Nobody seems to know the meaning or origin of the term Baroque. Corrado Ricci gives three possible derivations. Either (1) the Latin "*veruca*," a wart; (2) the Portuguese "*baroque*," an ill-shaped pearl; (3) *βάρος*, weight, or *παράκοπος*, mad. This leaves us very much where we were, but the quotation that Ricci gives from the seventeenth-century poet, Marino, is more helpful :

"È del Poeta il fin la maraviglia,
Chi non sa far stupir vada alla striglia."
("To stir amazement is the poet's aim,
And he who cannot rouse it wants the stick.")

Gian Battista Marino was born at Naples, that hotbed of extravagant art, in 1569, and died in 1625. He invented "*Marinism*," of which the principal characteristics are said to be "*ingegnosità*" and "*sensualismo*." The main object was to shock the reader out of his senses by the use of epithets wholly unconnected with the objects to which they were attached, preposterous phrases, and all the abuses castigated by Quintilian under the term "*catachresis*"—very much, in fact, what has been attempted in recent years by some of our younger poets. *Marinism* was the exact literary counterpart of Baroque

architecture as practised by Borromini and his followers, and of painting as handled by Caravaggio, Salvator Rosa, or Magnasco. The whole literary movement was artificial and self-conscious, and the inevitable reaction followed before the end of the seventeenth century, with the foundation of the Academy of the Arcadians in Rome in 1690, anticipating by some fifty years the reaction in architecture. Undoubtedly the principal aim of the Baroque, in its earlier days, and before it became a fixed habit of design, was to attract attention, to dazzle the spectator by a display of cleverness. If the natural thing to do was to make a thing straight, make it crooked. If a pediment formed a triangle, or its upper surface was a continuous curve, break it off in the middle, or cut it in half, and turn the two halves back to back. If marble and stone were too costly, use scagliola and stucco, anything to get the effect of magnificence. Indeed, the only material which the Germans and Austrians used with any regard to its latent possibilities was wood—oak, or their beautiful walnut.

The Baroque, of course, started in Italy, and the great name of Michael Angelo has been taken in vain as its first begetter. That strange and tragic genius did on occasion queer and unintelligible things, that dreadful Porta Pia for example, but he was a law to himself, and the utter licence of Baroque was alien to his genius. There is nothing Baroque in the Chapel of the Medici. In a less degree the same thing may be said of Bernini. There is little trace of the Baroque in the colonnade of S. Peter's, in the

Church of S. Maria at Ariccia, or the Montecitorio and Odescalchi palaces in Rome, and even in S. Andrea del Quirinale (1678), a late work of Bernini, which suggested the design of the Karls-Kirche at Vienna thirty years later, Bernini only broke loose in the entablature and the scutcheon and broken pediment above the portico next the street. Ricci, in his collection of examples of Italian Baroque, seems to me to have swept into his net a number of architects and buildings which are not Baroque at all. The fact was that the dominance of Baroque in Italy was by no means complete.

Down to the end of the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth centuries there were still architects in Italy who adhered to the orthodox tradition—Galilei, for instance, in the west front of S. John Lateran at Rome (1734). The façade of S. Maria Maggiore (1750), by Ferdinando Fuga, is ordinary neo-Classic. When Carlo Fontana, the friend of Martinelli, added the doorway to Bernini's Palazzo Montecitorio in 1698, he designed a severely Classic entrance. The real *fons et origo malorum* was Francesco Borromini, who began quietly enough in 1632 with the colonnade of the Palazzo Spada at Rome, broke out with wild designs, in S. Carlo alle Quattro Fontane, and S. Andrea delle Fratte some ten years later, went on with his strange curves and caprices in the gateway of the Villa Falconieri, and finally committed suicide. One has to bear in mind these two quite different tendencies in late seventeenth-century design, and the earlier Italian architects who crossed the Alps in the

latter part of the seventeenth century followed not the Baroque of Borromini, but, with variations, the orthodox traditions of Palladio and Vignola. The fine cathedral at Salzburg, for instance, designed by Solari, built all in stone and completed in 1675, is ordinary Italian Classic, and the extent of the difference between this manner and the Baroque will be realised by a comparison of the west façade of the cathedral with the west front of the Kollegien-Kirche at Salzburg, with its ugly bulge outward in the centre, which was completed from Fischer von Erlach's designs some twenty-five years later. I see my note made on the spot in 1925 describes the Kollegien-Kirche as "a great blundering building, the angles rounded where they should be square—inside, the clouds (in stucco), with angels popping out in all directions, wander all over the east window," and this is what came of seeking after strange gods in architecture. Petrini, who was extensively employed at Wurzburg in designing churches at the end of the seventeenth century, followed the orthodox Italian tradition in the main lines of the interior of the Stift-Haug church at Wurzburg. So, too, did Martinelli, on the whole the best architect of all the Italians who crossed the Alps, and a very interesting personality.

Domenico Martinelli was born at Lucca in 1650, the second son of a land surveyor. His father died when Domenico was a boy, and his elder brother insisted on Domenico taking orders, in spite of the boy's wish to become an architect. He was duly ordained in 1673. In this capacity,

and also on account of his ability as a draughtsman, he was employed by the cathedral chapter at Lucca to prepare a Martyrology ; but finding himself very ill-rewarded after three years' labour, he recovered his work from the chapter under pretence of improving it, and then and there destroyed it in their presence. He declined to apologise for his action, and had to leave Lucca. The next few years he spent at Rome, arriving there in 1678. Here he met Carlo Fontana, Carlo Maratti,¹ and others, became a member of the Academy of S. Luke, and was appointed Keeper and Professor of Architecture and Perspective. Martinelli declined any fees from students, and appears to have been careless of anything except his art. He told some powerful cardinal what he thought of him, and refused to withdraw his remarks, with the result that he had to leave Rome, and at the suggestion of Count Kaunitz came to Vienna in 1690, and took up his residence in the house of Count Ferdinand Bonaventura Harrach, that stiff-necked and impracticable nobleman who a few years later, as Austrian Ambassador at Madrid, hopelessly mismanaged Austria's claim to the Spanish throne.

For Count Harrach he designed the palace in the Platz am-Hof, which contains the well-known picture gallery. His next important work was the town house of Prince Liechtenstein at Vienna, which led to serious trouble with his

¹ Herr Tietze, to whose excellent account of Martinelli I am indebted for these facts, also includes the name of Salvator Rosa, but Salvator Rosa died in 1674.

client, followed by the splendid Liechtenstein summer palace, and a little later by the great house that he designed for Count Kaunitz at Austerlitz in Moravia. In 1705 he was appointed chief imperial engineer at Vienna, but his health had long been failing, the air of Vienna did not suit him, and he returned to Rome, finally retiring to his native city of Lucca, where he died under the surgeon's knife in 1718.

Martinelli was an excellent draughtsman, a fine architect, and a man of ideas. He drew up a report on possible improvements in the trade of Heidelberg for the Count Palatine, with suggestions for the introduction of Dutch methods in the manufacture of linen, silk, and woollen fabrics, proposals for a new bridge, and regulations for the city. He also prepared a scheme for keeping the Danube open for navigation at Vienna all through the year. Among other works, he is said to have designed the Archbishop's Palace at Prague, a church at Warsaw, and a palace at Brussels for William of Orange. His contemporaries thought highly of him, but he suffered from the piracy of other architects and the ignorance of his employers, and owing to his modesty, his dislike of advertisement, and his neglect of the usual methods of professional advancement, his reputation was lost behind that of the inferior architects who succeeded him.

With the exception of Donato Felice d'Allio, the architect of Kloster-Neuburg, and the Salesian Nunnery at Vienna, the other Italian architects at work in Austria and Southern Germany at the

end of the seventeenth century were not in the same class as Martinelli. The most conspicuous were Barelli and Zuccali. Agostino Barelli designed various buildings in Southern Germany in the latter part of the seventeenth century, but he seems to have been an inferior artist. The central block of the Nymphenburg, begun from his designs in 1672, and completed before the end of the seventeenth century, is a clumsy building of five stories, with crowded windows and badly proportioned Corinthian pilasters, and the Theatiner Hofkirche at Munich, built from his designs, is one of the worst examples of Baroque church architecture to be found in Germany or anywhere else. Enrico Zuccali, who succeeded Barelli, did a good deal better at Schleissheim. The palace, begun in 1701, is a great barrack of a place, but shows more sense of architecture than Barelli's building at Nymphenburg, and the grand staircase of the palace, if rather theatrical, is impressive in its scale and attractive lighting. These men had one excellent quality. Partly owing to their association with designers of stage scenery, they had a consciousness of vistas, of interiors conceived as a consecutive composition, and not designed piecemeal, the fault of much of our English domestic architecture.

The astonishing rapidity with which the Baroque took root in Austria and Southern Germany is accounted for by the fact that it came from Italy fully armed like Minerva from the brow of Jove. Not only were the Italian architects past masters of its curious ways, but they brought with them a host of minor artists, craftsmen, and workmen,

the families of "stuccatori," of sculptors, of "Perspectivists," and even of workmen, the "muratori" whom Martinelli endeavoured to import for the Liechtenstein palaces, and who came into conflict with the master-builders of Vienna. There was also a constant influx of theatre designers, men who brought with them all the ingenious devices of the Italian stage, together with its extremely florid taste in ornament—Antonio Beduzzi, for example, who designed the high altars and much of the decoration at Melk, and I believe suggested the admirable treatment of the river front in 1701–2. At Melk, too, Hippolyto Sconzani, who was employed both here and at S. Florian in 1724, is described as "Architecturmaler," that is, specialist in the drawing and painting of the illusionist architecture on the ceilings of the great halls, which all the Baroque architects loved, and of which the recognised master was Andrea Pozzo, S.J., who was one of the artists of the great ceiling of S. Ignazio at Rome. These "Perspectivists" were not architects, but they had wide knowledge of its forms, and they were very facile and accomplished draughtsmen. Beduzzi's designs for the high altars at Melk are beautifully drawn, and the designs for stage architecture, catafalques, and the like, drawn by the Bibienas, are marvels of perspective and exact draughtsmanship. My impression is that these men reacted on the art of architecture with rather disastrous effect, and seduced the Austrian and German architects into forgetting that, after all, architecture is the art of building, and that its

business is with real materials, not shams. Moreover, mere draughtsmanship has always been a delusion and a snare in architecture, and what it leads to may be seen from the prodigious Trinity monument in the Graben at Vienna, designed by the "ingenier teatrale" Burnaccini in 1693.

Owing to the War of the Spanish Succession there was a *détente* in architecture at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The works both at Schleissheim and Nymphenburg were suspended, but when building operations were resumed, Austrian and German architects superseded the Italians. Augustus the Strong would have no more Italians at Dresden. At Vienna Fischer von Erlach began the Schwarzenburg Palace in 1706. The Belvedere was designed by Hildebrandt for Prince Eugène after his victorious campaigns with Marlborough. The great Hofburg Library was begun by Fischer von Erlach, though not completed till after his death. At Melk, Prandauer was the architect; at Wurzburg, Balthasar Neumann; at Munich, in the Johannes-Kirche (1723), the brothers Asam; at Pommersfelden, at Fulda, and at Banz, the Dientzenhofers; at the Abbey Church of Amorbach and the Schönbbrunn chapel in the cathedral at Wurzburg (1721-36), Maximilian von Welsch; in the Church of S. Maria (1715), at Schonenberg, between Stuttgart and Nuremburg, the brothers Michael and Christian Thumb.

The historical sequence is remarkable. Fischer von Erlach was born in 1650, Christopher Dientzenhofer in 1655. In the next half-generation

we find Pöppelmann, of the Zwinger Palace at Dresden, born in 1662, Schlüter in 1664, and George Bähr and Lukas von Hildebrandt in 1665. Twenty years later we get J. B. Zimmermann, 1685; Cosmas Damian Asam, 1686; Balthasar Neumann and Joseph Essner, 1687; Michael Fischer, son of Fischer von Erlach, and Kilian Ignaz Dientzenhofer, 1690; Stengel, Schlaun, and Thomasin, 1694; and W. von Knobelsdorf, 1699. The succession of Austrian and German architects was complete, and with the solitary exception of Chiaveri, who designed the Hoffkirche at Dresden a little before the middle of the eighteenth century, the day of the Italian architect was over. Mattielli still produced sculpture of considerable merit, the Bibienas made their wonderful designs and drawings of stage scenery, the Auvera family still turned out their high altars and pulpits, and the Bossi family did marvels in stucco; but they worked with and under native architects, and from the beginning of the eighteenth century onwards the latter had it all their own way, plunging deeper and deeper into the most exuberant caprices of Baroque design—till the reaction set in, soon after the middle of the eighteenth century.

Owing to political causes, French influence, apart from the overpowering precedent of Versailles, though active in Northern and North-western Germany, does not seem to have had much effect on either Austria or Southern Germany. The relations between the Courts of Austria and France were unfriendly, and the only actual examples in Southern Germany I have

come across are the palace and the outside of the old theatre at Bayreuth, the first design of the gardens of the Nymphenburg, the Amalienburg, and the rather obscure part that Boffrand took in the design of the Prince-Bishop's Palace at Wurzburg. The gardens of the Nymphenburg, the parterres and water-pieces and canal, and the semicircular forecourt and water-pieces, were laid by Carbonet of Paris early in the eighteenth century; the beautiful little Amalienburg was designed by François Cuvilliés in 1734, and Cuvilliés, who had been nominated by de Cotte in 1725, became principal architect to the Elector in 1738, and in 1763 Director-General of Civic Buildings, "Conseiller, gentilhomme de bouche et architecte des Électeurs de Bavière et de Cologne." In addition to the Amalienburg, Cuvilliés did some beautiful rooms (the Kaiser-Zimmer) in the Royal Palace at Munich, but his manner was altogether too subtle and delicate for German taste or German ability to follow, as anyone may see who compares the Badenburg (by Essner) with the Amalienburg, and the Kaiser-Zimmer of the Residenz at Munich with the large hall of the Nymphenburg, "tastefully decorated in the German rococo style" by J. B. Zimmermann (1756).

A French sculptor, Charles Claude Dubut, who died at Munich in 1742, is said to have worked for the Bavarian Court for thirty years, and to have executed various reliefs and groups in bronze and stucco, both for the Nymphenburg and Schleissheim. At Schleissheim he modelled the terminal figures in the Viktorien-Saal, and at



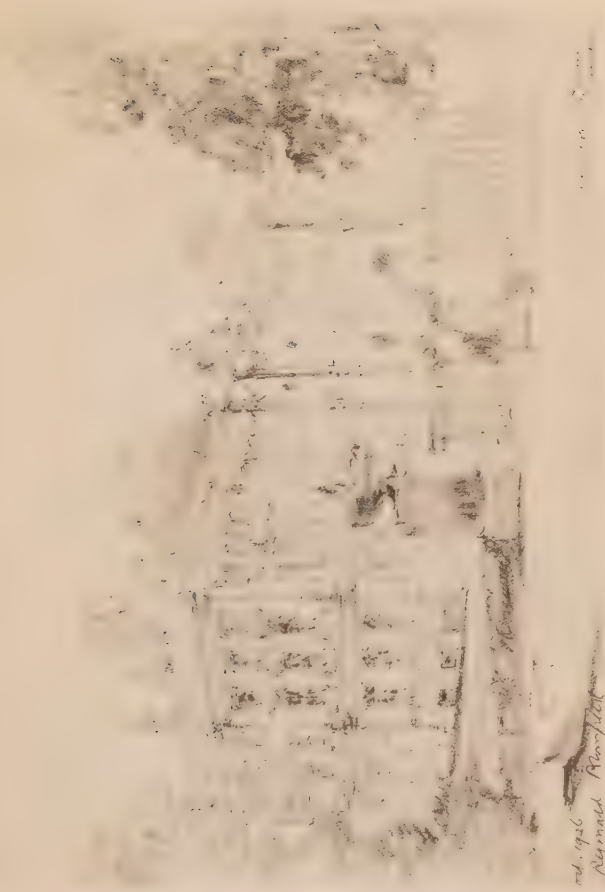
THE JAPANESE PALACE, DRESDEN.
Detail of one of the figures.

the Nymphenburg the figures of Flora by the marble cascade, and a good deal of the plaster-work in the interior of the palace. Robert de Cotte, the brother-in-law of Jules Hardouin Mansart, seems to have done little in Austria and Bavaria. On the strength of three plans found among his voluminous papers, he is supposed to have designed a palace for a Count Zinzendorf, but his connection with the Prince-Bishop's Palace at Wurzburg is quite uncertain. Designs may have been sent to him in Paris for his advice, but Boffrand's express statement that he himself went to Wurzburg in 1724 and there prepared designs on Neumann's plan leaves no room for de Cotte. On the other hand, de Cotte was constantly employed in Northern Germany, and nearly ruined the Elector of Cologne. The Elector, who was an ally of Louis XIV, and was expelled by the allies from Cologne during the War of the Spanish Succession, came to live in Paris, which seems to have been the refuge of all the dispossessed Electors. Here he fell into the hands of de Cotte, who prepared magnificent schemes which the Elector did his best to carry out after 1715. De Cotte's designs included palaces in the approved French manner—a palace and a church at Bonn, a palace at Brühl, a château at Poppelsdorf, and one at Godesburg, both near Bonn. De Cotte himself remained in Paris, sending the Elector innumerable designs, and in 1715 he sent his own architects, de Fortier and Hauberat, to Cologne to superintend their execution. Meanwhile the Elector was nearly bankrupt, and finally he had to implore de

Cotte to stay his hand, as there was no more money, and his subjects declined to find any.

The only other French architects of note employed in Germany were Jean le Geay and Jean de Bodt. Le Geay was invited to Berlin in 1754 by Frederic the Great, and according to French writers prepared designs for Potsdam and Sans Souci. He was a stout fellow and had the courage to stand up to the great Frederic himself. The latter threatened him with his cane because he declined to make a window the principal entrance to Sans Souci. The Frenchman put his hand on his sword, and presumably the King recovered his temper, and the incident, which occurred in 1763, terminated le Geay's career at the Prussian Court. He left Berlin and disappears from history.

De Bodt was an architect and engineer, who entered the service of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, and King of Poland, till expelled by Charles XII of Sweden. He became a lieutenant-general of his Engineers and died at Dresden in 1745. According to French writers, he designed that interesting and attractive building, the Japanese Palace at Dresden. According to German authorities this was designed by Matthäus Daniel Pöppelmann, the architect of the Zwinger Palace at Dresden. My impression is that the French claim is justified. The evidence of the designs of the two buildings makes it improbable that Pöppelmann, who undoubtedly designed the Zwinger, also designed the Japanese Palace at Dresden, the two buildings are so entirely different. The Japanese



Oct. 1926

Reynold Campbell

Japanese Palace, Dresden

Palace (1727-32), with its green copper roofs, is a quiet, seemly building, though the sculptor, Johann Christian Kirchner, was allowed a free hand inside, and introduced some amusing oriental figures in the inner court and at the ends of the entrance corridor. The Zwinger Palace was begun in 1709 and completed by 1719 from the designs of Pöppelmann, with sculpture, which is much the best part of it, by Balthasar Permoser and others. All the artists were Germans by order of Augustus the Strong, that formidable person who could bend a horse-shoe with his fingers, and who is shown clad in a Roman cuirass sitting on a prancing horse in the Markt-Platz at Dresden, and arrayed as Paris, also in a Roman cuirass, in the wall pavilion of the Zwinger.

The Zwinger Palace was designed as a square enclosing a large open court, with projecting bays ending in semicircles at either end. In 1731 German writers considered it one of the wonders of the world, and it certainly is a most astonishing building for any person in his senses to have designed—the pavilions are fairly prickly with ornament and figures of all sorts, shapes, and sizes. The Kronen-Tor, for example, has a lower archway, with coupled columns on either side, and half-pediments turning their backs on each other. Above is another archway, this time the half-pediments looking towards each other, but they are separated by a great escutcheon and a gigantic head as high as the whole height of the figures close by. Then comes a huge octagonal onion cupola terminating

in a crown. The whole of the upper part is hopelessly top-heavy and out of scale with the rest of the design. A modern German writer has described the Zwinger as a carnival of architecture. To me it appears to be an absolute debauch. Pöppelmann was born in 1662 at Herford in Westphalia. He came to Dresden as a young man, and appears to have been extremely successful, being chief architect to the Elector, designing various palaces and being held in high esteem when he died in 1736. He was evidently an architect of much ingenuity and industry, but appears to me to have been a heavy-handed, consequential person with no taste in art, and very little invention. Like the Asam brothers, he industriously piled detail upon detail, and attained much the same result as Scriabin in his "Poème d'Extase," a series of excruciating ejaculations on an uninteresting theme. There are all sorts of architects, good, bad, and indifferent, and there are two who flourish perennially, the unscrupulous adventurer, the "faux bonhomme" who climbs to the top on the bodies of his colleagues, and the commercialist, the man of no taste and of commonplace invention. Jules Hardouin Mansart is the type of the first, and on the evidence of his work Matthäus Daniel Pöppelmann seems to me to have been typical of the second.

The Hofkirche at Dresden seems to stand outside the main stream of German architecture in the eighteenth century. It was designed by an Italian, Gaetano Chiaveri (1739-56), with fifty-nine statues of saints by Mattielli set about



THE ZWINGER PALACE, DRESDEN.

the building. Possibly the Roman Catholic clergy were so aghast at the Frauen-Kirche, that strange church built for the Protestants in Dresden by Bähr in 1730, that they determined to have an Italian architect for their new church, and Chiaveri gave them a Baroque church of a most unusual type, with a lofty nave, in six bays, some eighteen paces wide, a narrow aisle, which is little more than a passage 10 feet wide with galleries over and double piers, and beyond a wide aisle some 30 feet wide. At the west end Chiaveri indulged in some complicated planning with a tower in four stages, each stage on a different plan, terminating in an attenuated onion cupola.

Conrad Schlaun's design for the Bishop's Palace at Münster in Westphalia (1767), with its reminiscence of Pommersfelden, seems to have been the latest effort of Baroque architecture, and the reaction had already set in. After a characteristic outburst at Sans Souci, Knobelsdorff, Frederick the Great's architect, returned to orthodox Roman Classic in the Corinthian order of the Royal Palace at Potsdam (1751). The times were becoming too strenuous for the Baroque. That manner required a society with not very much to do and plenty of money and plenty of time on its hands, and Baroque could not survive the stormy days of the latter part of the eighteenth century. It went out almost as suddenly as it had come in—a style so mannered and so remote from the practical conditions of building was bound to fall through its own ineptitude. Yet at its best it had produced some

very remarkable work. The entrance front and grand staircase of Kloster-Neuburg, the Hofburg library and court, and the Salesien nunnery at Vienna are the finest things in Baroque architecture, not only in Austria, but it seems to me in any country. In their own way they are masterpieces, and my reason for saying so is that these buildings do not rely on fussy ornament and eccentric detail, but they are the genuine individual expression of fine architectural conceptions. Their design has something of the restraint, the simplicity, and the breadth of treatment which are essential qualities of architecture, and they have also a subtle personal quality which one can feel, but which it is very difficult to define. That quality is uncommon in Baroque, but one should look for it where one can, because Baroque is usually admired for all its worst qualities, and not for that rare strain of something finer and more intimate, of which just a glimpse can be caught here and there.

To judge Baroque art fairly one has to place oneself at the point of view of the eighteenth-century architects of Austria and Southern Germany. It is no use applying to it the principles and standard of more serious architecture, because these men never conceived of architecture as a great art complete in itself, which can make its appeal to the emotions by the abstract qualities of its design, and which in fact can dispense with painting and sculpture, however much its effect may be emphasised by those arts for special purposes. The Baroque architect, on the contrary, considered architecture merely



VIEW OF DRESDEN

Showing the Hof-Kirche (by Chiaveri) right and the Frauen Kirche (by Bähr) left.
From the picture by Belotto.

as the vehicle for decoration, and, as a matter of fact, the important person was not so much the architect as the painter, the sculptor, the stucco-worker, the carver, and the gilder. The architects blew the organ on which these men were to play—and it must be admitted that on some occasions they played with amazing dexterity and wonderful charm. Possibly at no time have artists worked together so closely as they did in the first half of the eighteenth century in the churches and palaces of Austria and Southern Germany. Modern art has lost the secret of this complete union of all the arts. Indeed, owing to the exhibition habit, modern painters seem to have lost the secret of decorative painting as opposed to the framed picture, and no modern artist seems capable of placing himself at the point of view of these Baroque painters, much less of creating such a magnificent masterpiece as the ceiling of the staircase in the Prince-Bishop's Palace at Wurzburg. Possibly Charles Sims might have come near it had he lived. On the other hand, architecture had abdicated its throne and Nemesis was bound to overtake the art. The Baroque architects did not think of a building as something to be fitted together and built up as an organic whole. Their idea of it was that it was plastic, something that could be pushed about and moulded to any form they pleased. Reinforced concrete, most dangerous of building resources, was what they wanted, but the thought of an inferior artist such as Hildebrandt let loose on reinforced concrete is a positive nightmare, though he could

hardly have done worse than the latest designs in that material. The mistake of the Baroque architects was that they forgot that though the arts should work together, each several art has its own peculiar message and must give that message in its own way. “οὐ γὰρ πᾶσαν δεῖ ζητεῖν ἡδονὴν ἀπὸ τραγωδίας, ἀλλὰ τὴν οἰκείαν.”

CHAPTER XV

STOCKHOLM

A PROLONGED study of Baroque art has something of the effect of a room with no air in it and all the windows shut. It is essentially the art of the alcove, and one wants to get out again into the open air. For those who have this feeling I know no better tonic than Stockholm. It is a city gloriously placed on an estuary of the Baltic in a land of broad waterways, rocky shores and interminable fir trees. There is always the tang of the sea in the air, and in Stockholm itself one finds a busy prosperous life in the city, constant movement on the water, none of that paralysing slackness of the café-haunting peoples of the South. These people in the North are live people, purposeful, quiet, and strenuous.

It was very different 120 years ago. In the year 1813 Edward Valentine Blomfield,¹ a great-uncle of mine and a brilliant Cambridge scholar, visited Stockholm with two of his Cambridge friends. He was profoundly impressed by the beauties of the place, but formed a low opinion

¹ Edward Valentine Blomfield was a younger brother of C. J. Blomfield, Bishop of London, and a Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. I have in my possession the five gold medals that he won for Greek and Latin verse, 1808-11. He died in 1816, aged 28. "Fato sibi non immaturo suis acerbissimo ereptus," the inscription in the cloister of the Chapel of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

of its people. In the diary of his journey he writes: "The higher orders conscious of the Gothicism of their climate, and the barbarism in which their nation has been so long involved, affect the polish of a foreign manner, and the Francomania has infected not only the behaviour but the politics of the country, while the general character of the Swede remains the same, Scandinavian and gross." Although they began their dinners with brandy and drank wines of sorts at dinner, they left the table as soon as it was over, and Edward Valentine deplored the absence of the after-dinner port to which he had been used in the combination rooms of Cambridge.

In 1813 Bernadotte had recently been elected Crown Prince and successor to the throne, and had already begun his work of rescuing Sweden from the chaos in which the mad King Gustavus IV had plunged it. It was Gustavus IV who divorced his wife in the following terms: "We Gustav Adolf, in the name of the Holy Trinity, of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, divorce you M. A., and you are hereby divorced." He then married a servant girl, who promptly bolted with all the spoils on which she could lay her hands. Bernadotte's election as Crown Prince was unanimous. Edward Valentine writes (1813): "Everyone now looks on the Crown Prince as the Saviour of the Country," and he noted the amazing popularity of this ex-general of Napoleon, the son of a scrivener at Pau, and the founder of the dynasty that has reigned in Sweden ever since. Sweden has moved forward on the lines that he

laid down, and has now come into its kingdom as a type of what is best and healthiest in modern civilisation.

The approach to Stockholm by water from the east is extraordinarily fine. The estuary (the Saltsjön), which is here some five-eighths of a mile wide, ends in the main harbour. On the north is the island of Skeppsholmen and various arms of the estuary running north-west to the Norbro and north-east past Durgardstaden to the Embassy quarter. On the south side the mainland ends in a sheer rock face fifty to a hundred feet high, with quays and warehouses on a narrow strip of level ground at its base, so that the steamers at the quay are seen against a background of buildings and cliff. When we were there the *Memphis* (U.S.A. Navy) was anchored off Skeppsholmen, within a stone's throw of it was the hulk of an old wooden frigate, and there was a constant succession of little white steamers that serve the islands, dashing about to and from the various quays of Stockholm. Right ahead and due west of the harbour is the old town, known as the Staden, which occupies the whole of a small island, separated by waterways on the north and south from the two halves of modern Stockholm. The island rises slightly from the water and is entirely covered with buildings, including the long, horizontal lines of the Royal Palace, so that as one looks westward there is a most picturesque silhouette, with gaps on either side. On the south side there is a glimpse of the twin towers of the Högalid Church and the distant landscape beyond the water,

and to the north the great tower of the new Stadhus rises above the roofs of the old buildings, with its green copper lantern and gilded top. With its bright colour, the movement of the water, and its infinite variety of detail, Stockholm makes one think of Venice; but it is not like Venice—not so beautiful, but cleaner and more virile—obviously mercantile, in the manner of the Hanseatic League, not of the Orient, and always the clean, fresh air of the North is playing over the water.

The best way to get to Stockholm is by Hamburg and Lübeck, cross the Baltic from Sassnitz on the island of Rügen to Malmö by the great train ferry, and thence by train to Stockholm. Lübeck itself is an attractive old place, restful and unhurried. It was once the head of the Hanseatic League, with a population of 90,000 people, and though it has gone down in the world since its great days in the fifteenth century, it still seems to be a fairly prosperous place, with a trade in wines and timber. From an architect's point of view its chief interest lies in its remarkable brick buildings. They are built with a large coarse brick, four courses to 16 inches and more; but the scale of the Lübeck Towers is so great that the coarse texture of the brickwork is less objectionable than might be supposed by anyone used to the smaller bricks of Holland and Belgium, five or more to the foot. Lübeck has a cathedral and at least eight other churches. The Marien-Kirche was built by the merchants of Lübeck, and was intended to beat the cathedral. It has a nave

in six bays some 40 feet wide and 125 feet high to the soffit of the vaulting, with aisles about 69 feet high. At the east end there is a half-octagon apse, and on the piers of the nave are monuments with portraits of deceased merchants in black, white, and red marbles, abundantly gilt. The whole effect is restless and overcrowded; the merchants of Lübeck overshot the mark, and if it were not for its mighty towers the church would have been a failure.

These thirteenth- and fourteenth-century North German builders seem to have had a mania for height. The west front of the Church of S. Catherine is built of red and dark green glazed bricks in alternate courses, and the façade, which is of great height, has a series of sunk panels, and two three-light windows, which start above the ground arcades and proceed upwards for a height of some 44 feet from the sills to the springing of the window-heads, without any transoms to the mullions the whole way up. Above is an arcaded corbel-table and a gable with five lights. It is a very unusual if not very attractive design, but these men thought for themselves. They got the most they could out of their materials, and they certainly knew how to build towers. The cathedral and the Marien-Kirche have each two towers, S. Peter's has one, and the Jacobi-Kirche has one, the latter much the finest of all. It is about 40 feet square at the base, with vast flying buttresses on the north and south sides above the copper roof of the church. The tower is built in red brick for about three-quarters of the way up. Then comes a

deep course of sunk quatrefoils in brick, filled in with plaster at the back, above which the tower continues in yellow brick, ending in a simple stone cornice. Then without any more ado there begins a very lofty octagon copper steeple, which starts with a bold bulbous curve, above which are little dormers on four sides, and then the steeple soars away into space. On the four unoccupied angles of the tower are four great balls covered with copper. The whole design is curiously casual. On the four external angles of the lower part of the tower there are stone quoins of all sorts and sizes, and quite irregularly spaced. Apparently it occurred to the builder every here and there that a quoin might look well, so he put one in. This effect is quite excellent, beautiful in colour, and fine in its sense of scale, and a straightforward frankness of design that could say what it wanted to say without all that frippery of cusps and crockets and pinnacles which makes so many Gothic towers and steeples very nearly ridiculous.

There appear to be some admirable brick-built towers and churches in the old Hanse towns of Stralsund and Rostock, which one can see from the line on the way to Rügen. Stralsund, by the way, fighting on the side of Sweden in the Thirty Years' War, successfully resisted all Wallenstein's frantic efforts to take it. Grotius was buried at Rostock and Blücher was born there. The mediæval brickwork of these North German towns deserves more attention than it has received from students. It has the great merit of being original, racy of the soil, and not a mere

copy of designs carried out in other countries, under different conditions and in different materials. It has undoubtedly inspired some of the most advanced of the most modern buildings in Stockholm, such as the twin towers of the Högalids-Kyrkan by Mr. Ivor Tengbom, not in the least reminiscent of the eighteenth century, as was wrongly stated on a recent illustration of this church, but undoubtedly suggested by the twin towers of Germany, not only of the North but as far south as the Frauen-Kirche at Munich.

Since the beginning of this century there can be no doubt that the Swedish architects in Stockholm have made an extraordinary advance in design. In the nineteenth century they blundered about, much in the manner of architects in London, in Paris, in Vienna, or in Berlin. They tried what used to be called "Free Renaissance," which meant an assiduous search for picturesque detail, queer gables, fanciful windows and doorways—in spite of the fact that they had two buildings, at any rate, in Stockholm on which they might well have based their design, the Riddarhuset, or Hall of the Nobility, and the Royal Palace. The Riddarhuset was built in 1641-74 from designs by Simon de la Vallée, a French architect employed by Queen Christina. Except for its strange ogee-shaped roof, the façade, built of brick with Corinthian pilasters, a central pediment, swags and other details in stone, might well have been designed by Wren. I imagine la Vallée may have designed the chapel to the north of the choir of the Riddar-

holmskyrkan, the Swedish S. Denis, which now contains the sarcophagus of Charles XII.

There is a reminiscence of the Riddarhuset in the Corinthian pilasters and the obelisks on the angles of the Parliament House, built from a design by Aron Johansson in 1898-1905, but with this exception: the Swedish architects do not seem to have followed up the motive of either of these buildings, or of the immense Royal Palace built on the rising ground of the Staden Island from the designs of Nicholas Tessin (1651-1728) and completed by his son. There is a bust of Tessin in the palace, with the inscription "*Hujus regiæ aulæ artificii ingenio præstantissimo*," an imperious-looking man with a big aquiline nose and a flowing wig, rather of the type of J. H. Mansart. The palace is a huge rectangular block about 400 feet by 380 feet, with two advanced wings of lower buildings on the north and south sides. The design is plain and simple, the detail is good ordinary Classic, and the building is very well placed on its site and is finely composed.

Tessin also designed the attractive summer palace of Drottningholm, four or five miles west of Stockholm on the Malaren Lake. This consists of a central block in three stories, all coloured white, with roofs curved in section and covered entirely with copper. To right and left of this block are low wings; in front of it is a broad terrace, well above the garden, with flights of steps descending to a large formal garden about 320 paces long by 120 paces wide between the lime avenues that flank it on either side. A

broad path leads down the centre, and about half-way down the path is a fountain set in a large basin. The terrace continues northward between two pairs of rectangular "loges" and ends at the theatre, which seems to have been very little altered since it was built in the middle of the eighteenth century. The theatre is really a long, low room, with a stage 16 paces deep and a perspective of columns. It contains some excellent drawings of scenery and costume by Desprès and by Tessin himself, and some "Mascarades" by a certain "Boissart Valentinors, 1597." Drottningholm is a favourite summer expedition by boat from Stockholm, but it doesn't appear to have appealed to modern Swedish architects, for they have paid little or no attention to its motive.

It is the same with their churches. These men are resolved to go off on their own. Stockholm possesses two quite interesting eighteenth-century churches, the Östermalms-Kyrkan, completed in 1737, and the Adolf-Frederiks, Kyrkan, planned as a Greek cross with a lofty central dome, completed some thirty years later. Neither church seems to have had any influence on the design of the two latest churches in Stockholm, the Högalids-Kyrkan and that most remarkable church the Engelbrekts-Kyrkan, much the most original and in some ways effective modern church that I have seen in any country. Contemporary Swedish architects have deliberately turned their backs on the whole system of the École des Beaux Arts, and have gone off the deep end into completely modern design.

Mr. Ivor Tengbom, for example, who seems to be of an adventurous turn of mind, has made three audacious experiments. One is the Högalids-Kyrkan, on the high ground to the south of the Malaren, rather lean and lacking in amplitude, if I may use such a term, with its pair of curious and very slender octagonal towers, almost too obviously proclaiming their rigorous austerity. Then there is the Enskilda Bank, with its suggestion of a Florentine palace in the rusticated ground floor, and the deliberate and rather brutal archaism of the figures standing over pairs of engaged and fluted shafts; and far more successful than either of these buildings, the great concert hall, a large rectangular building, with a remarkable frontispiece of Corinthian columns in nine bays. These attenuated columns, some fifteen or sixteen diameters high, would have scandalised Vignola or Palladio, but Mr. Tengbom knows very well what he is about, and somehow his columns make their point, and their dove-coloured granite tells well against the grey cement background. The exterior is quite plain, except for the capitals of the columns and the bizarre but very effective open fretwork of the bronze folding doors. There is a finely designed foyer inside, free from all exuberances of the "pompiers" manner beloved by theatre designers of the nineteenth century.

The Engelbrekts-Kyrkan, by Wahlman, is like no other church I have ever seen. It is piled up on an outcrop of rock which has been wisely left alone, and as seen from below its principal feature is a lofty and very slender brick

tower, square for about two-thirds of the way up, and then continuing as an octagon with a lantern at the top. The tower does not seem to me very happy, and the broken-up building from which it rises shows rather too obvious an effort, but the interior is of a most arresting quality. The plan is based on the idea of a Greek cross, but the east, north, and south arms contract outwards and upwards by canted sides in three bays, divided by half-elliptical arches, the long axis of the ellipse being vertical and not horizontal. The west arm is rectangular, but after one shallow bay a row of four columns, set out on a flat curve, support a gallery with the organ. There are no aisles and nothing to obstruct the view of the preacher, or of the altar set well up at the east end, with the light pouring down on to it from cleverly concealed openings. The centre part of the church measures 21 paces east and west by 18 paces; the total width, including north and south arms, is 38 paces. All the church fittings, including the silver lamps and the carpet leading to the high altar, have been designed with the church, and the result is an admirable harmony of colour and scale, the embodiment of a very remarkable and original idea.

The Polytechnic School at Stockholm, designed by M. Lallerstedt, is another fine example of straightforward design, modern in the best sense of the term, in that it dispenses with all the familiar paraphernalia of nineteenth-century neo-Classic, and relies on the vital and permanent qualities of architecture—fine spacing and propor-

tion, mass composition and silhouette. There are, of course, other admirable modern brick buildings in Stockholm, and some very charming exercises in brickwork in a number of rather small houses in the Nobel Parken, near the English church ; but the two most famous buildings of Stockholm are the new Law Courts and the new Town Hall. These two buildings were built at about the same time. The Law Courts building, designed by Karl Westmann, was opened in 1915, and is in my opinion the finest piece of modern architecture in Stockholm. It is a great oblong brick building, with a steep pitched roof, and from the centre of the main façade there rises a huge square brick tower, with a curved roof above which is an octagon stage, receding by further stages to the openwork terminal at the top. The tower rises sheer from the front wall of the building without that break forward which an ordinary designer would almost certainly have given it. The buildings terminate at either end in plain gable, there is no particular detail anywhere to arrest the eye, and I believe that it is this concentration on the essential qualities of architecture, the abstinence from irrelevant detail, the noble scale, and the deliberate austerity of the design that make this building so impressive. It seemed to me that Karl Westmann, the architect, had aimed at the exact opposite of what Ragnar Östberg has gone for in the City Hall of Stockholm.

The Radhus, or Law Courts, throughout its design is dominated by the idea of a palace of justice, not cruel or barbaric, but honest, im-

partial, and strenuous of purpose. The result is a straightforward and noble building. The Town Hall of Stockholm is a building of extraordinary interest and great accomplishment in detail, but it is not so much monumental architecture as a very skilful assemblage of heterogeneous detail, dictated partly by an inherent instinct for the picturesque, partly by a passion for symbolism which here and there outsteps the limits of the art of architecture. Östberg himself, in the little guide to his building, dwells chiefly on the natural history and legends of Sweden which he has endeavoured to illustrate in the Town Hall, and he rejoices in strange and romantic names such as the "Moon Tower," the "Blue Hall," the "Golden Chamber," the "Arch of the Hundred," the "Maiden Tower," and so on, which remind one of the fanciful names that Sir Arthur Evans devised for his discoveries in Crete. In fact, this excessive symbolism makes such demands on the attention that one is tempted to ask whether this building is a fantasia in bricks and mortar, or a building with a serious and practical purpose. In contemporary architecture, indeed in art generally, we want another Lessing to lay down the limitations of the arts, and point out that there are many things possible to the written or spoken word which are impossible in graphic and plastic art.

As a matter of fact, some of the architecture of the Town Hall is extremely good. The building is beautifully placed on the shore of the Malaren water, which is here nearly half a mile wide. The great square tower, with its

copper lantern, its doors to the water's edge, and its gilt finial, with the three crowns of Sweden, is visible from almost every part of the town. The entrance from the roadway passes into a quadrangular court, which slopes downward to the terrace, and the glittering water is seen between the columns and arches of an arcade that recalls the arcade of the Ducal Palace at Venice. So far as one can judge without knowing the programme, the building is cleverly planned, and it is very well lit. The construction is sound and solid, and produces the maximum of effect at a minimum of cost, and it is evident that the utmost care has been given to the design of every detail, from the three crowns of the vane to the handles of the doors. The furniture and textiles are of Swedish make and materials, and suit the building admirably.

All this is excellent ; my only criticism is that the work is too self-conscious ; it is not that there is too little thought—there is just a little too much of it, and it is a strange result of what, after all, is a work of genius that it should here and there be rather tiresome. One is constantly being brought up with a jerk. Even on the great tower there are small saints scattered about in odd places, which suggest that the sculptor had forgotten to take away his models. On either side of the main entrance are strange carvings that prepare one for surprising things inside, and one gets them in every corner of the building. In the first place, there is a deliberate refusal of symmetry. On the entrance front at one end there is a triangular tower set back behind the

front, at the other end is another tower of a different design which is set forward. The great tower at the south-east corner rises sheer up from the ground, with plain brick walls high above the roofs of the buildings; the river front, with its arcade, runs away to the west to be checked by a very small tower (the "Moon Tower") with a fantastic cupola in the German Baroque manner, which is wholly inadequate as any balance to the south-east tower. West of the "Moon Tower" the building goes on as it likes and ends anyhow. So again in the courtyard. The towers in the south-west and north-west re-entering angles are not of the same design. In the gallery the pairs of columns along the east side are one octagonal, the other round, and in the Blue Hall the cloister that runs round three sides is Northern Romanesque; the balcony, reached by a fine flight of stairs, is quasi-Byzantine, and the doorway at the south end of the balcony is a rather barbaric Baroque. The hall is lit by continuous vertical glass high up under the ceiling, with what Östberg calls "a highly coloured baldachino of canvas" running round three sides of the hall. This rather suggests the interior of one of those enormous tents within which Lord George Sanger diverts his public in our small country towns.

The famous Golden Chamber is covered with mosaics on a gold ground, all in the most archaic manner. At the end is a gigantic figure of the "Future," quite regardless of the scale of the other figures in the mosaic. It seems to me that this recourse to a mode of decoration much more

than a thousand years old, the use of conventions which were once genuine and intelligible, but are now meaningless and almost comic, is wrong in principle. It is not that it is done badly—it is very well done indeed—but where is the direct appeal to the ordinary man, which is supposed to be the very essence of the New Architecture? Axel Tornemann's "Apotheosis of Stockholm" in the Blue Room, in spite of its summary drawing, seems to me to be a finer and much more convincing work than all these revivalist mosaics.

The new Town Hall at Stockholm is perhaps the most famous building erected since the nineteenth century. It was the result of a great effort, and it is said that 3,000 of the citizens of Stockholm sold their plate in order to find the copper of the roofs. Everyone admires the building for its imaginative quality and its craftsmanship, yet to me it seems to be the last word not of architecture but of that Arts-and-Crafts movement which started in England with William Morris nearly fifty years ago, and has now established itself so firmly and successfully in Sweden. As an architect the Town Hall appeals to me less than Westmann's Law Courts. Architecture, of course, implies good craftsmanship, but it is something greater and more profound than craftsmanship, however good. Its aim is not the sensational appeal of a bazaar, but the ordered beauty that results from one great organic conception and its embodiment in rhythmic form. Its real province is "ordonnance," to use the old French term, the right balancing

and marshalling of all the elements that go to make up the complex problem of architectural design, and if I may say so, without discourtesy to its very distinguished architect, it is in this quality of "ordonnance" that the Town Hall of Stockholm seems to me to fail.

There seem to be two sides to the Swedish character, the one playful and sentimental, taking the delight of a child in little things. It is this side that is presented in the Town Hall of Stockholm. The other side is grim and austere, hard as their own intractable granite, and if one looks back on the history of Sweden, it is this latter side that has made the country and the nation. The Swedes have always been fighters against traditions which have become oppressive or meaningless. It was this spirit that inspired Gustavus Vasa to make Sweden a people, that made Gustavus Adolphus the "Lion of the North," that led Charles XII to deny himself a life of ease and pleasure and to sacrifice everything to an insatiable passion for conquests that should aggrandise his country. The tragedy of his career¹ is mellowed by time, but that fighting

¹ Charles XII was killed at Friederikshald in Norway in 1718. It is not known whether he was hit by a fragment of the enemy's shell or was shot by Megret, the engineer in attendance. Voltaire insisted that he was killed, not murdered, and the story went that the instant he was hit he put his hand to his sword; but Edward Valentine Blomfield, who in 1813 saw in the arsenal at Stockholm the dress and the gloves that Charles wore at the time of his death, says that the right-hand glove was covered with blood, showing that he must have put his hand, not to his sword but to his head. Through all his campaigns Charles XII never varied his dress—the black cravat, the long, straight-cut blue coat with brass buttons, buff waistcoat, leather breeches, and those

spirit is still in the air in Stockholm. There is something fine in the way Swedish architects are breaking away from traditions with which they are wholly out of sympathy. The whole movement is a reaction against the slickness and conventions of the "Beaux Arts," and just as in the distant past they freed themselves from the Roman Catholic Church and became a Protestant people, so at the present day they have done with the tyranny of Latin culture in the arts—of France and Italy that is—and are striking out boldly on a line of their own.

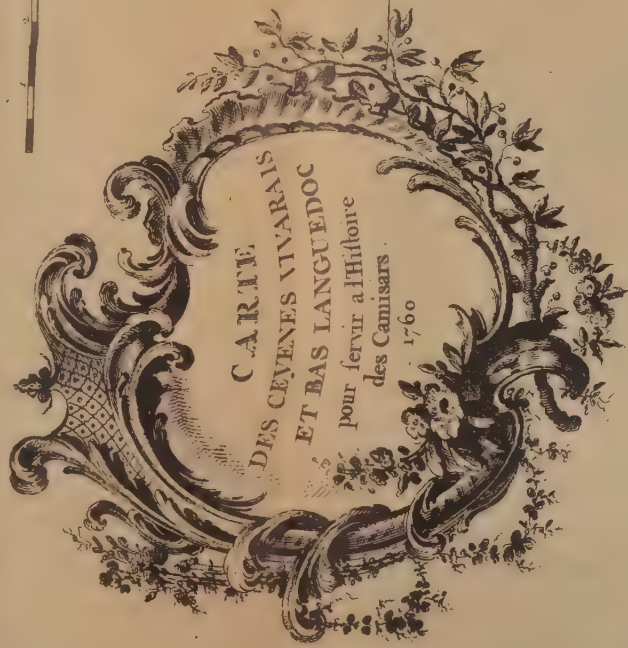
I believe myself that architecture will advance on the lines these men are laying down. We are now at the parting of the ways. The French, who were once the finest of all traditionalists in the arts, are now the most conspicuous anarchists. They are the people who introduced that epidemic of art which is no art, which ever since the beginning of the century has overrun Europe

high-boots that he never changed, a tragic figure of a man who denied himself all pleasures and lived only for a mad ambition. When at Stockholm in 1926 I saw in a glazed cabinet in the north aisle of the Stor-Kyrkan, close to the Royal Palace, a mummified head supposed to be that of Charles XII. It was shrunk quite small, but still had an expression of amazement and furious resentment at being thus cut off. That it should be casually exposed suggests a curious side of the Swedish character. On the other hand, in the National Museum there is a fine picture, by G. Cederstrom, of soldiers bearing the body of the King down a mountain path. An officer with a drawn sword walks at their head. High on the left the Swedish flag with its blue and yellow streams upward to the sky. Below, by the side of the path, a peasant and his child stand bareheaded, as the procession passes by with the slow, sad rhythm of a funeral march. The Swedes may be grim and harsh, but there is deep emotion underneath.

in the arts of painting and sculpture, and in quite recent years has managed to extend its mischievous influence to architecture. The result is the rue Mallet-Stevens in Paris, and houses perpetrated in reinforced concrete, which claim to realise the gospel of the new architecture, with its slogan of "efficiency" as the final test of architecture. "Efficiency" would be all very well if it was really efficient and took into account all the elements that make architecture architecture and not building or engineering. The notable thing about this Swedish movement is its sanity. The Swedes use reinforced concrete for its proper purpose—great engineering works for example, which cannot, or at any rate cannot economically be handled in any other way. The great bridge of the Skurubron, a few miles from Stockholm, is a fine example. But in their buildings they move on well-ordered lines with a full consciousness of what has been beautiful in the past, yet steadily looking forward to the future, feeling their way as they go and avoiding the rash experiments of ignorance on the one hand and pedantic revivalism on the other.

It would almost seem that the centre of interest in modern architecture has shifted to the north-west of Europe. Good modern work is being done in Vienna, but the men in the van are the architects of Sweden and Denmark, and I believe I may add of our own country. There has unquestionably been a marked advance in architecture in the last twenty-five years. If it is not disturbed by the alarums and excursions

of our Modernists, architecture seems to be settling down to a habit of quiet work, in which it is endeavouring to recover those grave and sober qualities which have been lost in this country for a hundred and fifty years. Nobody wants to repeat the mistakes of revivalism, but at this stage of civilisation we are not prepared to part lightly with those echoes of the past that haunt the memory like half-remembered music. Even Östberg, with all his forward impulse, cannot escape the past. His river front is a memory of Venice. In his inner court his strange flutings and capitals are reminiscences of the Orders, and in the great tower, in spite of saints and images that we have encountered in the long ascent, we are brought back to ancient Egypt in the capitals of the columns of the lantern. I think these vague hints and memories are amply justified, and it is because the Swedish architects are moving forward on a track that stretches far back into the past that I admire what they are doing, and believe that this way lies the future of architecture.



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